

R. Robson

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PREFACE

THE accompanying work, compiled and edited by a Committee of Graduates and Undergraduates of the University of Toronto, is offered to the University public and to the musical world as a comprehensive, and, in many respects, a unique collection of College Songs.

Its design is two-fold,—to meet the requirements of the University College Glee Club and the undergraduate body, and to be a suitable collection for use in the drawing-room and around the camp-fire.

All the music in the book has been carefully edited by Mr. Theodore Martens, of whose thorough and painstaking services the Committee desire to make special mention. Wherever necessary or desirable, songs have been re-harmonized, transposed or arranged for male voices, and,—a special feature of the work—nearly all choruses have been arranged with parts suitable for college and general use. Great economy in the disposal of space, and the almost entire use of the short score, have made it possible to include an unusually large number of songs. Among them will of course be found many, original, or peculiar to the University of Toronto, that have never before appeared in any permanent or accessible form. Numerous songs, for which translations have been specially written, will be particularly serviceable and acceptable. To give added interest to the collection and greater permanence to its value, a large amount of standard music has been included, while many valuable copyright songs have been purchased, or are used by special permission.

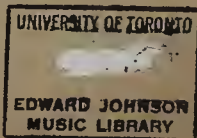
The Committee desire to express their cordial thanks to the President and Faculty, to the Graduates and Undergraduates, and to many others less intimately connected with the College, for the assistance generously afforded them in the prosecution of their work.

For permission to reprint certain copyright songs, the Committee and the Publishers acknowledge their obligations to John Farmer, Esq., Balliol College, Oxford; to Messrs. Chappell & Co., Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co., Mr. Edwin Ashdown, Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., and Mr. John Blockley, of London, England; and to Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, of Toronto.

The Compilation Committee and the Publishers, Messrs. I. Suckling & Sons, have made every endeavour to discover the authors and owners of all songs in the work. Should any cases have eluded their vigilance, the Publishers ask the kind indulgence of those whose permission would gladly have been sought.

University College,

Toronto, December, 1887





ALMOST thirty years ago a group of young fellows, undergraduate students of University College, Toronto, took it into their heads to publish a book of college songs. There was a University Glee Club in those days, flourishing intermittently. There was a comparatively small body of students. For the boys concerned, the venture was somewhat daring. Music publishing was in its very callow infancy in Canada. There were only two music typesetters in Toronto; their maximum output was a page a day. Canadian publications, of whatever kind, found it hard to get recognition. However, a publisher was discovered who professed his faith in the idea—a flickering faith, qualified by a demand for a guarantee of at least one thousand subscriptions in advance. The project took form, enthusiasm developed, the one thousand subscribers—and more—were gathered in, a contract was signed by those of the group who were of years enough to sign it, and the work was fairly under way.

The months that followed are a pleasant memory. The group of editors met in almost daily session, sifting over an immense quantity of song material, drawn from all available sources. The work to be done in such a case is very great—incredible by those who have had no experience of it. The nugget emerging seems a small return from the mass that goes into the melting pot. But the task was carried out with care and conscience, and the result seemed to show that choice was made with a true instinct for the right things in words and music. The book sprang into instant favour among the students, and became very popular throughout the Dominion. Over forty thousand copies were sold—a “record” for those days. It was altogether a labour of love on the part of the compilers. None of them received, or expected, any money reward. The royalties, such as they were, were devoted to the purposes of the University College Glee Club while it lived, and, in more recent days, to the free distribution of a *Soldiers’ Song Book* to men of the Canadian Overseas Forces.

It was fitting that the book should be dedicated to the venerable President, Sir Daniel Wilson, who took a deep interest in this undertaking of his students; and fitting also were the words from Cowley in which the dedication was made:

“Nor can the snow that age can shed
Upon thy reverend head
Quench or allay the noble fire within;
But all that youth can be, thou art.”

Nearly all of the songs then chosen are still popular, and successive generations of students sing them yet. The old book forms the nucleus of the present collection. But there is much added material. Mr. J. E. Jones (who was the first to plan and the most eager to execute the original undertaking in 1887, and who has kept a keen interest in boys and young men, their songs and doings, ever since), has edited it with the same care as was given to the first collection, calling to his aid the youth and enthusiasm of a committee of present day students, Messrs. Roland B. Ferris, Herbert Turney and Grenville B. Frost. Some of the old songs have been omitted as having lost their savour.

Though it is not yet "Forty Years On," the days are upon us (suddenly, as it seems),

"When we look back and forgetfully wonder
What we were like in our work and our play."

The original committee has been disbanded. It no longer controls the publication. One of its members died some years ago. Another, Major-General M. S. Mercer, C.B., who has been much in our minds and hearts during these troublous years of the Great War, has fallen in his country's cause in Flanders, after chivalrous, heroic and effective service. Others—in law, in the church, in journalism, in business life—find little leisure for song or even for reminiscence. But for old times' sake, and in remembrance of the launching of that early venture, the surviving members may be allowed to bespeak a friendly reception for this new work, built upon their undertaking of years ago.

J. D. S.

Toronto, January, 1918

COMMITTEE OF 1887

JOHN J. FERGUSON, Methodist Minister, Unionville, Ontario.

JOHN W. GARVIN, Insurance, Toronto.

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NEWTON KENT, Toronto. (*ob.*)

MALCOLM S. MERCER, C.B., Barrister, Toronto, Major-General, Commanding 3rd
Division, Canadian Expeditionary Force. Killed in action, 1916.

JOHN D. SPENCE, Secretary of Committee, Barrister, Toronto.

ARCHIBALD H. YOUNG, D.C.L., Professor in Trinity University, Toronto.

TORONTO UNIVERSITY SONG BOOK.

National and Patriotic.

GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our gra-cious King Long live our no-tis King

God save the King Send him vic-to-ri-ous, Hap-py and

glo-ri-ous, Long to reign o-ver us, God save the King

2 O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics;
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On him our hopes we fix;
God save us all.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

AMERICA.

(MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.)

(MIXED VOICES.)

Maestros.

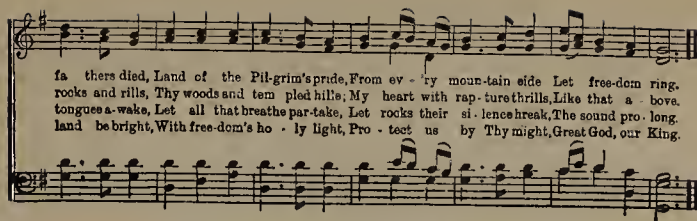
1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my

2. My na-tive coun-try thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy

3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet Freedom's song; Let mor-tal

4. Our fa-thers' God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

AMERICA

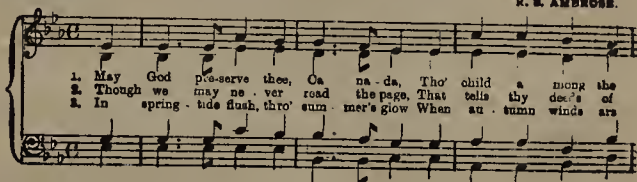


fa there died, Land of the Pil-grim's pride, From ev-ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring,
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills, Like that a-bove,
tongues a-wake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long
land be bright, With free-dom's ho-ly light, Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

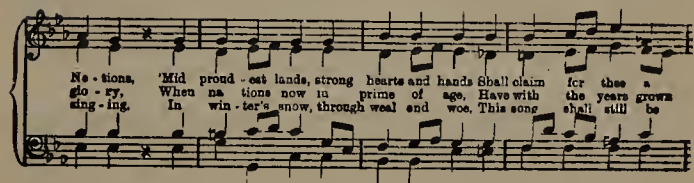
MAY GOD PRESERVE THEE, CANADA.

Moderato.

R. B. AMBROS.

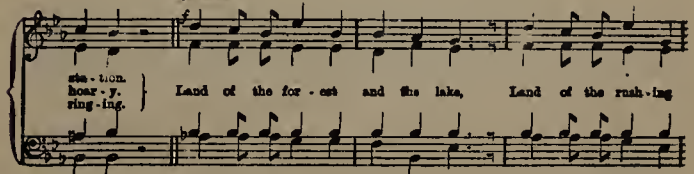


1. May God pre-serve thee, Ca-na-da, Tho' child a-mong the
2. Though we may ne-ver read the page, That tells thy deat's of
3. In spring-tide flush, thro' sum-mer's glow When au-tumn winds are

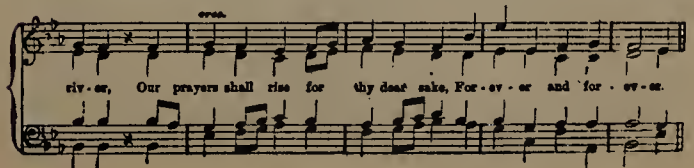


Na-tions, 'Mid proud-est lands, strong hearts and hands shall claim for thee a
glo-ry, When na-tions now in prime of age, Have with the years grown
sing-ing, In win-ter's snow, through weal and woe, This song shall still be

CHORUS



sta-tion, } Land of the for-est and the lake, Land of the rush-ing
hoar-y, }
ring-ing.



cres. riv-er, Our prayers shall rise for thy deat sake, For-ev-er and for-ev-er.

GOD PRESERVE OUR NATIVE LAND.

Words and Music by J. DAVENPORT KERRISON.

1. God pre-ser-ve our na-tive land, Fair Can-a-da the free, May
 2. Should for-reign foes our land o'er-threat With de-so-la-tion fall, God
 3. Be pre-sent with our ru-lers, Lord, And all their coun-cils guide; From

His right hand pro- - tect our land, And guard her lib-er-ty,
 guard the right and land us might, Th'in-va-der to re-pel
 knav-ish tricks of pol-i-tics, Turn Thou their hearts a-side.

Then shall each val-ley, each moun-tain and plain,

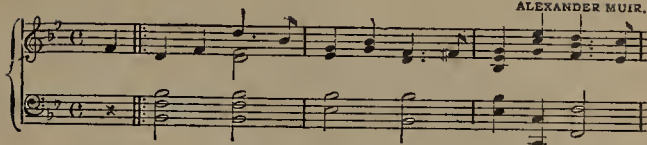
E-cho in cho-rus The glad re- - frain—

Can-a-da, fair Can-a-da, God's bles-sing rest on thee; May

His right hand pro- - tect our land And guard her lib-er-ty.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER

ALEXANDER MUIR.



1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt-less
 2. At Queens-ton Heights and Lou-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers,
 3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex-tends From Cape Race to
 4. On mer-ry Eng-land's far-famed land May kind Hes-ven

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

he-ro came, And plant-ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag, On Ca-na-da's fair do-
 sole liv-side, For free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Etern-ly stood and no-bly
 Noot-ka Sound; May peace for e-ver be our lot, And plen-tious store a-
 sweet-ly smile; God bless Old Scot-land e-ver more, And Ire-land's Em-er-ald

The third system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

main. Here may it wave, our boast, our prid, And joined in love to-
 died; And those dear rights which they main-tained, We swear to yield them
 bound; And may those ties of love be ours Which dis-sord can not
 let! Then swell the song, both loud and long, Till rocks and for-est

The fourth system of musical notation, concluding the piece with a final cadence.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER.

geth-er, The Thistle, Sham-rock, Rose en-twine The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 no-ver! Our watchword ev-er-more shall be, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 se-ver, And flourish green o'er Freedom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 qui-ver, God save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

CHORUS.

1st & 2nd TENORS.

1. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God
 2. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God
 3. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! And
 4. The Ma-ple Leaf, our em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er! God

BASS

PIANO.

save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 flour-ish green o'er Freedom's home, The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!
 save our King, and Hea-ven bless The Ma-ple Leaf for ev-er!

O CANADA

Chant National.

Words by HON. JUSTICE ROUTHIER.
Translation by B. MORTON JONES.

C. LAVALLEE,
arr. by T. MARTIN.

Maestoso e risoluto

f

1. O Ca-na-dal Ter-re de nos ai-eux, Ton front est
1. O Ca-na-dal The land our fo-thers found, How bright the
2. Sous l'œil de Dieu, près du fleu-ve gé-ant, Le Ca-na
2. Neath Hea-ven's eye, be-side a migh-ty stream, Great grow thy

mf

ceint de fleu-rons glo-ri-eux! Carton bras sait por-ter l'é
gar-lands on thy fore-head bound! For the sword thine arm hath in
dien gran-dit en es-pé-rant. Il est né d'u-ne ra-ce
sons, as they of great-ness dream. For the race they spring from is

pé-e, Il-sait por-ter la croix! Ton his-toire est une é-po
bat-tle borne, And hath raised the Cross on high; And the po-et's pen finds its
fiè-re, Be-ni fut son ber-ceau. Le ciel a-mar-qué sa car-
full of pride, And a bless-ing hails their birth, And the powers on high have pre-

f

pé-e Des plus bril-lants ex-ploits. Et ta va-leur,
high-est theme Thy sim-ple his-to-ry. And thy bold hearts,
riè-re Dans ce mon-de nou-veau. Tou-jours gui-dé
par'd their place with the great ones of the earth. And the high faith

O Canada

de foi trem - pé - e, Pro - té - ge - ra nos foy-ers et nos
 filled with de - vo - ted faith, Will guard our homes and our lib - er -
 par sa lu - miè - re, Il gar - de - ra l'hon - neur de son dra -
 that doth in - spire there hearts Counts their flag's hon - or as life's great - est

droits. Pro - té - ge - ra nos foy-ers et nos droits.
 ty. Will guard our homes and our lib - er - ty.
 peau. Il gar - de - ra l'hon - neur de son dra - peau.
 worth. Counts their flag's hon - or as life's great - est worth.

SCOTS WHA HAE.

Words by BURNS.

Arranged for Male Voices by T. M.

1. Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots wham Bruce has a! - ten led. Wel - come to your
 2. Wha will be a trait - tor knave? Wha will fill a cow - ard's grave? Wha see base as
 3. By op - pres - sions, woes and pains, By our sons in ser - vile chains, We will drain our

gor - y bed, Or to vic - to - ry. Now's the day and now's the hour.
 be a slave? Let him turn and flee. Wha for Scotland's King and law,
 dear - est veins, But they shall be free. Lay the proud u - sur - per low,

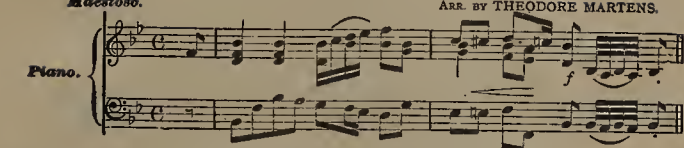
See the front of bat - tle hour, See approach proud Edward's power, Chain and slave - ry.
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw, Free - man stand, or free - man fa', Let him follow me.
 Ty - rants fall in ev - ry foe, Lib - er - ty's in ev - ry blow, Let us do or die

RULE BRITANNIA.

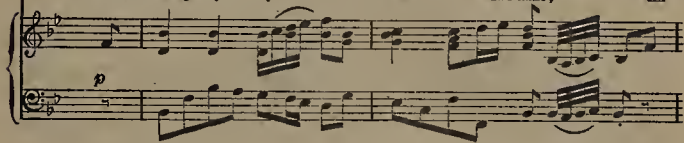
Macaboso.

ARR. BY THEODORE MARTENS.

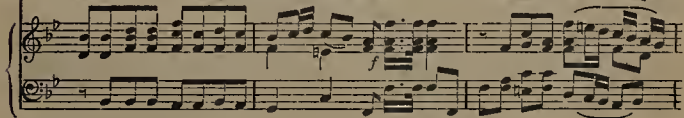
Piano.



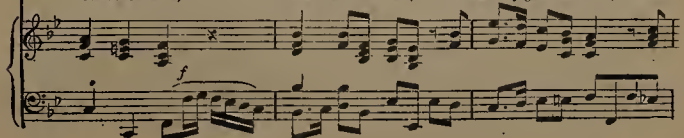
1. When Brit - ain first, at Heav'n's com - mand, A -
 2. The Na - tions not so liest as thee Must
 3. Still more ma - jes - tic shalt thou rise, More
 4. Thee laugh - ty ty . . . rants ne'er shall tame; All



rose from out the a - zure main, Arose, arose from out the
 in their turns to ty - rants fall; Must in, must in their turns to
 dread ful from each for - eign stroke; More dreadful, dreadful from each
 their attempts to bend thee down All their, all their at-tempts to



a - zure main - This was the Char - ter, the Char - ter of the land, And
 ty - rants fall; While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and frae, The
 for - eign stroke: As the land . . . blast . . . loud blast that tears the skies. Serves
 bend thee down, Will but a - rouse . . . a - rouse thy generous flame, To



RULE BRITANNIA

guard - ian An - gels sung this strain. Rule, Bri-tan-nia, Bri
dread and en - ty of them all. thy na-tive Oak.
but to root thy na-tive Oak. and thy re-nova.

tan-nia rules the waves For Brit - one nev - er shall be slaves.

CHORUS.

1st and 2nd Soprano.

Rule, Bri-tan-nia, Bri-tan-nia rule the waves, for Bri - tons nev - er shall be slaves.

5. To thee belong the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine
All thine shall be the subject main.
And ev'ry shore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

6. The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coasts repair;
Blest Isle! with matchless Beauty crown'd
And manly hearts to guard the Fair.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Chorus may be sung in two voices by omitting the second Soprano.

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

Words by WILLIAM DUTHIE.*

Harmonized for Male Voices by T. M.

Tempo marziale.

1. Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rushing hit-low, Wave on wave that
 'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spearmen, Saxon bowmen, — Be they knights or
 2. Rook-y steepes and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of arrow. Who would think of
 Hurl the reel-ing horseman ov-er! Let the earth dead foemen cover! Fate of friend, of

surg-ing fol-low Bat-tle's dis-tant sound? Loose the folds a-sun-der, Flag we con-quer
 hinds or yeomen, They shall bite the ground! death or sorrow? Death is glo-ry now! wife, of lov-er, Trem-bles on a blow! Strands of life are riv-en; Blow for blow is

un-der! The pla-oid sky, now bright on high, Shall launch its bolts in
 giv-en In dead-ly look or bat-tle shock, And mer-cy shrieks to

than-der On-ward! 'tis our coun-try needs us. He is brav-est, he who leads us!
 hea-ven! Men of Har-lech! young or hoar-y, Would you win a name in sto-ry?

Hon-our's self now proud-ly heads us! Cam-bria, God, and Right!
 Strike for home, for life, for glori-ty! Cam-bria, God, and Right!

* By permission of Messrs. NOVELLO EWER & Co., London.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

Words by MOORE.

Arranged by BALFE.

1. The min-strel boy to the war is gone. In the ranks of death you'll
 2. The min-strel fell, but the foe-man's chain Could not bring that proud soul

and him; His fa-ther's sword he hath gird-ed on, And his wild harp sung be-
 nu-der; The harp he loved ne'er spoke a-gain, For he tore its chords a-

hind him. "Land of song!" said the war-rior bard, "Tho' all the world be-
 sun-der, And said, "No chain shall an-ly thee, Thou soul of love and

trays thee, One sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith-ful harp... shall praise thee."
 pray-ry! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall never sound... in slav-ry"

RUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM

Maestoso.

God save our na - tive land! God - keep us safe in -

free - dom's realm, In love and peace to dwell,

Late born of - li - ber - ty, ... E - ver stal - wart, strong and free,

Rus - sia, may Ho - - ly Rus - - sia stand.

LA MARSEILLAISE

Tempo di Marcia.

1. Allons, en-fants de la pa-tri-e, le jour de
 1. Ye sons of - France, a - wake to glo-ry! Hark, hark! what

gloire est ar-ri-vé, con-tre nous de la ty-ran-
 myriads bid you rise! Your children wives, and grand-sires

ni-e l'é-ten-dard sanglant est le-vé, l'é-ten-
 hear ye: Behold their tears, and hear their cries, Behold their

dard sanglant est le-vé. En-tendez-vous dans les cam-pa-gnes mu-
 tears and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty-rants mis-chievous breeding, With hireling

LA MARSEILLAISE.

19

gir les fé-ro - ces sol-dats? Ils viennent jusques dans vos bras (gor-
hosts, a ruf - fan band, Af - fright and desolate the land, While

ger vos fils, vos com - pa-gnes. Aux ar - mes, Ci-to - yens! For-
peace and liber-ty lie - bleeding! To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th' a

mez - vos ba-tail - lons! Mar - chez! mar - chez!
- veng - ing sword unsheath! March on, march on!

qu'un sang im - pur a - breu - - ve vos sil - lons!
all hearts re - solved On - vic - - to - ry or death.

2. Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
de traitres, de rois conjurés?
Pour qui, ces ignobles entraves,
ces fers des longtems préparés?
François, pour nous! Ah! quel outrage!
quels transports il doit exciter!
C'est vous qu'on ose méditer
de rendre à l'antique esclavage!
Aux armes etc.

2. With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us—
Like gods would bid their slaves adore—
But man is man—and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, etc.

ITALIAN NATIONAL HYMN

Marziale

f

All on-ward, All on-ward! The tombs are all o - pen, come forth our de -
 Our home-land so fam - ous for pœ - try and
mf
 All' ar - mi! all' ar - mi! Si sco - pron le tom - be, ai le - va - noi
 La ter - ra dei fio - ri, dei suo - ni, dei

f

part - ed, Our sol - diers a - rise and our hearts be u - nit - ed, With swords in
 sing - ing, Re - turn to the days when the sa - bres were ring - ing, Our hands that are
mf
 mor - ti, I mar - ti - ri no - stri son tut - ti ri - sor - ti, Le spa - de nel
 car - mi. Ri - tor - ni quel e - ra la ter - ra dell' ar - mi; Di cen - to ca -

hand, and our face towards the foe, The fame and the name of I - tal - ia will glow. All
 bound with fet - ters so sore, When loos - ened will brand - ish our swords once more No
 pug - no, gli al - lo - ri al - le chio - me, La fam - ma ed il no - me d' I - ta - lia sul cor. Cor -
 te - ne ci vin - ser la ma - no, Ma an - cor di Leg - na - no saj fer - ri brand - dir. Bas -

mf

on-ward yes on-ward, ad-vance gal-lant war-riors, un-furl to the winds ban-
fet-ter nor thong will I-tal-y en-dure from the stran-gers who wan-ton-ly
ria-mo, cor-ria-mo, su o gio-va-ni schie-re! Su al ven-to per tut-to le
to-ne te des-co l'Ita-lia non do-ma, Non cres-co no-al gio-co le

ners so glor-i-ous, A-rise with your sa-bres, down with our en-e-mies, A-
came to our shore No lon-ger will I-tal-y be bound by the ty-rants who for
no-stre ban-die-re! Su tut-ti col fe-ro! su tut-ti col fuo-co! Su
stir-pe di Ro-ma; Più l'Ita-lia non vuo-le stra-nie-ri ti-ran-ni Già

rise in your gio-ry, I-tal-ians a rise De-part from our hor-ders, de-
ma-ny long years have kept us their slaves De-part from our bor-ders, de-
tut-ti col fuo-co d'Ita-lia nel cor. Va fuo-ri d'Ita-lia, va
trop-po son gli an-ni che du-ra il ser-vir. Va fuo-ri d'Ita-lia, va

mf cresc. part from our shore De-part all ye stran-gers, re-turn nev-er more *D.C.*
part from our shore De-part all ye stran-gers, re-turn nev-er more
fu-o-ri ch'e l'o-ra, Va fuo-ri d'Ita-lia, va fuo-ri o stra-nier!
fu-o-ri ch'e l'o-ra, Va fuo-ri d'Ita-lia, va fuo-ri o stra-nier!

National Song of Belgium

LA BRABANÇONNE

f

A-près des siècles des - cla - va - ge Le
The years of slav - e - ry are o - ver, The

f

Bel - ge sor - tant du tom - beau A re - conqui par son cou - ra - ge Son
Bel - gian is freed from his chains By his valour he has re - con - quered his good

mp

nom, ses droits et son dra - peau. Et ta main sou - veraine et fiè - re,
name his rights and glo - rious flags. With their powerful dar - ing right hands

mp

Peu - ple de - sor - mais in - domp - té Gra - va - sur ta vieil - le ban -
Here - after his people bold - ly Engrave - on the splen - did old

f

f

BELGIUM

23

niè - - re, Le Roi, la loi, la lib - er - té. Gra - va -
 ban - - ners For King, for law, for lib - er - ty. En - grave

sur ta vieil - le ban - niè - re, Le Roi, la loi, la lib - er - té. Le
 on the splen - did old ban - ners, for King, for law, for lib - er - ty. For

Roi, la loi, la lib - er - té. Le Roi, la loi, la lib - er - té. _____
 King, for law, for lib - er - ty. For King, for law, for lib - er - ty. _____

O' Belgique, Ô mère chérie,
 A toi nos cœurs à toi nos bras,
 A toi notre sang Ô Patrie,
 Nous le jurons tous, tu vivras!
 Tu vivras toujours grand et belle
 Et ton invincible unité
 Aura pour devise immortelle:
 Le Roi, la loi, la liberté!

O' Belgium, Oh' our loved home!
 To thee our hearts to thee our arms,
 To thee our lives oh motherland,
 Shall we give that thou mayest live.
 Thou shalt live grand and beautiful
 And thy unconquered unity
 Shall forever live in immortality,
 For King, for law, for liberty.

Servian National Song

USTAJ, USTAJ SRBINE

Tempo di marcia

U - staj, u - staj, Sr - bi - ne, U - staj na o - ruž - je,
A - rise, A - rise, O Ser - vians! Raise your ban - ners high

cresc.

Dan te će - ka noć vec' - be - ga, u - staj - ne - o - kle - vaj.
Your coun - try — call - eth eve - ry man to loosen up her chains,

f *piu marcato* *cresc.*

Na no - ge, Sr - bi bra - Ćo, Slo - ho - da - zo - ve.
Up! O Ser - vians, in your might, Fight for lib - er - ty and right

Do - sta be - se ne - vo - lje, Do - sta bi i tu ge
As the riv - ers on - ward flow, Let us too un - tram - meled go

cresc.

Sad se dr' - zi duš - ma - ni - ne Kad te Sr - bin skru ši
Through the mount - ains through the fields Fight we on till the en - emy yields

piu marcato

Kad te Sr - bin skru ši, Na no - ge, Sr - bi
Strick - en to the ground; Up O Ser - vians in your

cresc.

bra - co, Slo bo da zo ve.
might Fight for lib - er - ty and right.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

Words by JUDGE HOPKINSON, 1798.

PROF. PHYLO, 1789.

With Energy.

1. Hail Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hall, ye heroes, heav'n-born band, Who fought and bled in
 2. Immortal patriots, rise once more, Defend your rights, defend your shore! Let no rude foe, with
 3. Behold the chief who now commands, Once more to serve his country stands The rock on which the

freedom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, And when the storm of war was gone, En-
 im-pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im-pious hand, In-vade the shrine where sacred lies Of
 storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat, But armed in vir-tue, firm and true, His

joy'd the peace your val-or won. Let in-de-pen-dence be our boast, Ev-er mind-ful
 toil and blood, the well-earn'd prize. While off'ring peace, sincere and just, In Heav'n we place a
 hopes are fixed on Heav'n and you. When hope was sinking in dismay, When glooms ob-scur'd Co-

what it cost; Ev-er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al-tar reach the skies.
 man-ly trust, That truth and jus-tice will pre-vail, And ev'-ry scheme of bond-age fail.
 lum-bia's day, His stead-y mind, from changes free, Re-solved on death or lib-er-ty

CHORUS.

Firm, u-ni-ted, let us be,.... Hal-ly-ing 'round our lib-er-ty,.....

As a band of broth-ers join'd, Peace and safe-ty we shall find.

Japanese National Hymn

KIMI GA YO

mf

Ki - ni - ga — yo — wa, Chi - yo ni —
May our Em - peror reign for ever, As the sun for

f

ya - chi - yo ni sa - za - re, I - shi no, I wa o to
thou - sands of years shall shine; Hail our King! may our Em - peror

p

f

na - ri - te, Ko - Ke no, Mu — su — ma — de.
reign for ever, Strong and firm Strong and firm as stone and rock.

f

The Harp that Once thro' Tara's Halls.

Slowly
1st & 2nd Tenor.

Arranged by THEODORE MARTENS.

Harp that once thro' Tara's halls, The soul of music shed, of music shed,
1st Bass. *Air*
The harp that once thro' Tara's halls, The soul of music shed, Now
2nd Bass,

that soul were So

hangs as mute on Tara's soul were fled were fled So
hangs as mute on Tara's walls, As if that soul were fled, were fled So

sleeps the pride of days the thrill is o'er and hearts that

Air sleeps the pride of days hearts that
Air
sleeps the pride of former days, So glo-ry's thrill is o'er... And
days.

rit. allarg. assai

once once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.
hearts that once beat high for praise. Now feel that pulse no more.
hearts once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more. that pulse no more.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

More to chiefs and ladies bright The harp of Tara swells, of Tara swells:

Air

No more to chiefs and ladies bright The harp of Tara swells:..... The

of ru-in tells

chord a-lone, that breaks ru-in tells, it tells. Thus

chord a-lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ru-in tells, it tells. Thus

the throb she gives is when some

Air free-dom now so sel-dom When..... some

Air free-dom now so sel-dom wakes, The on-ly throb she gives..... Is

heart..... rit. allarg. assai

heart..... in-dig-nant breaks, To show that still it lives.....

when some heart in-dig-nant breaks, To show that still it lives.....

lives that still it lives.

OLD GRIMES.

Words by A. G. GREENE.

Tune,—"AULD LANG SYNE."

1 Old Grimes is dead, that good old man, We ne'er shall see him more; He used to wear a
 2 His heart was o - pen as the day, His feel-ings all were true; His hair was some in -

CHORUS.

long black coat, All but-toned down be - fore } Old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old
 clined to gray, He wore it in a queue }

Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, Old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes, old Grimes.

3. Where'er he heard the voice of pain,
 His breast with pity burned;
 The large round head upon his cane,
 From ivory was turned.

4. Kind words he ever had for all,
 He knew no base design;
 His eyes were dark and rather small,
 His nose was aquiline.

5. He lived at peace with all mankind,
 In friendship he was true;
 His coat had pocket-holes behind,
 His pantaloons were blue.

6. Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes,
 He passed securely o'er,
 And never wore a pair of boots,
 For thirty years or more.

7. But good old Grimes is now at rest,
 Nor fears misfortune's frown;
 He wore a double-breasted vest,
 The stripes ran up and down.

8. He modest merit sought to find,
 And gave it its desert,
 He had no malice in his mind,
 No ruffles on his shirt.

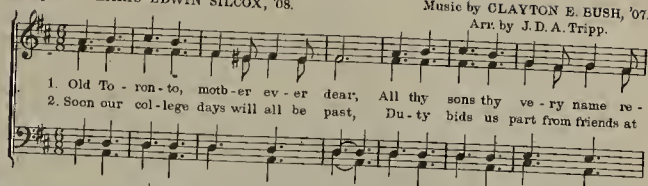
9. His neighbors he did not abuse,
 Was sociable and gay,
 He wore nor lefts nor rights for shoes,
 And changed them every day.

10. His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
 He did not bring to view,
 He made a noise town-meeting days
 As many people do.

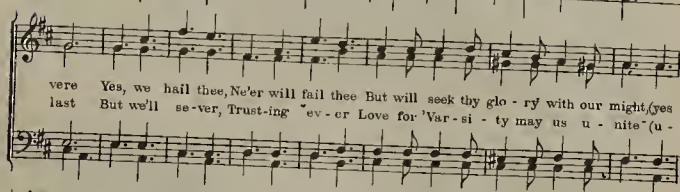
11. Thus, undisturbed by anxious cares,
 His peaceful moments ran,
 And everybody said he was
 A fine old gentleman.

THE BLUE AND WHITE.

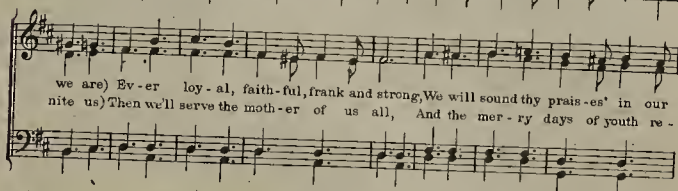
Words by Rev. CLARIS EDWIN SILCOX, '08.

Music by CLAYTON E. BUSH, '07.
Arr. by J. D. A. Tripp.


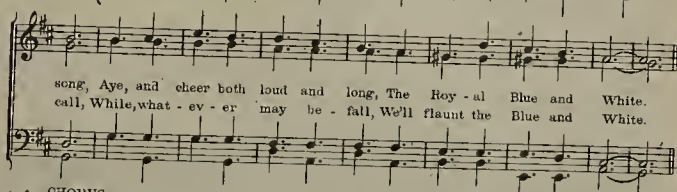
1. Old To - ron - to, moth - er ev - er dear, All thy sons thy ve - ry name re -
2. Soon our col - lege days will all be past, Du - ty bids us part from friends at



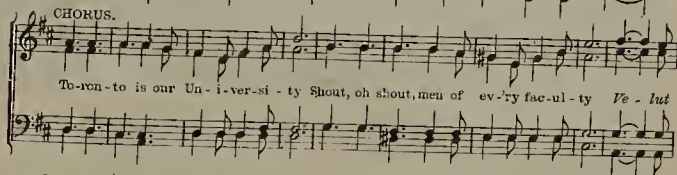
vere Yes, we hail thee, Ne'er will fail thee But will seek thy glo - ry with our might, (yes
last But we'll se - ver, Trust - ing 'ev - er Love for 'Var - si - ty may us u - nite" (u -



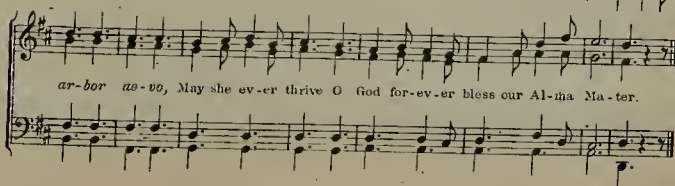
we are) Ev - er loy - al, faith - ful, frank and strong, We will sound thy prais - es in our
nite us) Then we'll serve the moth - er of us all, And the mer - ry days of youth re -



sing, Aye, and cheer both loud and long, The Roy - al Blue and White.
call, While, what - ev - er may be - fall, We'll flaunt the Blue and White.



CHORUS.
To - ron - to is our Un - i - ver - si - ty Shout, oh shout, men of ev - ery fac - ul - ty Ve - lut

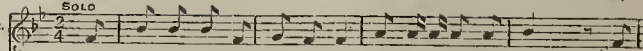
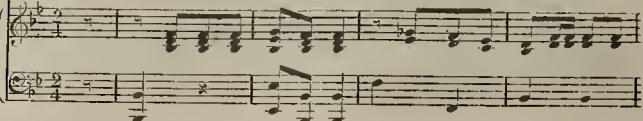


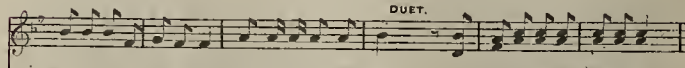
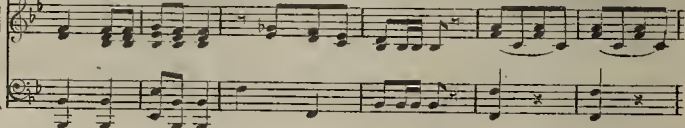
ar - bor as - vo, May she ev - er thrive O God for - ev - er bless our Al - ma Ma - ter.

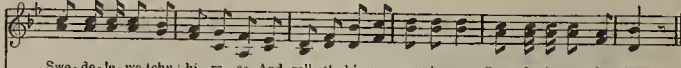
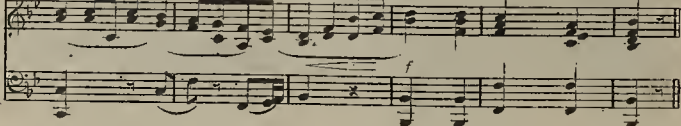
LITORIA.

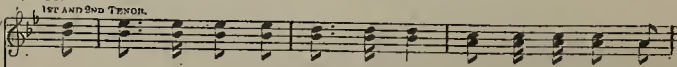
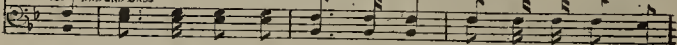
(TORONTO VERSION.)

F. C. WADE, '82

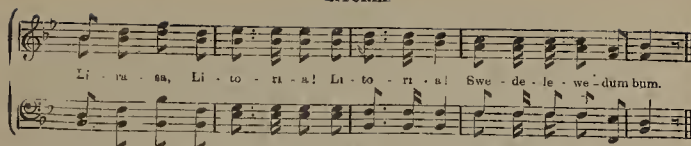
Allegretto.
SOLO
 VOICE. 
 Ye bloom-ing fresh-man dons his gown, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum. And
 PIANO. 

DUET.

 walks ye earth with a wul frown, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum. He sees ye maidens' glances sly.



 Swe-de-le-we-tchu: hi-ra-sa, And roll-eth his mag-net-ic eye, Swe-de-le-we-dum bum.


CHORUS:
 1ST AND 2ND TENOR.

 Li-to-ri-a! Li-to-ri-a! Swe-de-le-we-tchu
 1ST AND 2ND BASS


LATORIA



1. Ye blooming freshman dons his gown,
And walks ye earth with awful frown.
He sees ye maidens' glances sly,
And rolleth his magnetic eye.

2. He's brought before ye Maffi's throne,
'Mid sulphurous smoke and muffled groan,
Mid red-hot brands and boiling tar,
He seemeth danger from afar.

3. Ye spikes cut deep, ye race is run,
He rides ye chariot of ye sun.
Ye brake is put on Ixion's wheel,
L'Inferno's inmost caverns reel.

4. Ye ritual he chanteth now,
Dread Lucifer attend his vow;
Ye sounds die 'way, ye oracles cease,
"Ad imitandos thrones."

5. As tiniest voice from tiniest star,
Or monkish monotone afar,
Ye freshman's shattered accents rise,
Ye mask is lifted from his eyes.

6. To 'Varsity men this tale I speak,
For making men and killing cheek,
Stick up for your formalities,
"Ad imitandos thrones."

THE FRESHMAN'S VERSION.

N. H. RUSSELL, '87.

1. Ye 'Varsity man has doffed his gown,
He wields a stick, but wears no frown.
He sings about ye freshman's cheek,
But on him vengeance we will wreak.

2. L'Inferno's caverns are his hall,
L'Inferno's lord is at his call,
He sits upon l'Inferno's throne,
And thinks he hears ye freshman groan.

3. Ye 'Varsity men assemble 'round,
With silence awful and profound,
And judgment give in words like these—
"Ad imitandos thrones."

4. Ye minions scour earth's utmost zone,
And seize ye freshman when alone,
He's brought unto ye 'Varsity cell,
'Mid to-taring jeers and miscreant yell.

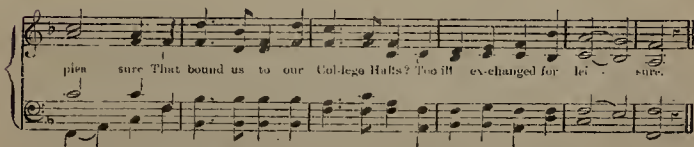
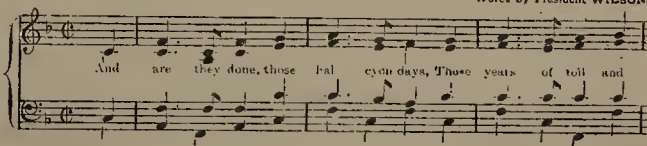
5. Ye freshmen rise with one accord,
And break ye ranks of that vile horde,
They burst ye 'Varsity's flimsy chain,
And bear ye prisoner back again.

6. To freshmen all "this tale I speak,"
For quelling those who'd kill our cheek,
Down with all informalities,
"Ad conservandos thrones."

COMMENCEMENT.

Tune—"DEUTSCHES WEISELIED."

Words by President WILSON.



Familiar scenes of rainbow hope
And cordial emulation;
Of matches on the College lawn,
And speeches on the nation!
Of Locke and Hegel, Comte and Kant,
Of Jell upon the Atoms;
Or for a treat, a round of Tait's
Dynamics of a Particle!

4. The genial converse, social cheer
Of friendship, true as tender;
With rivals in the generous strife
For Fame, and no surrender

5. Farewell, ye dear old College joys!
Tis in some novel sense meant
This ending of life's jolliest days,
And calling it Commencement!

O TEMPORA, O MORES.

Translation by W. H. ELLIS.

Allegretto. SOLO

VOICE CHORUS

There was a jol-ly fid-dler took a walk a-long the Nile, O
 crept out of the wa-ter a great big cro-co-dile, O

PIANO

SOLO.

tem-po-ra, O mo-res. There
 tem-po-ra, O mo-res. He thought to make a

tem-po-ra, O mo-res.
 tem-po-ra, O mo-res.

CHORUS

meal of him, O was-n't that a go? O was-n't that a jol-ly lark, O
 O was-n't that a go? O was-n't that a jol-ly lark, O

tem-po-ra, O ho!... O mu-sic charms the sav-age beast, as we all know.
 tem-po-ra, O ho!... O mu-sic charms the sav-age beast, as we all know.

O TEMPORA, O MORES.

2. The fiddler drew his fiddle out, I tell you pretty quick,
 O tempora, O mores;
 And straight across his fiddle strings he drew his fiddle-stick
 O tempora, O mores;
 Allegro, dolce, presto, now wasn't that a go?
 Oh wasn't that a jolly lark, O tempora, Oho;
 Oh music charms the savage beast, as we all know
3. He hadn't played a dozen bars, before the crocodile,
 O tempora, O mores;
 Began to dance a Highland fling beside the ancient Nile,
 O tempora, O mores;
 Then polkas, galops, waltzes, oh wasn't that a go? &c.
4. Then round and round upon the sand they danced like one o'clock,
 O tempora, O mores;
 Until against a pyramid his tail he chanced to knock,
 O tempora, O mores;
 It fell and knocked six others down, oh wasn't that a go? &c.
5. Now when this awkward brute had knocked the pyramids to smash,
 O tempora, O mores;
 The fiddler sought the nearest pub. to try and get some hash,
 O tempora, O mores;
 He called for Bass's Bitter Beer, oh wasn't that a go? &c.
6. A fiddler's throat is like a hole, uncommon hard to fill,
 O tempora, O mores;
 And if he hasn't finished yet, no doubt he's drinking still,
 O tempora, O mores;
 Then let us all drink with him, O won't that be a go? &c.

JINGLE, BELLS.

Allegro, mf.

VOICE:

1. Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a, one-horse o - pen sleigh,
 2. A day of two a - go, I thought I'd take a ride, And
 3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young.

PIANO:

O'er the fields we go, Laughing all the way; Bells on bob-tail ring, Mis-
 soon Miss Fannie Bright Was seated by my side. The horse was lean and lank; Mis-
 Take the girls to night, And sing this sleighing song Just get a bob-tailed bay, Two

Making spir-its bright; What fun it is to ride and sing A sleighing song to-night!
 fortune seemed his lot; He got in-to a drifted bank, And we, we got up-set.
 for-ty for his speed; Then hitch him to an open sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.

CHORUS

f

TARBOES
 Jingle, bells! jingle, bells! jingle all the way.....

BASSES
 jingle, jingle, jingle

Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, all the way.....

PIANO

Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh..... Jingle, bells, jingle, bells.

one-horse open sleigh. Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle.

JINGLE, BELLS

jingle all the way, Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!

jingle, jingle, jingle,

jingle all the way, Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!

THE BOATS.

Moderato, mf

VOICE.

1. The festal day has come, And brightly beams the morn-ing; The
2. Come, join in mirth and song, With young hearts fond-ly boat-ing. Sip

PIANO.

sun peeps forth a-fresh, Our festal day a-dorn-ing Hurrah! Hurrah! The
plea-sure while we may, For earth-ly joys are fleet-ing.

CHORUS. In unison.

festal day has come! Hurrah! Hurrah! The festal day has come

THE BOOTS.

Allegro vivace. f

*Up - see, up-see, tra la la la. Up-see, up-see, tra la la la, Up-see, up-see, tra la la la. The

p fes - tal day has come, *f* I bear the boots, the boots, the boots the b - b - b - b - boots, Fra Di-

p a - vo-lo, the Rob-ber! *f* Fra Di - a - vo - lo, the Rob - ber! I hear the boots, the boots, the boots, the

f b - b - b - b - boots, Fra Di - a - vo - lo the Rob - ber. Coming down the stairs.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The tempo is marked 'Allegro vivace' and the first system is marked 'f' (forte). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte).

POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE.

Allegro. SOLO. CHORUS

VOICE

1. Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal; Sing "Pol-ly-wol-ly-doodle" all the
 2. Oh, my Sal she am a..... maid-en fair: Sing "Pol-ly-wol-ly-doodle" all the

PIANO

SOLO CHORUS

day! My Sal-ly am a spunk-y gal, Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the
 day! With laugh-ing eyes and cur-ly hair, Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the

CHORUS

day! Fare-well!..... Fare-well!..... Fare-well, my fair-y fay! On, I'm
 day! *Bass.* Faretheewell! Faretheewell! Faretheewell! Faretheewell!

off to Louisi-an-a, for to see my Sn-ay An-na, Singing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day!

3. Oh! I came to a river, an' I couldn't get across,
 Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.
 An' I jumped upon a nigger, for I thought he was
 a boss,
 Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day.

4. Oh! a grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track,
 Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.
 A-pikin' his teef wid a carpet tack,
 Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.

5. Behind de barn, down on my knees,
 Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day
 I thought I heard a chicken sneeze,
 Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.

6. He sneezed so hard wid de hoopin'-cough,
 Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.
 He sneezed his head an' his tail right off,
 Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle," all the day.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Words by J. MOORE.

J. D. HERRISON.

Pathetically.

1. Those even - ing bells, those even - ing bells. How man - y a tale their
 2. Those joy - ous hours are passed a - way, And man - y a heart that
 3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tune - ful peal will

mus - ic tells Of youth and home and that sweet time When I heard their
 then was gay, With - in the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those
 still ring on, While oth - er birds shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet

soothing chime. Of youth and home and that sweet time When last I heard their soothing chime
 evening bells, With - in the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those evening bells,
 evening bells. While oth - er birds shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THE CRUISE OF "THE BUGABOO."

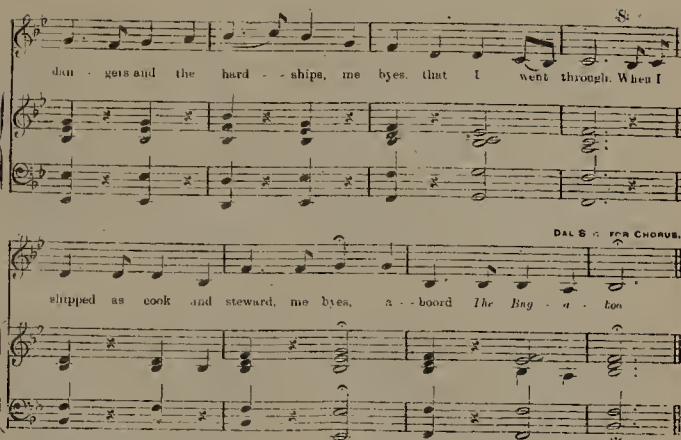
Moderato

Adapted by H. H., '88 '83.

1. Come all ye ten - der heart - ed men, Where - ev - er ye may be, And I'll

tell ye of the dan - gers that are on the deep, blue sea. The

THE CRUISE OF "THE BUGABOO."



6 I shipped as cook and steward, me byes
Fur devil a cat I had;
I said good-bye to Mary Ann
And was feelin' party bad
As I said good-bye to Mary Ann,
And set me face to the west
I heard the engineer remark
That the horse was don't his best.

8 The first time that I seen the ship,
She lay in Ternahay street canal;
She was tall, an' large, an' beautiful
Forgot her shape I never shall
Oh, the captain he wore a large straw hat,
Knee-breeches, and a body-coat blue;
Arrah, bedad! the byes all said he'd make a fine
fagger-head
Fur to ornament *The Bugaboo*.

4 Oh, the engineer he went asleep
As he sat aboard the mule;
And the second mate called out to him
"Arrah, turn the crank, you fool!"
The second mate hollered and swore, me byes,
Till he split the back of his vest,
And the engineer woke up, and replied
That the horse was don't his best.

5 We soon weighed anchor, an' set sail
Fur to plough the rugin' surt;
We wuz bound for the lag of Allaghen
Fur to get a load of turf
We sailed all night, until we reached
The back of Richmond Barracks so true;
And the gallant Fiefty-Six fired a royal
saute of bricks
At the captain of *The Bugaboo*.

6 Then the captain plied all hands on deck,
Fur to answer the salute;
And he grabbed stook of a marlin' spike
And the second mate's left hand boot
He throwed the boat so straight, me byes,
That he hit the mule on the chest;
And th' engineer re-mon-strated
That the horse was don't his best.

7 Nine years we sailed, when a storm arose,
The canal rose mountain high;
Oh, the lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled,
An' lit the dark blue sky
The second mate he sev orders
Fur to lower the sail an' clew;
An' the captain down below, lyin' smokin' in his
berth,
Set fire to *The Bugaboo*.

8 Then the mule took fright an' run away,
An' left the crew afloat;
The mate he shouted to the engineer
Fur to come and save the boat.
But the mule was gittin' along, me byes,
An' his tail was headin' for the west;
And the engineer called out quite loud
That the horse was don't his best.

9 When the captain seen what he had done,
He loud for help did shout;
An' he hollered up troo' the chimney hole
Fur the helmsman fur to come and put it on.
But the helmsman he was fast asleep,
An' to his post untrue;
An' the fire burned so hard in the middle of the
turf,
Bedad, we couldn't save *The Bugaboo*.

10 Oh, the fire it burned so hard, me byes,
That it burned the towin'-rope;
And the mule he throwed the engineer,
Who tumbled down the slope.
The captain called to the engineer
Fur to give the mule a rest;
And the engineer replied from the bank
That the horse was don't his best.

11 When forty thousand miles from land,
In latitude fifty four,
Oh the fire it burned so hard, me byes,
That it couldn't burn any more.
The captain he then gay orders
Lower (ad lib) the boats an' save the crew!"
Forty-seven Corkians, fifty-four Far Towns,
Went down in *The Bugaboo*.

MUSH, MUSH.

Andante. mf

VOICE

1. Oh, 'twas there I larned ra - din' an' wri - tin',..... At Billy
me we had moon - y a scrim mage,..... An'
2. Oh, 'twas there that I larned all me court - in',..... O' the
Con - nor, she lived jist for - nint me,..... Ar'

PIANO

Brack-ett's where I wint to school..... And 'twas there I larned howl - in' an'
div - il a cop - y I wrote;..... There was ne'er a gos - soon in the
lis - sons I tuck in the art;..... TIM Cu - pid, the blackguard, while
tin - der lines to her I wrote;..... If ye dare say wan hard word a -

1st

figh - tin' Wid me school-mas-ther. Mis - ther O' Toole,..... Him an'
vi - lage Dared.... thread on the tail o' me-
sport - in' An ar - row, dhrav straight thro' me heart,..... Miss Ju - dy O'
gin her. I'll thread on the tail o' yer

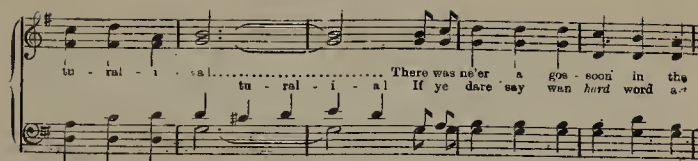
1st

CHORUS.

2nd

Mush, mush, mush, tu - ral - i - ad - dyl.. .. Sing, mush, mush, mush,
mush, mush.

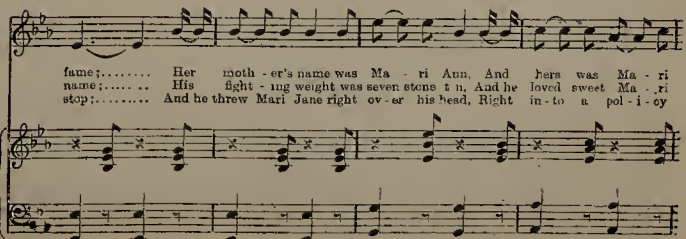
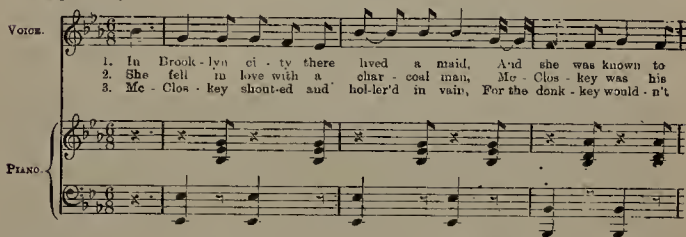
MUSH, MUSH.



3. But a blackguard, called Mickey Maloney,
Came an' shole her affections away;
Fur he'd money an' I hadn't any,
So I sint him a challenge nixt day.
In the avennin' we met at the Woodbine,
The Don we crossed o'er in a boat;
An' I lathered him wid me shillaly,
Fur he throd on the tail o' me—*Cho.*

4. Oh, me fame wint abroad through the nation,
An' folks came a flockin' to see;
An' they cried out, widout hesitation—
"You're a fightin' man, Billy McGee!"
Oh, I've clened out the Finnigan faction,
An' I've licked all the Murphys affost;
If you're in fur a row or a raction,
Jist ye thread on the tail o' me—*Cho.*

MICHAEL ROY.

Allegretto. mf

MICHAEL ROY.

Jane:..... And eve-ry Sat-ur-day morn-ing She used to go over the
 Jane:..... He took her to ride in his char-coal cart On a fine Saint Pat-rick's
 shop:..... When Mc-Clos-key saw that ter-ri-ble sight. His heart it was moved with

riv-er, And went to market where she sold eggs, And sass-a-ges, like-wise liver-....
 day. But the donkey took fright at a Jer-sey man, And start-ed and ran a-way....
 pi-ty. So he stabbed the donkey with a bit of charcoal, And started for Salt Lake ci-ty.....

CHORUS. *Accompaniment same as for last eight bars of Solo.*

For oh!..... For oh!..... (1st Tenor.)
 For oh! For oh! he was my dar-ling boy.....
 For oh! For oh! he was
 For oh! For oh!

Repeat Chorus *pp*

he was the lad with the au-burn hair, And his name was Mich-a-el Roy!.....

OH MY DARLING CLEMENTINE.

Tempo di mazurka

Words and Music by PENEY MONTROSE.

Voice

1 In a cab-in, in a can-on, an ex-ca-va-tion for a
 2 She-drove her duck-leis To the riv-er, Ev'ry morn-ing just at
 3 Ru-by lips A-bove the wa-ter, Blow-ing bub-bles soft and

Piano

mine; Dwelt a min-er, A For-ty-mu-er, And his daugh-ter Cle-men-tine.
 mine; Stubbed her toe a-gainst a shiv-er, Fell in to the foaming brine.
 fine; A-as for me, I was no swim-mer, So I lost my Cle-men-tine.

CHORUS. *Tempo and time same as for solo.*

Alto

Oh my dar-ling Oh my dar-ling, Oh my dar-ling Cle-men-

Baritone

Cle-men-tine, Cle-men-tine, Cle-men-Cle-men-

Bass

Oh Cle-men-tine, Oh Cle-men-tine, Oh Cle-men-Cle-men-

time You are lost and gone for-ev-er, Dref-ful sor-ry, Cle-men-tine.

time Cle-men-Cle-men-tine, Cle-men-tine, Cle-men-Cle-men-tine.

time Cle-men-Cle-men-tine, Cle-men-tine, Oh Clementine, Oh Cle-men-Cle-men-tine.

FORTY YEARS ON.

Words by E. BOWEN.

JOHN FARMER

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. For-ty years on, when a - far and a - sund-er Part-ed are those who are sing-ing to-day,
 2. Routa and dis-com - fi - tures, rush - es and ral-lies, Bas - es at-tempt-ed, and re-sen-ed and won,

When you look back, and for-get - - ful-ly won-der What you were like in your work and your play,
 Strife without an - ger and art without malice,—How will it seem to you for - ty years on?

Then, it may be, there will of - ten come o'er you, Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song—
 Then, you will say, not a fe - ver - ish minute, Strained the weak heart and the wav - ering knee,

SCLIO

Via - ions of boyhood shall float them before you, Ec-hoes of dreamland shall bear them along Follow
 Nev - er the bat - tle-raged hot - test, but in it. Neither the last nor the faintest were we!

CHORUS. SOLO CHORUS SOLO. CHORUS FULL CHORUS IN MARCHING TIME.

up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Till the field ring again and a-

gain, With the tramp of the twenty-two men. Fol - low up! Fol - low up!

8. O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
Hardly believable, forty years on!
How we discomfited them, one with another,
Angering triumph, or balancing fate,
Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
Hated the foe with a playing at hate!
Follow up! &c.

4. Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong?
God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play on, whether earnest or fun;
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on
Follow up! &c.

5. Verse—"THE MENAGERIE."

H, S O,

Words by Miss N. C. ENC, (Wellesley Coll.)

1. DIRECTIONS. You take a few pieces of zinc, And put in your gen - er - a - tor, Add
2. OBSERVATIONS. The ac - tion was not ver - y brisk, When I put in H, S O, So I
3. CONCLUSIONS. As I wiped up the a - cid and zinc, And swept up the glass from the floor, I con -

wa - ter, then plug in the cork, and pour in H, S O, And
tried ni - trio a - cid to see If the thing wouldn't bub - ble up more, If the
old - ed I'd stick to directions, And try my own meth - ods no more, And

CHORUS.

pour in H, S O, And pour in H, S O, Add
thing wouldn't bub - ble up more, If the thing wouldn't bub - ble up more, So I
try my own meth - ods no more, And try my own meth - ods no more, I con -

wa - ter then plug in the cork, And pour in H, S O, And
tried ni - trio a - cid to see If the thing wouldn't bub - ble up more, If the
old - ed I'd stick to di - rec - tions, And try my own meth - ods no more.

THE TRAMP'S SONG

1. 'Way down in yon-der val-ley, The mist is like a sea. Though the
 2. We wan-det by the woodland. That hangs up-on the hill
 3. We gaze up-on the streamlet. As o'er the bridge we lean, Wo

PIANO

sun be scarcely risen, There is light enough for me For be it ear-ly morning, Or
 Hark! the cock is tuning His morning clarion shrill And hurried-ly a-waking From his
 watch its hurriel ripples. We watch its golden green Oh, the m... of the north are stalwart, And the

be it late at night, Cheerily ring our footsteps, Right, left, right!
 nest a-mid the spray, Cheerily now the blackbird Whistling greets the day. } For
 woodland lasses fair, And cheerily breathes a-round us, The bracing woodland air.

CHORUS.
 FIRST AND SECOND TENOR
 f be it ear-ly morning, or be it late at night, Cheerily ring our footsteps, right, left, right. Mid
 FIRST AND SECOND BASS
 f

THE TRAMP'S SONG.

ev'ning's dusky shadows, in morn'g's rosy light, Cheerily ring our footsteps, Right, left, right.

UBI BENE, IBI PATRIA.

Moderato. mf.

1. All the world a - round I'm stray-ing, Eve - ry sea and mountain o'er;
2. All my goods weigh not a fea - ther, And my blood is nev - er old;
3. In my heart are all my treas-ures - Joys no hand can take a way;

Lively. ff

Free as air, I'm nev - er staying On the North or Southern shore, Mer-ry here and mer-ry there,
Eve-ry-where I feast with princes, Eve-ry-where in halls of gold. Hungry here and hungry there,
Who would pine for Mammon's pleasures Death can darken in a day. Mer-ry here and mer-ry there,

rall.

U - bi Be - ne, i - bi Pa - tri - a, U - bi Be - ne, i - bi Pa - tri - a.

4. While my pipe is yet beside me,
And my beer remains to foam,
With a hat and coat to bide me,
Everywhere I'll gaily roam.
Drinking here and smoking there (*Bis.*)
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (*Bis.*)

5. In the bowl I'm ever heaving
Love's delicious, maddening glow;
Now in northland humbly pleading,
Now were southern breezes blow.
Kissing here and drinking there (*Bis.*)
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (*Bis.*)

6. So through life I'm smoothly gliding
On a calm and shining sea,
Sorrow's clouds in kisses hiding,
And in wine's sweet revelry.
Merry here and merry there (*Bis.*)
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (*Bis.*)

7. By-and-by shall Death's grim shadows
On this useless clay be laid;
Then I'll clasp the cooling meadows
In the golden land of shade!
Merry here and merry there (*Bis.*)
Ubi Bene, ibi Patria (*Bis.*)

O'HOOLIHAN.

Marzoso.

VOICE.

1. Me name it is O' Hoo - li - han, I'm a man of con-sid'able in - flu-ence, I

PIANO.

mind my busi - ness, stay at home, Me wants be few and small; but one

day the byes a - round did come, All full o' whiskey, gin, and rum; And they

rall. e dim. *a tempo*

rall. e dim. *a tempo.*

Repeat last four bars (in unison), for Chorus.

tek me out in the bi - lin'sun fur to play a game o' base - ball.

O'HOOIHAN.

They made me carry all the hats,
An' they nearly drove me crazy;
They put me out in the cintro-field,
But I paralyzed them all.
For I put out me fist fur to stop a "dy,"
Whin the murderin' thing hit me square in the
An' they hung me over a sence to dhry, feye;
The day that I played baseball.

3. I took the hat fur to strike the ball,
An' I knocked it to San Francisco,
Around the bases I did run
A dozen times or more,
Till all the byes began to howl
"O'Hoolihan ye made a foul!"
An' they rubbed me down wid a Turkish towl,
The day that I played baseball.

4. The editor he axed me name
Fur to give me a leather medal,
He axed me fur me fortygraft
To hang agin' the wall;
Fur he said it was me as had won the game,
Wid me head all broke, and me shoulder lame,
An' they took me home on a cattle train,
The day that I played baseball.

SEEING NELLIE HOME.

Andante.

VOICE

1. In the sky the bright stars glittered..... On the bank the pale moon
2. On my arm a soft hand rested..... Rest-ed light as o - cean

PIANO

p

shone; And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party I was see - ing Nellie home.....
foam; And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party I was see - ing Nellie home.....

CHORUS.

cresc.

I was see - ing Nel - lie home,..... I was see - ing Nel - lie home; And 'twas

p

cresc.

ff

reprat p.

from Aunt Di - nah's quilt-ing par - ty I was see - ing Nel - lie home.

3. On my lips a whisper trembled,
Trembled till it dared to come;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

4. On my life new hopes were dawning,
And those hopes have lived and grown;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

THE SPANISH GUITAR.

Moderato. mf.

Adapted by W. I. H. and J. E. J.

VOICE.

1. When I was a stu-dent at Ca-diz,.....

PIANO. *mf.*

played on the Span-ish gui-tar, ching, ching! I used to make love to the

la-dies,..... I think of them still from a far, ching, ching!

CHORUS.*Accompaniment same as for Solo.*

Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la.

Ring, ching ching! Ring, ching, ching! Ring out ye bella, Oh ring out ye

THE SPANISH GUITAR.

Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la

bells, Oh ring out ye bells! Ring ching ching! Ring ching ching!

Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la.

Repeat Chorus softly.

Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la ching ching!

Ring out ye bells. As I play on my Span-ish gui-tar, ching, ching!

Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la ching, ching!

2. I was four years a student at Cadiz,
Where nothing one's pleasure can mar, ching, ching!
And where many a beautiful maid is,—
Oh I strum'd and I twang'd my guitar, ching, ching!

4. When at last the train bore me from Cadiz,
The ladies all wept round the car, ching, ching!
Oh it grieved me to part from those ladies,
But I carried away my guitar, ching, ching!

3. Oh I sang serenades there at Cadiz,
Till I got an attack of catarrh, ching, ching!
Though no more I could serenadize,
Still I played on my Spanish guitar, ching, ching!

5. I'm no longer a student at Cadiz,
But I play on the Spanish guitar, ching, ching!
And still I am fond of the ladies,
Though now I'm a happy papa, ching, ching!

SAW MY LEG OFF.

Andante.

Saw my leg off, saw my leg off, saw my leg off, short

FINE

Saw my leg off, saw my leg off, saw my leg off, short

D.C.

2. Saw it on again, quick
3. Call your dog off, sharp.

4. Hash for breakfast, Hash for dinner.
Hash for supper, Hash!

* Shouted

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN.

Andante. *p* *Shouted*

VOICE

1. There is a tav-ern in the town, in the town, And there my dear love sits him
 2. He left me for a dam-sel dark, dam-sel dark, Each Friday night they used to
 3. Oh I dig my grave both wide and deep, wide & deep, Put tombstones at my head and

PIANO

p

down, sits him down, And drinks his wine 'mid laugh-ter free, And nev-er, never thinks of
 spark, used to spark, And now my love, once true to me, Takes that dark damsel on his
 feet, head and feet, And on my breast carves tur-tle dove, To sig-ni-fy I died of

CHORUS.

me.
 knee.
 love.

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, Do not let the parting grieve thee, And re-

member that the best of friends must part, must part. A-dieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu, I

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN.

can no long-er stay with you, stay with you. I'll hang my harp on a

weeping willow tree, And may the world go well with thee.

well with thee, thee, well with thee.

1st & 2nd.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

Solemnly.

1. Once on a time there were three who lived together in a basket of saw-aw-dust.
little kittens

Said the first little kitten un-to the two other little cats, "If you don't get out of this, Why, I must!" That's so!

After 3rd stanza.

2. Now these little kittens (pretty ones) | lived together | in the basket of saw-aw-dust;
Said the second little kitten | unto | the two other little cats,
"If you don't just get out of this, | Why, I must!"
3. Still, the three pretty little kittens (such was their imperturbability) | continued to
live together | in the basket of saw-aw-dust;
Said the third little kitten | unto | the two other little cats,
"If you don't just get out of this, | Why, I shall Boor!" That's so.

* With a vigorous nod of affirmation.

SAILING, SAILING, SAILING

Delee. Tempo de vals, ref

Words by W. J. HEALY. 70

Words by W. J. HEALY.

VOICE.

1. Ov er the riv - er ov er the Dee, Dwells a maid - en
2. Up to her win - dow sun - shine or rain. A clamb' - ring rose - vine

PRIMO.

fair
 goes
 Ob! laugh
 And over
 the lips
 river
 and eyes...
 my heart
 has she,
 would fain
 and To

YODAL La la yo - del la yo - del la

The musical score is written on three staves. The top staff is a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a double bar line after the first four measures. The lyrics 'ripp ling, run - - ny hair...' are written below the first four measures, and 'Sail - ing, sail - - ing,' are written below the next four measures. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major and 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The accompaniment consists of chords, with 'x' marks indicating where the vocal melody enters. The lyrics 'climb with the climb - - ing rose...' are written below the first four measures, and 'Vocal or instrumental accompaniment' is written below the next four measures. The bottom staff is a yodel section in G major and 2/4 time. It begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The yodel section consists of eighth and quarter notes, with 'x' marks indicating where the vocal melody enters. The lyrics 'la la la la' are written below the first four measures, and 'rum rum' are written below the next four measures.

ripp ling, run - - ny hair..... Sail - ing, sail - - ing,

climb with the climb - - ing rose..... Vocal or instrumental accompaniment

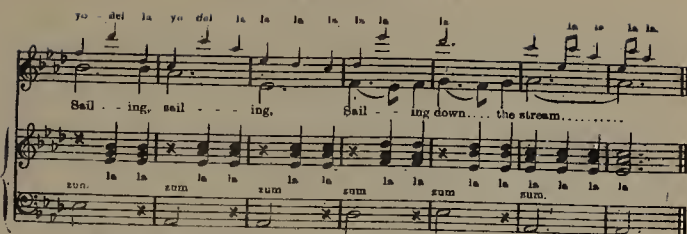
la la la la rum rum

vo-del la la la yo-del la yo-del la la la la la la yo-del la

Sail - ing Sail - ing down the stream Sail - ing

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

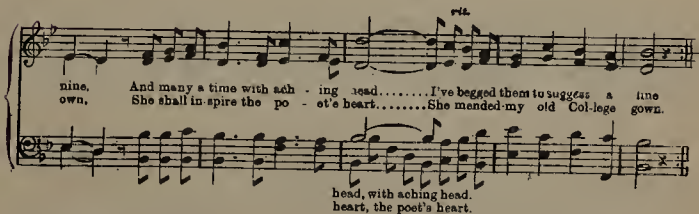
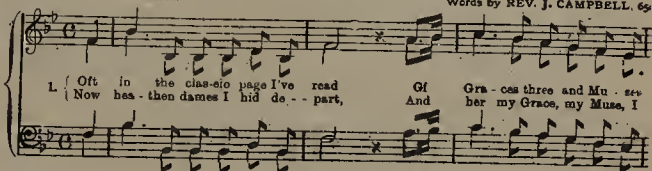
And. sum sum sum sum sum sum sum sum



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 After the sunset light has flown,
 When lilacs scent the air,
 By the old bridge I'll meet alone
 My love so little and fair.</p> | <p>5 Eyes has my love like a day in June
 When all the sky is blue—
 Like like a rose in summer noon,
 Ripe-ripened through and through</p> |
| <p>4 Over the river, the evening breeze
 Fragrance-laden blows;
 Under the blossoming apple trees,
 I walk with my lovely Rose.</p> | <p>6 Ever I dream of one sweetest word
 To my love will say—
 Oh, my heart is like a singing bird
 On a swaying hazel spray.</p> |

Tune—"DER PABST LEBT HERRLICH."

Words by REV. J. CAMPBELL. 6s.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4. Dynamic forces o'er'er can move
Th' ecstatic zero of my soul,
No calculus compute its love,
Nor optic powers discern the whole.
Though squared and cubed, no lapse of years
Can o'er her fond remembrance grow,
May though they numbered thrice the tears
She mended in my College Gown.</p> | <p>4. Philosophy perchance may please
The earnest and enquiring mind
But neither's mighty Socrates
Nor Cicerò himself could find
A secret, that in ages past
Baffled ages of renown.
The summum bonum—found at last!
She mended my old College Gown.</p> |
| <p>6. No language can express her charms,
No living tongue her virtues tell;
Her name the poet's pen disarms,
And darses his powers to break the spell.
Nor would he, if he could, disclose
That name in every language known,
Tis stated best in English prose—
She mended my old College Gown.</p> | <p>5. Great wonders Science brings to light,
Great truths her growing powers unfold
And Nature speaks before our sight
A thousand beauties new and old.
Yet one o'er all I still prefer,
Who in her kingdom wears the crown,
The world were empty without her
Who mended my old College Gown.</p> |

MY BONNIE.

Andante. Dolce.

VOCAL

1 My Bon - nie is o - ver the o - cean,..... My
 2 Oh, blow ye winds o - ver the o - cean,..... Oh

PIANO

Eva

Bon - nie is o - ver the sea,..... My Bon - nie is o - ver the
 blow ye winds o - ver the sea,..... Oh blow ye winds o - ver the

Eva

o - cean,..... Oh bring back my Bon - nie to me,.....
 o - cean,..... And bring back my Bon - nie to me,.....

CHORUS.

AIR

cres.

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me

TENOR AND 1ST BASS

cres.

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me.

2ND BASS.

cres.

MY BONNIE.

Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bon - nie to me.....

Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bon - nie to me.....

Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bon - nie to me.....

8. Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.
Chorus—Bring back, etc.

4. The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me.
Chorus—Bring back, etc.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

Translated by JAS. EDMUND JONES, '88

Three stu - dents that came from far ov - er the Rhine, Once stopp'd at the

door of an inn for some wine, Once stopped at the door of an inn for some wine.

1. Three students that came from far over the Rhine,
Once stopped at the door of an inn for some wine.

2. "Kind landlady, have you good wine I pray?
And where is your charming young daughter to-day?"

3. "My beer and my wine are refreshing and clear,
In her heavenly home is my daughter so dear."

4. And when they stepped into the chamber of death,
They gazed on the maiden and each held his breath.

5. The veil from her face the first drew aside,
And looked at her sadly, and mournfully cried:

6. "Ah! didst thou but live, oh maiden so pure!
From this very moment I'd love thee, I'm sure."

7. The veil o'er her face the second one drew,
And wept as he turned from the sorrowful view.

8. "Alas, that thou thou liest dead on thy bier!
For thee I have loved since many a year."

9. The third moved again the veil from its place,
And bent o'er the form, and kissed the pale face

10. "Thee always I loved, thee love I to-day,
And thee shall I love for ever and aye."

THIRD — "FERNUT NUCH DES LÄNNERS."
CHORUS.

ALMA MATER.

1st & 2nd
TENORS

Oh, Al - ma Ma - ter! Thus I think, and then I sigh.

Alt
2nd Bass

Hard is thy let - ter, When a pret - ty girl is nigh.

FINE

SOLO.

I'm heart - ly tired of Greece and Rome, I wear - y through each learn - ed tome.

won - der how can pleas - ure come In think - ing of a plee - y.....

D. C.

1. I'm heartily tired of Greece and Rome,
I weary through each learned tome.
I wonder how can pleasure come
In thinking of a plee y.
Chorus.—Oh Alma Mater! &c.

2. When morning comes, oh then, oh then,
Whether at eight, or nine, or ten,
Up I must get from my cosy den,
And off to college fly.
Chorus.—Oh Alma Mater! &c.

3. And then, oh then, on a winter's night,
With one on my left and one on my right,
'Tis pleasant thus to walk at night,
Don't ask me the reason why.
Chorus.—Oh Alma Mater! &c.

4. Summer is coming, and naught like this,
Lolling all day on banks of bliss,
And now and then a-stealing a kiss,
And if I can't I'll try.
Chorus.—Oh Alma Mater! &c.

THE MAID FROM ALGOMA.

SOLO. Adapted by J. E. J., '88.
Con animo, mf.

CHORUS.

SOLO.

VOICES

1. Where are you going, my pretty maid?" Heave away, heigh - o, heigho: I'm

PIANO

going to the 'Var - sity, sir," she said, "And I come away back from Al - go - ma."

CHORUS.

Heave a - way! Heigh - o! Heigh - o! Heave a - way! Heigh - o! Heigh - o! "I'm

going to the 'Var - si - ty, Sir," she said, "And I come a - way back from Al - go - ma."

FIRST VERSION.

1. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
"I'm going to the 'Variety, sir," she said,
"And I come away back from Algoma."—Cho.
2. "What to do there, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
"I'm going to be cultured, sir," she said,
"For I come away back from Algoma."—Cho.
3. "What are your studies, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
"Chinese and Quaternions, sir," she said,
"And I come away back from Algoma."—Cho.
4. "Then who will marry you, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
"Cultured girls don't marry, sir," she said
"And I go away back to Algoma."—Cho.

SECOND VERSION.

1. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
"I'm going to a lecture, sir," she said,
"And I come away back from Algoma."—Cho.
2. "May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
"You wouldn't understand it, sir," she said,
"For I come away back from Algoma."—Cho.
3. "What is the subject, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
"Total extinction of man," she said,
"For I go away back to Algoma."—Cho.
4. "Then who will marry you, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho, heigho.
"— will marry me, sir," she said,
"And I go away back to Algoma."—Cho.

DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

Allegretto, mf

VOICE.

1. Way down in the mead-ow where the li - ly first blows, Where the
fond Ev - e - li - na, the sweet lit - tle dove, The
2. She's fair as a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she
most grace - ful curls hangs her ra - ven black hair, And

PIANO

1st 2nd

wind from the mountains ne'er ruf - fies the rose; Lives
pride of the val - ley, the girl that I love.
nev - er was known to put paint on her cheek; In the
she nev - er re - quires per - fum - ery there.

CHORUS.

Dear Ev - e - lin - a, sweet Ev - e - lin - a, My love for

thee shall nev - er, nev - er die. Dear Ev - e - lin - a,

musical score for 'DEAR EVELINA. SWEET EVELINA' featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: sweet Ev - e - lin - a, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.

3. Evelina and I, one fine evening in June,
Took a walk all alone by the light of the moon,
The planets all shone, for the heavens were clear,
And I felt round the heart most tremendously queer.—*Cho.*
4. Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dollar,
Evelina still lives in that green grassy holler,
Although I am fated to marry her never,
I've sworn that I'll love her for ever and ever.—*Cho.*

ROW YOUR BOAT.

musical score for 'ROW YOUR BOAT.' featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: Row, row, row your boat, Gent - ly down the stream; Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly; Life is but a dream.

CARMEN LIBERORUM ROMANORUM.

Chorus in unison. 1st time, *Andante religioso*, 2nd time, *Allegro*.

B CARPENTER (HAYWARD)

musical score for 'CARMEN LIBERORUM ROMANORUM.' featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: E - ne me - ne mi - ne mo, Car - pe ni - grum di - gi - to; Si ex - clam - at sol - ve - to, E - ne me - ne mi - ne mo.

KEMO KIMO.

SOLO. *Con spirito.* SEMI-CHORUS. Music adapted.

VOICE

1 A - way down south in Cen-tre street; | Sing-song sitty, won't you ki-me-o! For their
2. They go to bed, hut it ain't no use, |

PIANO

SOLO. SEMI CHORUS.

Dere's where de dar-keye grow ten feet; | Sing-song sit-ty won't you ki-me-o!
legs hong out for a chio-ken roost. |

FULL CHORUS.

Ke-mo ki-mo, dar-o-wa-me-hi, me-ho-me rum-a-i-pum-a diddle,

soup-back pidde-winkum nim-pum, nip-cat; Sing-song sitty won't you ki-me-o!

3. Each darkey wakee up almost dead
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
With e hundredweights of chickens on each leg.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!

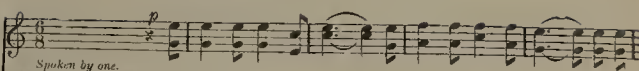
4. The chickens go out to de barn.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
The big ones crow and the little ones larn.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!

5. And when each chick is pretty full,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
He sticks his claw in the darkey's wool.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!

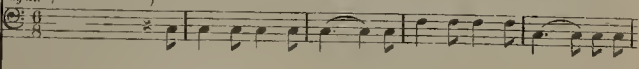
6. I looked behind de kitchen stairs,
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
I saw a caterpillar saying his prayers.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!

9. (Lento) The horse and the sheep were going to the pasture.
Sing-song sitty won't you kimeo!
Says the horse to the sheep (acrel) "Won't you go a little faster?" Sing-song, &c

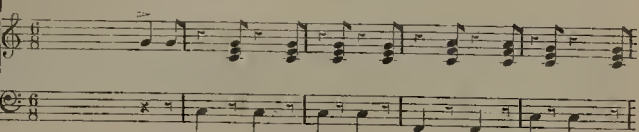
THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE.

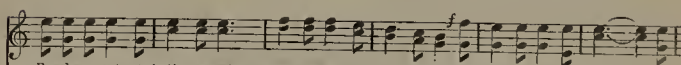
TENORS 

Spoken by one.
 Why have the faculty
 but one idea?
Shouted by all BECAUSE!

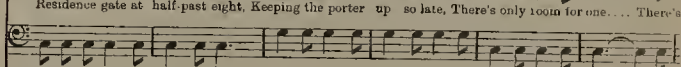
BASS 

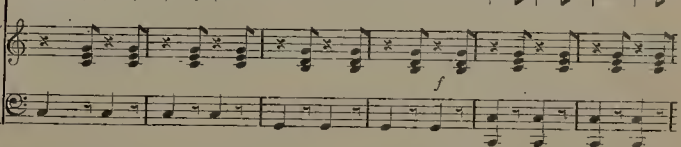
 There's on - ly room for one, There's on - ly room for one; At the

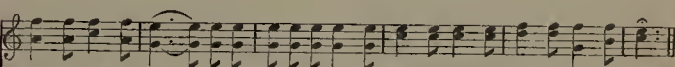
PIANO 



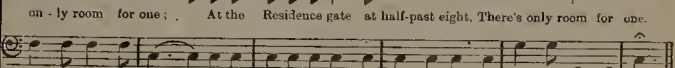
 Residence gate at half-past eight, Keeping the porter up so late, There's only room for one... There's

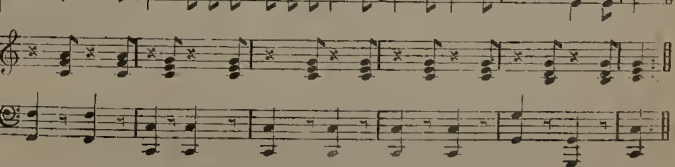






 on - ly room for one; At the Residence gate at half-past eight, There's only room for one.





2. Why is there but one *real* University in America?
3. Why didn't "Queen's" come into Confederation?
4. Why has the Chicago girl but one foot in the grave?

Local hits should be introduced.

THE PIPE.

Tune—A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

VOICE.

Of all things on earth that to joy give birth, And rend - er a man's heart

PIANO.

jol - ly, There's not I'm sure a bet - ter cure Than a pipe for mel - an-

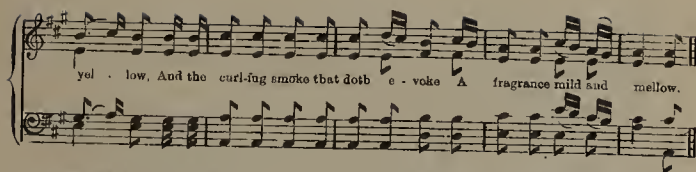
chol - y. It can make a tiff pass off with a whiff. And the joys of content - ment

borrow, And the worst wars cease in a pipe of peace, Which soothes the nerves of sor - row.

CHORUS. Accompaniment same as for first eight bars of Solo.

Oh hur - rah for the pipe so rich and ripe, with its arm - ber mouth so

THE PIPE.



2 Let philosophers rant of Fichte and Kant,
Of Herley and his vibrations,
And puzzle their wits with Clarke, Leibnitz,
Time, space, and their relations;
Yet six feet space will end their race,
And prove their sciences trashes,
While Time with a wife will break their pipe,
And Death knock out the ashes.

Chorus.—Then burrah, &c

3. Let the soldier boast of the mighty host,
Of the pride and the pomp of battle,
Of the war steed's bound, and the clarion's sound,
And the cannon's thundering rattle;
Yet there's more delight with a friend at night,
And a song and a pipe also,
Thau in balls and bombs, and fives and drums,
And military show.

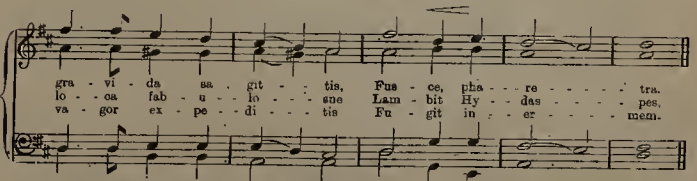
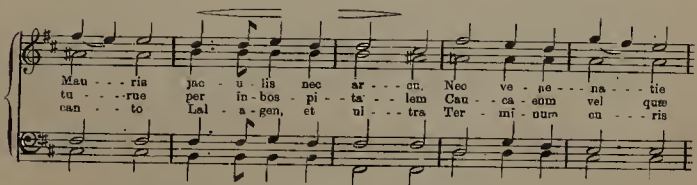
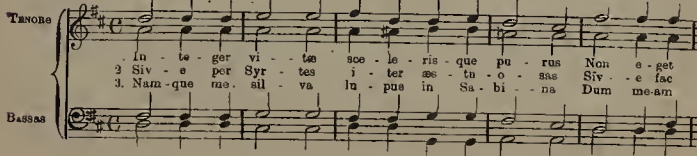
Chorus.—Then burrah, &c.

INTEGER VITÆ.

FOR., Lib. I, C. XXII.

FLEMING, 178-183.

Andante



4. Quale portentum neque militaria
Dæniæ latis alit æscætiis;
Nec Jube tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrit.

5. Pene me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor ædive recreatur aura;
Quod latæ mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urget.

6. Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Sols, lu terra domibne negata;
Dulce ridens Lalægu amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

SON OF A GAMBOLIER.

Coro moto.

VOICE.

I'm a rambling rake of pov - er - ty, From Tippe'ry town I came; 'Twas
 2. I once was tall and hand - some, And was so ver - y neat. They
 3. I'm a rambling wretch of pov - er - ty, From Tippe'ry town I came; My

PIANO

pov - er - ty compelled me first to go out in the rain... In all sorts of weather Be it
 thought I was too good to live, Most good enough to eat. But now I'm old, My coat is torn, And
 coat I bought from an old Jew shop Way down in Maiden Lane: My hat I got from a sailor lad Just

wet or be it dry, I am bound to get my live-hood. Or lay me down and die
 poverty holds me fast, And eve - ry girl turns up her nose As I go wand'ring past.
 eighteen years gone by, And my shoes I picked from an old dust-heap, Which eve - ry one shunned but I

CHORUS.

AIR.

Come join my hum-ble dit-ty From Tippe'ry Town I steer, Like eve - ry hon - est fel-low. I

1ST TENOR.

Come join my hum-ble dit-ty, From Tippe'ry Town I steer, Like eve - ry hon - est fel-low. I

1ST BASS.

2ND BASS

SON OF A GAMBOLIER.

drinks my la - ger beer; Like eve - ry jol - ly fellow, I takes my whiskey clear. I'm a

drinks my la - ger beer; Like eve - ry jol - ly fellow, I takes my whiskey clear. I'm a

rambling rake of pov - er - ty. And the son of a Gambolier. The son of a son of a son of a son of a

rambling rake of pov - er - ty. And the son of a Gambolier. The son of a son of a son of a son of a

son of a Gam - bolier, The son of a son of a son of a son of a son of a Gam - bolier. Like

son of a Gam - bolier, The son of a son of a son of a son of a son of a Gam - bolier. Like

ev'ry jol - ly fellow I takes my whiskey clear, I'm a rambling rake of poverty. And the son of a Gambolier.

ev'ry jol - ly fellow I takes my whiskey clear, I'm a rambling rake of poverty. And the son of a Gambolier.

THE BULL-DOG.

Moderato. mf

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the Bank, Oh! the
 2. Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him, Oh! the
 And the bull-frog in the pool,
 And the snapper caught his paw,

CHORUS. Allegro.

bull-dog on the bank.
 bull-dog stooped to catch him, *rit. ad lib.* Ah, Oh! the bull-dog on the
 Oh! the bull-dog stooped to
 And the bull-frog in the pool,
 And the snapper caught his paw,

bank. And the bull-frog in the pool, The bull-dog called the bull-frog A
 catch him, And the snapper caught his paw, The polly-wog died a laughing, To

green old wa-ter fool. Sing-ing tra la la la, la la la la,
 see him wag his jaw. la il i o, la il i o,

Singing tra la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, Singing
 la il i o, la il i o, la il i o, la il i o, la il i o, la il i o, la il i o, la il i o,

tra la la la la la, Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la la, repeat *pp*
 la il i o, la il i o, la il i o, la il i o, la il i o, la il i o, la il i o, la il i o,

THE BULL-DOG

8. Says the monkey to the owl:
 "Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
 "Why, since you are so very kind,
 I'll take a bottle of ink."

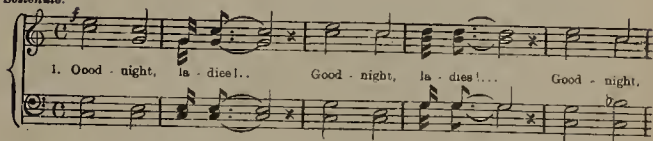
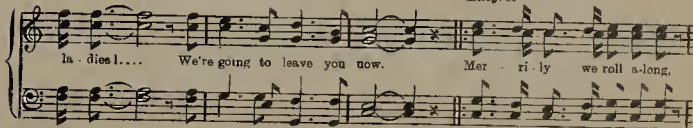
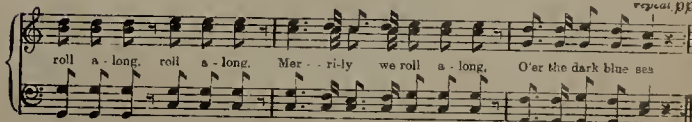
5. Says the tom-cat to the dog,
 "Oh! set your ears agog,
 For Jule's about to tête-à-tête
 With Romeo, *incog*."

4. Oh! the bull-dog in the yard,
 And the tom-cat on the roof,
 Are practising the Highland Fling,
 And singing opera bouffe.

6. Says the bull-dog to the cat
 "Oh! what do you think they're at?
 They're spooning in the dead of night,
 But where's the harm in that?"

7. Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
 Little Moses in the pool,
 She fished him out with a telegraph pole
 And sent him off to school.

GOOD - NIGHT.

Sostenuto.*Allro.**repeat pp*

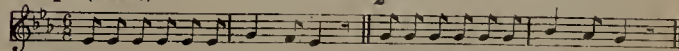
2. Farewell, ladies, farewell, ladies;
 Farewell, ladies; we're going to leave you now,
 Merrily, etc.

3. Sweet dreams, ladies; sweet dreams, ladies;
 Sweet dreams, ladies; we're going to leave you now,
 Merrily, etc.

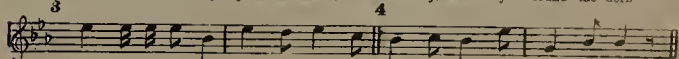
MERRILY, MERRILY

1 (Round.)

2



3 Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly greet the morn; 4 Choe - ri - ly, choer - ri - ly sound the horn



Hark! to the co-hoes hear them play, O'er hill and dale, far, far, a - way

SOLOMON LEVI.

Allegretto.

FRED SEEVER.

VOICE

My name is Sol-o-mon Le-vi, At my store on Chatham Street, That's
 2 And if a bum-mer comes a-long To my store on Chatham Street, And

PIANO

where you'll buy your coats and vests, And eve-ry-thing that's neat; I've se-cond-hand-ed
 tries to hang me up for coats And vests so ver-y neat, I kicks the bammer right

Ul-ster-cities, and eve-rything that's fine, For all the boys they trade with me At a
 out of my store And on him sets my pup, For I won't sell clothing to an-y man Who

CHORUS in unison.

hundred and for-ty nine. O Sol-o-mon Le-vil Le-vil tra la la
 tries to set me up.

SOLOMON LEVI.

la! Poor Sheen-y Le-vi, Tra la la la la la la la. My

f

CHORUS.

name is Sol-o-mon Le-vi, At my store on Chatham street; That's where you'll buy your

coats and vests, And ev'rything else that's neat; Se-ond-hand-ed Ulsterettes and
tra la la.

D. C.

ev'rything else that's fine, For all the boys they trade with me At a hundred and for-ty-nine.

2. The people are delighted to come inside of my store,
And trade with the elegant gentleman what I keeps to walk the floor.
He is a hood among the Sheenies, beloved by one and all,
And his clothes they fit him jus' like the paper on the wall.—Chorus.

PORK, BEANS, AND HARD-TACK; A REBELLION SONG.

Tune—"SOLOMON LEVI."

1. Our volunteers are soldiers bold, so say the people all,
When duty calls they spring to arms, responsive to the call,
With outfits old and rotten clothes ill-fitted for the strife,
They leave their home on starving pay to take the nichies' life.

CHORUS.

Pork, beans and hard-tack, tra la la, etc.,
Poor hungry soldier, tra la la, etc.
In rags we march the prairie, most eager for the fray,
But when we near the enemy, they always run away.
As Corporation labourers with fat-i-gue each day,
We dig and scrape and hoe and rake for fifty cents a day.

2. Faint, cold and weary, we're packed on an open car,
Cursing our fate and grumbling as soldiers ever are,
Hungry and thirsty, over the C.P.R. we go
Instead of by the all-rail route—Detroit and Chicago.—Chorus.
3. On half cooked beans and fat pork we're fed without relief,
Save when we get a change of grub on hard-tack and corn beef.
On fat-i-gue and guards all day, patrols and pickets by night,
It's thus we while our time away, our duty seems ne'er to fight.
4. Down the wild Saskatchewan in river boats we go,
At last we reach Lake Winnipeg and are taken by a tug in tow.
On board a barge two regiments are shoved into the hold,
Like sardines in a box we're packed, six hundred men all told.
5. Down the length of Winnipeg Lake we roll throughout the night,
And on we're towed along the Lake till Selkirk is in sight,
We disembark in double quick time, we once more board a train.
We're on our way for Winnipeg, we're getting near home again.
6. The ladies of our city are noble dames you know,
And helped us in our woeful plight when grub was very low,
We cannot thank them as we ought for every kindness done,
But we say it from our inmost souls their goodness our hearts had won.

PEGGY MURPHY.

Words and Music by CHARLES M. RYAN.

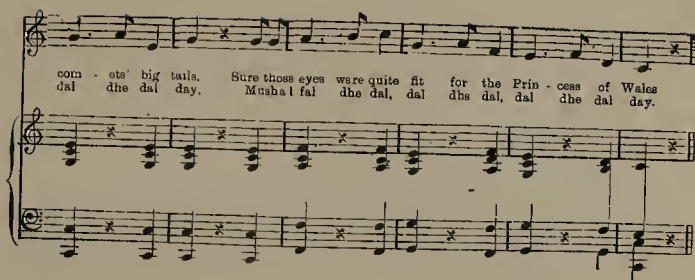
VOICE

1 Oh! swate Peg - gy Mur - phy had bean - ti - ful eyes, They were
CHORUS. Arrah! fal dhe dal, dal dhe dal, dal dhe dal day, Mneha

PIANO

dape as two o - ceans, as blue as two skies, And the plan - ces they shot were like
fal dhe dal, dal dhe dal, fal dhe dal day Arrah! fal dhe dal, da dhe dal

PEGGY MURPHY.



2. Her mouth it was like a—och I sure I can't tell,
But whane'er she spoke through it a sound like a bell
Want a ringin' and dingin' straight into my soul,—
Sure a swate little mouth was that same little hole.
3. Her skin it was whiter than nawly-laid milk,
And softer by far than the softest of silk;
Her complexion indads was so clear and so fair
You could see through her face all the roots of her hair.
4. Her lips an' her cheeks had an exquisite tint,
So rich and so rare, by the angels 'twas lint;
Arrah! naught could compare with her blushes so red,
When she walked in the garden the roses dropped dead.
5. Her hair was so fine that it couldn't be felt,
An' so much like the sunshine you'd think it would melt;
Oh! it glistened an' dazzled, I'm tellin' no lies,
That to take a look at it you'd shut both your eyes.
6. Her neck an' each shoulder, each arm an' each hand,
Made her fit for a fairy queen holdin' a wand;
Arrah! she was so deservin' of fairy-like things,
I'm not sure but I think she had nice little wings.
7. Her teeth was like pearls strung out in two rows,
Between luscious cherries right under her nose;
They formed a nate fence round each nice private grounds,
Where a sharp teasing tongue never stayed within bounds.
8. Her breath was as pure as a babe's or a dove's,
That milky-like breath that a spoony man loves
'Twas the clarified essence of nectar an' dew,
An' sngar an' honey made into a stew.
9. For a word or a smile from my pa-agon Peg,
I'd ont off my head, or I'd saw off my leg;
And as for a kiss from her lips fresh and swate,
'Twould so fill me with joy as to intoxicate.
10. I cooed an' I wooed her a year an' a day,
An' I asked her to marry me quick straight away,
Oh! she laughed in my face sayin', "Larry, me boy,
I'm engaged to be married to Mickey McCoy!"
11. Then I threw myself under a willow tree,
An' I blubbered an' howled till I scarcely could see.
Why didn't I ask when I first crossed her door
If she'd e'er been engaged or married before?

VIVE LA COMPAGNIE.

Words by F. B. HODGINS,

Allegro.

VOICE SOLO.

CHORUS

Bring hither a beaker and fill it with wine. Vi - ve la com - pag - nie!

Accomp.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

And pledge Al - ma Ma - ter with nine - ty times nine. Vi - ve la com - pag - nie!

Vi - ve le, vi - ve le, vi - ve le roi, Vi - ve le, vi - ve le, vi - ve le roi,

vi - ve le roi, vi - ve la reine, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie!

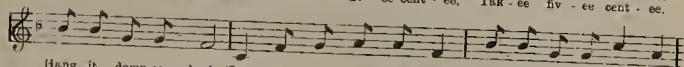
2. Here's to the Senators, all in a row,
But what they are good for I really don't know.
3. The Professors come next, and they're not a bad lot,
There are some that are good, and there are some that are not.
4. Here's to the Ladies—they do as they please,—
Take our places in street-cars and class-lists with ease.
5. Here's to the Freshman, of brazen fifteen,
In his cap and his gown day and night he is seen.
6. Here's to the Bachel, who carries the mace,
As he walks up the aisle he's the model of grace.
7. Here's to ourselves—we're the best of the crowd,
We're too modest to mention our praises out loud.
8. Here's to the fellow who sings out of tune,
We'll choke him right off, for he can't die too soon.
9. Here's to Exams., but we've drained the last drop,
So I think it is time for this ditty to stop.

CHINESE SONG.

BARITONE SOLO.

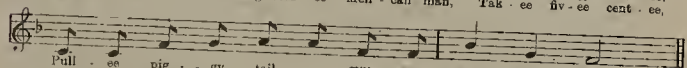


2. Me xingee songee, Get - ee fiv - ee cent - ee. Tak - ee fiv - ee cent - ee.



Hang it down - ee back, 'Long com - ee Meli - can man. Pull - ee pig - gy tail - ee.

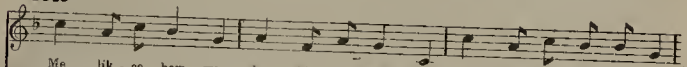
Put him right a - way, 'Long com - ee Meli - can man, Tak - ee fiv - ee cent - ee.



Pull - ee pig - gy tail - ee Till the flase - glow black.

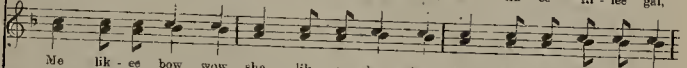
Turn - ee right a - round and say, "Hey, what d'ye say."

SOLO

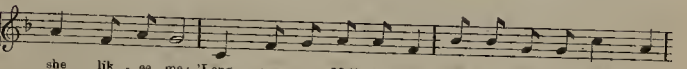
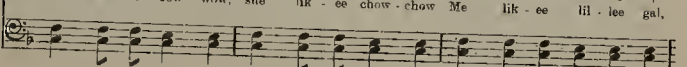


Me lik - ee bow - wow, she lik - ee chow - chow, Me lik - ee lil - lee gal,

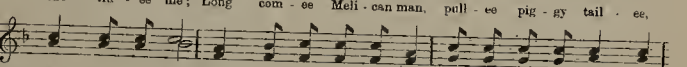
CHORUS



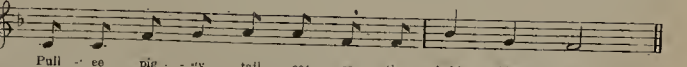
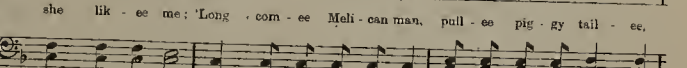
Me lik - ee bow wow, she lik - ee chow - chow Me lik - ee lil - lee gal,



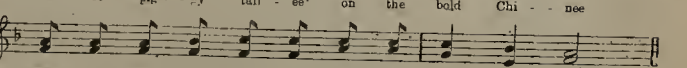
she lik - ee me; 'Long com - ee Meli - can man, pull - ee pig - gy tail - ee,



she lik - ee me; 'Long com - ee Meli - can man, pull - ee pig - gy tail - ee,



Pull - ee pig - gy tail - ee on the bold Chi - nee



Pull - ee pig - gy tail - ee on the bold Chi - nee.

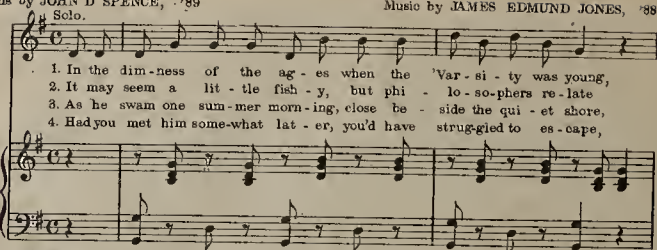


THE PUSHFUL POLLYWOG

Words by JOHN D SPENCE, '89

Music by JAMES EDMUND JONES, '88.

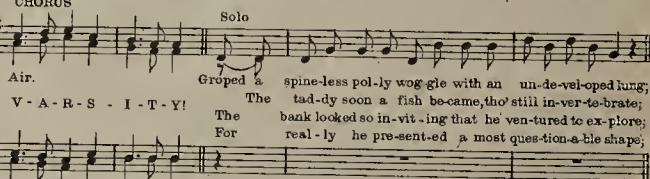
Solo.



1. In the dim-ness of the ag-es when the 'Var-si-ty was young,
 2. It may seem a lit-tle fish-y, but phi-lo-so-phers re-late
 3. As he swam one sum-mer morn-ing, close be-side the qui-et shore,
 4. Had you met him some-what lat-er, you'd have strug-gled to es-cape,

CHORUS

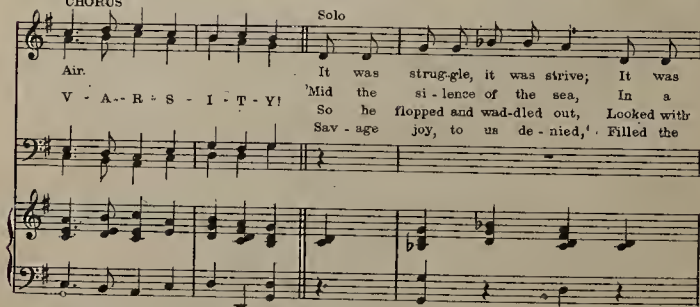
Solo



Air. V-A-R-S-I-T-Y! Groped & spine-less pol-ly wog-gle with an un-de-vel-oped lung;
 The tad-dy soon a fish be-came, tho' still in-ver-te-brate;
 For The bank looked so in-vit-ing that he ven-tured to ex-plore;
 real-ly he pre-sent-ed a most ques-tion-a-ble shape;

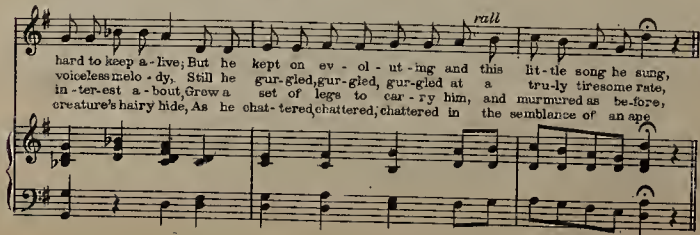
CHORUS

Solo



Air. V-A-R-S-I-T-Y! It was strug-gle, it was strive; It was
 'Mid the si-lence of the sea, In a
 So he flopped and wad-died out, Looked with
 Sav-age joy, to us de-nied, Filled the

rall



hard to keep a-live; But he kept on ev-ol-ut-ing and this lit-tle song he sung,
 voiceless me-lo-dy. Still he gur-gled, gur-gled, gur-gled at a tru-ly tiresome rate,
 in-ter-est a-bout, Grew a set of legs to car-ry him, and murred as be-fore,
 creature's hairy hide, As he chat-tered, chattered, chattered in the semblance of an ape.

CHORUS

79

Air

But he kept on ev - ol - ut - ing and this lit - tle song he sung:
 Still he gur-gled, gur-gled, gur-gled at a tru - ly tire - some rate:
 Grew a set of legs to car - ry him, and murmured as be - fore;
 As he chattered, chattered, chattered in the semblance of an ape:

ad lib

CHORUS *Tempo ordinario**Last verse only*

Var-si-ty! Var-si-ty! V-A-R-S-I-T-Y! V-A-R-S-

I - T - Y! Var - si - ty! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Directions:— For the first chorus sing (*pp*) Varsity; for second (*p*) Varsity, Varsity; for third (*mf*) Varsity, Varsity, Varsity (*focooso*); for fourth, complete chorus.

5. Coming down another aeon, you'll observe a curious thing:
 The ape has lost the tail by which of yore he used to swing;
 Cane and collar, hands and feet —
 Lo, the Freshman all complete!
 With a saw-mill in his thorax now this ditty doth he sing:
Chorus:— Varsity! Varsity! &c.

6. The world is very evil, and I shouldn't like to guess
 To what a bad ascendancy the Freshman might progress;
 He might evolve a brain;
 A degree he might obtain;
 But though he were a Senator, he'd warble none the less:
*Chorus as before, but adding the shout.**

HONOUR OLD 'Varsity.

Words adapted by E. C. ACHESON, '89.

NORWEGIAN NATIONAL AIR.—"SKOTTEN AV NORDEN."

PIANO.

1st & 2nd TENOR.

1. Minstrel awaken the harp from its slumbers, Joyfully strike for the

old 'Varsity! High and heroic in soul-stirring numbers, Dear Alma Mater, we strike it for thee.

Old re-col-lections wake our af-fec-tions, Each time we speak of the

days that are past; Hearts beating loudly and cheeks glowing proudly, Honour old 'Varsity and will to the last.

2. Wide now are scattered thy sons and thy daughters,—
 Oft, when begin the long shadows to fall,
 On us, in floods, like the swift, rushing waters,
 Crowd recollections of hours past recall.
 Days full of pleasure without stint or measure,—
 Days when the hours were like birds on the wing.
 These were our blessing, when, arid possessing,
 Dwelt we at 'Varsity, whose praise now we sing.

3. Minstrel, awaken the harp from its slumbers,
 Joyfully strike for the old 'Varsity!
 High and heroic, in soul-stirring numbers,
 Dear Alma Mater, we strike it for thee.
 Fearless of others, maidens and brothers,
 Stick to your colors with hearts brave and free,
 Aid freely lend her, and stoutly defend her.
 Honour old 'Varsity, dear 'Varsity.

THE THREE CROWS.

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO.

There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil-ly Magee Ma-gar! There

2. Said one old crow un-to his mate, O Bil-ly Magee Ma-gar! Said

Billy Magee!

CHORUS.

were three crows sat on a tree, O Billy Magee Magar! There were three crows sat on a tree, And

one old crow un-to his mate, O Billy Magee Magar! Said one old crow unto his mate "What

Billy Magee!

they were black as black could be, And they all flapped their wings and cried Caw, Caw, Caw,

shall we do for grub to ate?" And they all flapped their wings and cried Caw, Caw, Caw,

Bil-ly Magee Magar! And they all flapped their wings and cried Billy Magee Magar!

Bil-ly Magee Magar! And they all flapped their wings and cried Billy Magee Magar!

9. "There lies a horse on yonder plain." (bis.)
 Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar!
 "There lies a horse on yonder plain.
 Who's by some crows' butcher slain."—Chorus

4. "We'll perch ourselves on his backbone." (bis.)
 Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar!
 "We'll perch ourselves on his backbone.
 And pick his eyes out one by one."—Chorus.

5. "The meat we'll eat before it's stale." (bis.)
 Chorus.—O Billy Magee Magar!
 "The meat we'll eat before it's stale.
 'Till nought remains but bones and tail."—Chorus

* Imitate Crows.

GOOD NIGHT.

1 (Round) 2

3 Good night Slum - - - - - ber sound, in

pesco pro - - - - - found. Till morn - - - - - ing's light.

MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

Espressivo.

Arranged by THEO. MARTENS.

TENORS. 1. Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe,

ALTS. Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, Oh,

2ND BASS. Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, Meerschaum pipe,

PIANO.

Oh, who will smoke my

Oh who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, Oh who will smoke my

who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, Oh, who will smoke my

Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, Meerschaum pipe Oh, who will

MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

83

meerschaum pipe when I, when I am far a - way

meerschaum pipe when I am far, When I am far a - way. † Bad man!

meerschaum pipe When I am far a - way. Bad man!

smoke my meerschaum pipe When I am far a - way. *Allie Bazan! Bad man!

2. Oh, who will wear my cast-off boote?
Allie Bazan! Johnnie Moran!

3. Oh, who will hoist my green umbrall?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann!

4. Oh, who will go to see my girl?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazocazan!

5. Oh, who will take her out to ride?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazocazan, Yucatan!

Repeat this strain once for second stanza, twice for third, etc.

6. Oh, who will squeeze her snow-white hand?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazocazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo!

7. Oh, who will trot her on his knee?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazocazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan!

8. Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann,
Kazocazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan,
BAD MAN!!!

† For last stanza only.

REGIMENTAL SONG OF THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES.

Words by Rev. JOHN CAMPBELL, '65.

Major F. E. DIXON

Voices

1. Up, comrades up! 'tis our hn - - - gle. Th'as son - fly, it sounds loud and

2. On, comrades on! 'trav - el fast - - - er; On, not a moment's de -

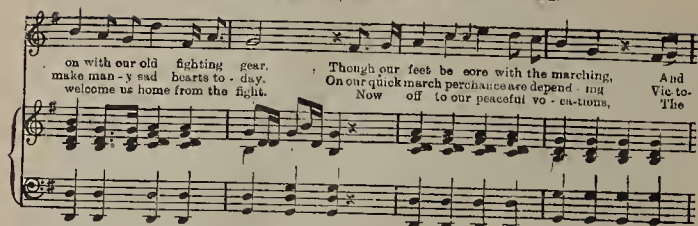
3. Home, comrades home! ri - fles sling - - - ing. Hearts bounding high with de -

Piano

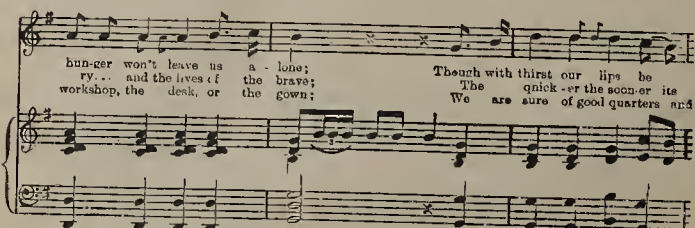
clear;
lay;
light,

Of time as in fare let's be frn - - - gal, And
"Till bring but dis - grace and dis - as - - - ter, And
Flags are fly - ing, the joy bells are ring - - - ing, As they

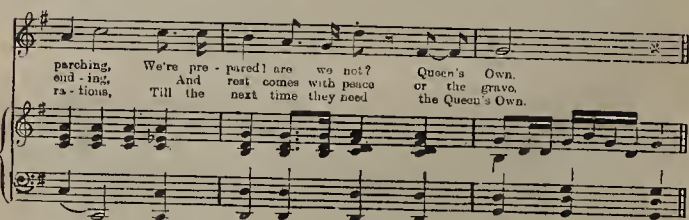
REGIMENTAL SONG OF THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES.



on with our old fighting gear. Though our feet be sore with the marching, And
make man - y sad hearts to - day. On our quick march perchance are depend - ing Vic - to -
welcome us home from the fight. Now off to our peaceful vo - ca - tions, The

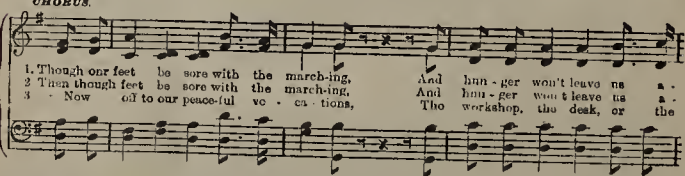


hun - ger won't leave us a - lone; Though with thirst our lips be
ry... and the lives of the brave; The quick - er the sooner its
workshop, the desk, or the gown; We are sure of good quarters and

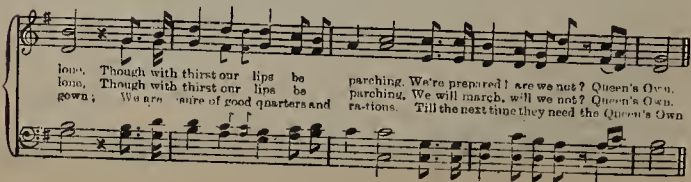


parching, We're pre - pared! are we not? Queen's Own.
end - ing, And rest comes with peace or the grave.
ra - tions, Till the next time they need the Queen's Own.

CHORUS.



1. Though our feet be sore with the marching, And hun - ger won't leave us a -
2. Then though feet be sore with the marching, And hun - ger won't leave us a -
3. Now off to our peace - ful vo - ca - tions, The workshop, the desk, or the



lone. Though with thirst our lips be parching, We're prepared! are we not? Queen's Own.
lone, Though with thirst our lips be parching, We will march, will we not? Queen's Own.
gown; We are sure of good quarters and ra - tions. Till the next time they need the Queen's Own

DULCE DOMUM.

(Winchester College), 17th Century

Moderato con moto

VOICE

Can - ci-na-mus o So - da - les E - jal quid si - le - mus
2. Ap - pro-pin-quat ce - cel fe - lix Ho - ra gau-di - o - rum:

PIANO

mf

No - bi - le can-ti-cum Dol-ce me-loa Do - mum Dul - ce lo - mum re - so - ne-mus.
Post gra-ve tas-di-um Ad-ve-nit om - ni - um Me - ta pe - ti - ta..... la - ho-rum

p *dim.*

CHORUS.

Do - mum, Do - mum, Dul - ce Do - mum, Do - mum, Do - mum, Dul - ce Do - mum

Dul - ce, Dul - ce, Dul - ce Do - mum, Dul - ce Do - mum re - so - ne-mus

3. Musa! libros mitte, fessa;
Mitte pensa dura;
Mitte negotium;
Jam datur otium;
Me mea mitto cura.

Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

4. Ridet annus, prata rident;
Nosque rideamus;
Jam repetit Domum
Daulias advena;
Nosque Domum repetamus.

Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

5. Heu! Rogere: fer caballos;
Eja! nunc eamus;
Lumen amabile,
Matria et oculis
Sua viter et repetamus.

Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

6. Concinnamus ad Penates;
Vox et audiat;
Phosphore! quid jubar,
Segnius emicau,
Gaudia nostra moratur?

Chorus.—Domum, Domum, &c.

HEIGHO, HEIGHO.

Presto. f

1 As I was walk - ing down the street, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh
2 Said I to her, "What is your trade?" Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh

o, heigh - o, A pret - ty girl I chanced to meet, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o
o, heigh - o, Said she to me, "I'm a weav - er's maid," Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, a - way we go, a - way we go,
Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, a - way we go, a - way we go,

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o

o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o

Rig - a - jig - jig, and a - way we go, Heigh - o, heigh - o, heigh - o

IT FOLLOWED

Arr. by CARRIE B. ADAMS

Moderato.

p

Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb.
 Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb.
p Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb.

p

Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb.
 Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb.
 a lit-tle lamb, a lit-tle lamb.

Allegro.

Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, A ti-ny, wood-en thing, It
 Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, A ti-ny, wood-en thing, It
 Ma-ry had a lit-tle lamb, A ti-ny, wood-en thing, It

ff

could - n't help but fol - low her 'Cause Ma-ry held the string!
 could - n't help but fol - low her, 'Cause Ma-ry held the string!

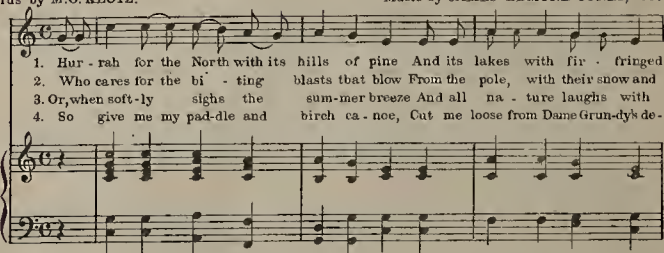
Improvised local skits can be set to the above:
 Dean— is a busy man, a busy man, etc.
 He dabbles in psychiatry,
 He plays the fiddle too,
 You'd laugh to hear him cracking nuts;
 Look out, he may get you.

Taken by permission of Lorenz Publishing Co. from "In Lighter View."

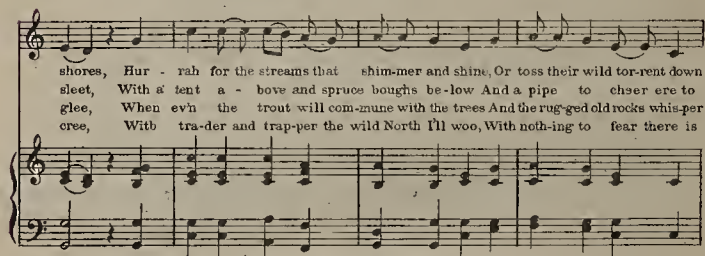
TO THE NORTH TO THE LAND OF PINE

Words by M. O. KLOTZ.

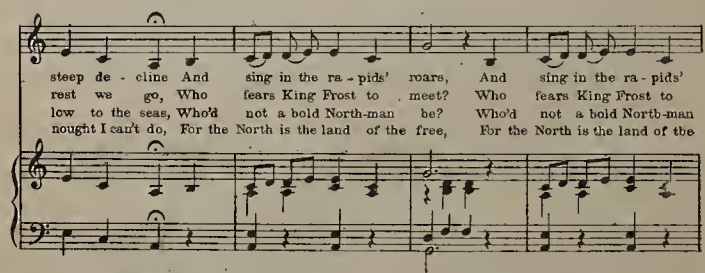
Music by JAMES EDMUND JONES, '89.



1. Hur - rah for the North with its hills of pine And its lakes with fir - fringed
 2. Who cares for the bi - ting blasts that blow From the pole, with their snow and
 3. Or, when soft - ly sighs the sum - mer breeze And all na - ture laughs with
 4. So give me my pad - dle and birch ca - noe, Cut me loose from Dame Grun - dy's de -

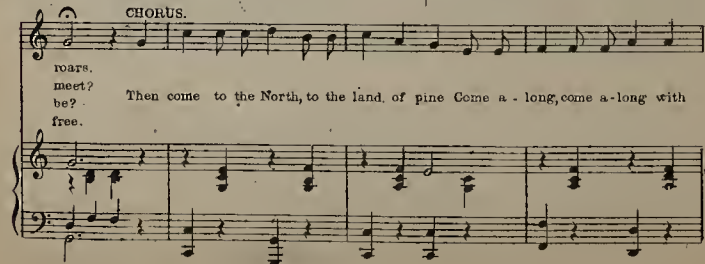


shores, Hur - rah for the streams that shim - mer and shine, Or toss their wild tor - rent down
 sheet, With a tent a - bove and spruce boughs be - low And a pipe to cheer ere to
 glee, When evn the trout will com - mune with the trees And the rug - ged old rocks whis - per
 cree, With tra - der and trap - per the wild North I'll woo, With noth - ing to fear there is



steep de - cline And sing in the ra - pids' roars, And sing in the ra - pids'
 rest we go, Who fears King Frost to meet? Who fears King Frost to
 low to the seas, Who'd not a bold North - man be? Who'd not a bold North - man
 nought I can't do, For the North is the land of the free, For the North is the land of the

CHORUS.



roars.
 meet?
 be? Then come to the North, to the land of pine Come a - long, come a - long with
 free.

UP AND ON.

Words by JOHN OXENHAM

Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES, '88

1. Lives are in the
2. Fair be-fore us
3. Goes in plen-ty

Work-ing here, Hearts are in the work-ing here Might-y un-der-tak-ing here
Takes the way Time for work and time for play Still the mea-sure while we may
we shall meet Hearts cour-ageous scorn de-feat So we press with eag-er feet

Up! and on! We are arm-ed for the fight! Press-ing on with
Life and time will not de-lay Time is run-ning
Ev-er on-ward to the fight Ev-er up-ward

All our might Form-ing wings for high-er flight Up! and on
First a-way Late is no more stay a-ways
to the light Ev-er true to God and King

By permission from "A H. Well"

CHORUS

In march time.

Up boys! tru-est, tru-est fame Lies in high en-deav-our And play the
game, the game! Keep the flame burn-ing bright-ly ev-er up, then, play the

*Alternative close for Chorus after
third stanza in place of previous two bars.*

game! Up, and on! and on! Up, and on! and on!
game, the game! Up, and on! and on! Up, and on! and on!
Up, and on! and on! Up, and on! and on!

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.

1 Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tar, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mme;
 2 U - bi sunt, qui an - te nos, In mun - do fu - e - re?

Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tar, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mme;
 U - bi sunt, qui an - te nos, In mun - do fu - e - re?

Post ju - cun - dam ju - ven - tu - tem, Post mo - les - tam se - nec - tu - tem,
 Tran - se - as ad su - pe - ros, A - be - as ad in - fe - ros,

Nos ha - be - bit hu - mus, Nos ba - be - bit hu - mus.
 Quos ei vie - vi - de - re, Quos si vis vi - de - re.

3. Vita nostra brevis est

Br. vi finietur,
 Venit mors velociter,
 Rapiit nos atrociter,
 Nemini parcetur.

4. Vivat academia.

Vivant professores,
 Vivat membrum quodlibet,
 Vivant membra quodlibet
 Semper sint in flora.

5. Vivant omnes virgines

Faciles, formosae!
 Vivant et mulieres,
 Tenuis amabiles,
 Bonae, laboriosae.

6. Quis confluxus hodie

Academicorum?
 Et longinquo convenerunt
 Protinusque successerunt
 In commune forum.

7. Alma mater floreat,

Quae nos educavit,
 Caros et commilitones,
 Diasitas in regiones
 Sparsos, congregavit.

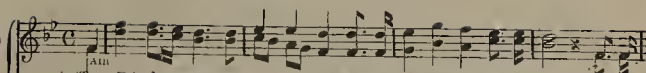
8. Vivat et republica

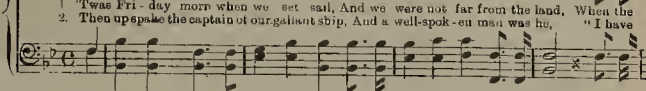
Et qui illam regit,
 Vivat nostra civitas,
 Mactentium caritas,
 Quae nos huc protegit.

9. Pereat tristitia

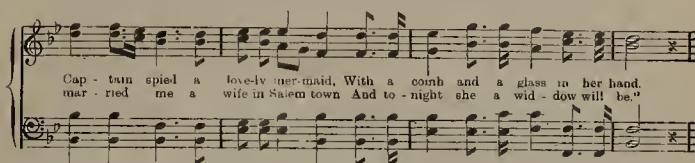
Pereant oecores,
 Pereat diabolus,
 Quivis antiburschius,
 Atque irrisores.

THE MERMAID.

TENORS 
 AIR
 1. 'Twas Fri-day morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the land, When the
 2. Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship, And a well-spoken man was he, "I have

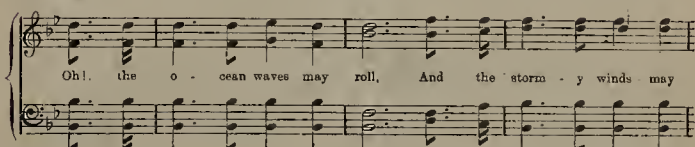
BASSES 

Cap-tain spied a love-ly mer-maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand.
 mar-ried me a wife in Salem town And to-night she a wid-dow will be."

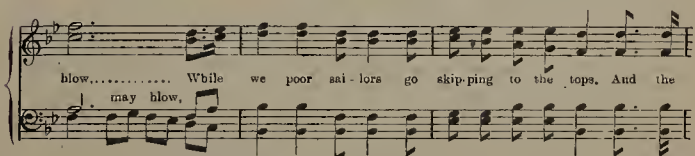


CHORUS.

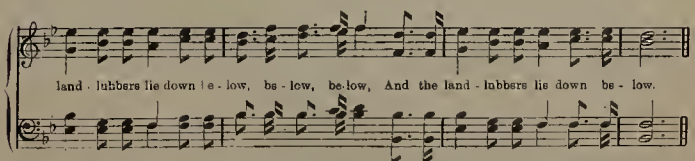
Oh! the o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may



blow..... While we poor sai-lors go skip-ping to the tops, And the
 may blow,



land-lubbers lie down be-low, be-low, be-low, And the land-lubbers lie down be-low.



3. Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,
 And a fat old cook was he,
 "I care much more for my kettles and my pots,
 Than I do for the depths of the sea."—Chorus.

4. Then out spake the boy of our gallant ship,
 And a well-spoken liddle was he;
 "I've a father and mother in Boston city,
 But to-night they childless will be."—Chorus.

5. "Oh, the moon shines bright and the stars give light;
 Oh, my mammy she'll be looking for me;
 She may look, she may weep, she may look to the deep,
 She may look to the bottom of the sea."—Chorus.

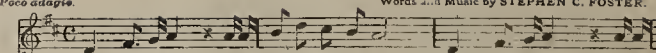
6. Then three times around went our gallant ship,
 And three times around went she,
 Then three times around went our gallant ship,
 And she sank to the depths of the sea."—Chorus.

OLD BLACK JOE.

Poco adagio.

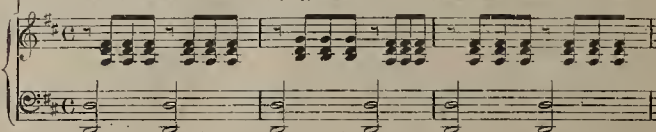
Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

VOICE.



1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, Gone are my friends from the
2. Why should I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that any
3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren so dear that I

PIANO.



cot-ton fields a-way, Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land I know, I
 friends come not a-gain, Grief-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go? I
 held up-on my knee, Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I

hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing "Old Black Joe." *Chorus.*

I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my

head is bend-ing low: I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing "Old Black Joe."

THE POACHERS OF LINCOLNSHIRE

*Allegro.**Old English.*

Voice

1. When I was bound ap - pren - tice In is - mous Lin - coln-

shire, . . . I served my mas - ter faith - ful - ly. For more than sev - en

year. Till I took up to poach - ing, As you shall quick - ly hear.

CHORUS. All parts in unison.

For 'tis my delight of a shin - y night, in the sea - son of the year! year.

2. As me and my companions were setting of a snare,
Twas then we spied the gamekeeper—for him we didn't care;
For we can wrestle and fight my boys, jump over anywhere,
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!
3. As me and my companions were setting four and five,
And taking of them up again, we took the hare alive;
We popped her into a bag, my boys, and thro' the wood did steer,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!
4. I throw her on my shoulders, and wandered through the town,
We took her to a neighbor's house, and sold her for a crown;
We sold her for a crown, my boys, but I didn't tell you where,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!
5. Success to every gentleman who lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare;
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not sell his deer,—
For 'tis my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year!

TRADUCTION DE "GOD SAVE THE KING"

Venlon française par
Benjamin Sulte, Ottawa, Ont.

Dieu protège le Roi.
En lui nous avons foi,
Vive le Roi.
Qu'il soit victorieux
Et que son peuple heureux
Le comble de ses vœux.
Vive le Roi.

Qu'il règne de longs jours.
Que son nom soit toujours,
Notre secours,
Protecteur de la loi,
Et défenseur des droits,
Notre espoir est en toi,
Vive le Roi.

VIVE LA CANADIENNE.

Allegro.

1. Viv - e la Can - a - dien - ne Vo - le, mon cœur,
2. Nous la men-ons aux no - ces, Vo - le, mon cœur,

FINE.

vo - le, Viv - e la Can - a - dien - ne, Et ses jo - lie yeux doux.
vo - le, Nous la men-ons aux no - ces, Dans ton ses beaux a - tours.

Rolo 2 time.

Et ses jo - lie yeux doux, doux, doux, Et ses jo - lie yeux doux.
Dans tous ses beaux a - tours, tours, tours. Dans tous ses beaux a - tours.

D. C.

3. Nous faisons bonne chère,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Nous faisons bonne chère,
Et nous avons bon goût. (ter.)
Chorus—Vive la Canadienne, etc.

4. On danse avec nos blondes,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
On danse avec nos blondes,
Nous changeons tour à tour. (ter.)
Chorus—Vive la Canadienne, etc.

5. Alors toute la terre,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Alors toute la terre,
Nous appartient en tout. (ter.)
Chorus—Vive la Canadienne, etc.

6. Ainsi le temps se passe,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Ainsi le temps se passe,
Il est vraiment bien doux. (ter.)
Chorus—Vive la Canadienne, etc.

UN CANADIEN ERRANT.

Words by A. GÉRIN-LAJOIE (Nicolet Coll.), 1842.
With feeling.

Translated by D. MORTON JONES, '91.

1 Un Can - a - dien er - rant, Een - ni - de ses foy - ers,
1. An ex - ile lone and sad, From Can - a - da and home,
2. Un jour, triste et pen - sif, As - sis au bord des flots,
2. One day, in pen - sive mood, .. Seat - ed a stream be - side,

Par - cou - rait en pleu - rant, Des pa - ys é - tran - gers.
By fate, in so - reign lands, Doom'd ev - er more to roam,
As cou - rant fu - gi - tif, Il a - dres - sa ces mots :
To the last flow - ing wave, Thus, weep - ing low, he cried :

Par - cou - rait en pleu - rant, Des pa - ys é - tran - gers.
By fate, in so - reign lands, ... Doom'd ev - er more to roam,
As cou - rant fu - gi - tif, ... Il a - dres - sa ces mots :
To the last flow - ing wave, ... Thus, weep - ing low, he cried :

3. "Si tu vois mon pays,
Mon pays malheureux,
Va, dis à mes amis
Que je me souviens d'eux.

4. "O jours si pleins d'appas
Vous êtes disparus,
Et ma patrie, hélas !
Je ne te verrai plus !

5. "Plongé dans les malheurs,
Loin de mes chers parents,
Je passe dans les pleurs
D' infortunés moments."

6. "Non, mais en expirant,
O mon cher Canada !
Mon regard languissant
Vera toi se porter."

3. "If thou, in onward course,
Should'st see my kind, oh then,
Go, tell my friends that I
Mindful of them remain.

4. "Oh hours so full of joy,
Fled with thy years long o'er,
And thee, my native land,
I shall behold no more.

5. "Plunged in the depths of woe,
No friend to soothe my pain;
The moments as they pass,
Bring only sighs and tears."

6. "When low within my breast,
Life's flick'ring spark shall burn,
To thee, oh Canada,
My aching eye shall turn."

EN ROULANT MA BOULE.

1st time Solo. *Energico.*

FINE.

1. En rou-lant ma bon-le rou-lant, En rou-lant ma bou-le.

1st time Solo.

Der-rièr' chez nous ya t'n'n é-tang. En rou-lant ma bou-le.

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant, rou-li, rou-lant, ma bon-le rou-lant.

CHORUS. (*Humming*)
1ST AND 2ND TENORS.

Hon hon, hon, hon, hon, hon, hon, hon.

2. Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,

En roulant ma boule.

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

3. Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,

En roulant ma boule,

Avec son grand fusil d'argent,

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

4. Avec son grand fusil d'argent,

En roulant ma boule,

Viss le noir, tua le blanc,

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

5. Viss le noir, tua le blanc.

En roulant ma boule,

O fils du roi, tu es méchant!

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

6. O fils du roi, tu es méchant!

En roulant ma boule,

D'avoir tué mon canard blanc.

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

7. D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,

En roulant ma boule,

Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

8. Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,

En roulant ma boule,

Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants,

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

9. Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants,

En roulant ma boule,

Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

10. Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,

En roulant ma boule,

Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent,

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

11. Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent,

En roulant ma boule,

Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

12. Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,

En roulant ma boule,

C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

13. C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,

En roulant ma boule,

Pour y coucher tous les passants,

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.—*Ref.*

MALBROUCK.

French-Canadian.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

1. Mal-brouck s'en va-t-en guer - re, Ri too tra la, ri
 2. Il re - vien - dra-z-à l'a - ques, Ri too tra la, ri

PIANO.

rall.

too tra la, Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guer - re, Ne sait quand re - vien -
 too tra la. Il re - vien - dra-z-à l'a - ques, Ou à la Tri - ni -

ad lib. a tempo

dra, là bas, Cou -
 té, là bas, Cou -

rit.

CHORUS, a tempo
 1st & 2nd Tenor

rez, cou - rez, cou - rez! Pa - ti - ta fill' jeun et gen -

1st & 2nd Bass

rall a tempo.

til - le. Cou - rez, cou - rez, cou - rez! Ven - ez co soir Vous à mui ser.....

3. La Trinité se passa,
 Ri too tra la, etc.,
 La Trinité se passa,
 Malbrouck ne revient pas, là bas.
4. Madame à sa tour monte,
 Ri too tra la, etc.,
 Madame à sa tour monte,
 Si haut qu'elle peut monter, là bas.
5. Elle aperçoit son page,
 Ri too tra la, etc.,
 Elle aperçoit son page
 Tout de noir habillé, là bas.

6. "Beau page, ah! mon beau page,
 Qu'elle nouvelle apportez?"
7. "Aux nouvelles que j'apporte,
 Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer.
8. Quittez vos habits roses,
 Et vos satins brochés.
9. Monsieur Malbrouck est mort,
 Est mort et enterré.
10. J'ai vu porter en terre,
 Par quatre officiers."

MALBROUCK

101

Translated by John D. Spence, '89.
Malbrouck to the war is riding,
Ri-too-tra-la, Ri-too-tra-la.
Malbrouck to the war is riding,
In martial proud array.

Sirrah!
Hooray, hooray, hooray!
My little maid, charming and cheery.
Hooray, hooray, hooray!
Come let us dance, come let us play!

When shall he come a-riding,
Ri-too-tra-la, &c.
When shall he come a-riding,
A-riding back this way!

He'll come of an Easter morning,
Or in the month of May.

The month of May is over,
Malbrouck is still away.

His anxious wife is gazing
From turrets high and grey,

She sees his page arriving
In mournful black array.

Oh, tell me, page, oh, tell me,
What news you bring me, pray!

The tidings that I bring you
Will change your locks to grey,

Put off your rich apparel,
And all your garments gay,

Malbrouck is dead and buried,
Is dead and laid away.

Four officers have borne him
To rest beneath the clay.

SUR MON PÈRE

English Version by JAS EDMUND JONES, '88.

French-Canadian.

Solo

1. Quand j'é-tais sur mon père - e Dzing, dzing, dzing e, Boom, boom, boom e,
1. When I lived on my fa-ther,

Solo

Quand j'é-tais sur mon père - e Gar-çon in - mar - i - é Ah! oui! Ah! oui!
When I lived on my fa-ther In sin-gle bless-ed-ness Ah! yes! Ah! yes!

CHORUS.

Gar-çon in - mar - i - é Ah! oui! Ah! oui! Gar-çon in - mar - i - é.
In sin-gle bless-ed-ness Ah! yes! Ah! yes! In sin-gle bless-ed-ness.

2. Je n'avais rien à faire
Qu'une femme à chercher

3. A présent j'en ai une
Qui me fait enragé

4. Elle m'envoie à l'ouvrage
Sans boire et sans manger

5. Quand je reviens de l'ouvrage
Tout mouillé, tout glacé

6. Je demande à ma femme
Si j'ai de quoi manger

7. Va-tu manger du diable,
J'ai mangé des pâtés

8. Les os sont sous la table
Si tu veux les ronger.

2. Naught else to do in life
Than seek a charming wife.

3. Now have I surely had
One who nigh drives me mad.

4. Off to my work I'm sent
Sans food and aliment

5. And then when home I get
Starved quite with cold and wet.

6. I ask my wife, so sweet,
What I may have to eat.

7. "May the devil that surmise;
I've eaten all the pies."

8. "Bones are beneath the table,
Know them, if you are able."

LE BRIGADIER.

G. NADAUD.

Moderato.

VOICE

1. Deux gen - dar-mes un beau di-man - che, Chevaux-étaient le long du sen-
 2. Ah ! c'est un mé-tier diffi - ci - le, Garan - tir la pro - pri-é-

PIANO.

tier. L'an - por - tait la sar-di-ne blan-che, L'an - tro le jau-ne baudi-
 té, Dé - fen - dre les champs et la vil - le, Du vol et de l'i - ni-qui-

er. Le prem-ier..... dit d'un ton so-no - re, Le temps est beau pour la sai-
 té. Four-tant l'é - pou - se que j'a-do - re, Re-po - r-seule à la mai-

CHORUS, (in unison).

son. pr-r-an, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan, Fran, pr-r-an, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan. Brig-a-

1ST AND 2ND TENOR.

1st AND 2ND BASS.

dier..... répondit Pan-do . . . re, Bri-ga-dier, vous avez rai-son..... Bri-ga-
Bri-ga-dier, Pan-do-re, vous e-vez rai-son.

dier..... répondit Pan-do . . . re, Bri-ga-dier, vous a-vez rai-son.
son, Brig-a-dier. Pan-do-re.

3. La gloire c'est une couronne
Fait de rose et de laurier,
J'ai servi Vénus et Bellone,
Je suis époux et brigadier;
Mais je pourrais ce météore
Qui vers Chalcos guida Jason.
Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

4. Phébus au bout de sa carrière
Fut encore les apercevoir;
Le brigadier, de sa voix fière,
Réveillait les échos du soir:
Je vois, dit-il, le soleil qui dore
Ces verts coteaux, à l'horizon.
Brigadier, répondit Pandore,
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

5. Puis ils rêvèrent en silence;
On n'entendit plus que le pas
Des chevaux marchant en cadence,
Le brigadier ne parlait pas:
Mais quand parut la pâle aurore,
On entendit un vague son;
Brigadier, répondit Pandore, } *bis*
Brigadier, vous avez raison.

LE BRIGADIER.

Transcribed by W. MacLennan, in McGill University Song Book, 1886.

1

Two men-at-arms came riding slowly
Adown the green path, smooth and clear;
One held the rank of sergeant lowly,
The other that of Brigadier.
The Brigadier cried, "Brave Pandore,
The weather's fine—no signs of rain."

Chorus—

Pan, pr-r-an, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan,
Pan, pr-r-an, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan,
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again."
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again."

2

"It is no easy matter surely
To guard the peasant in his cot,
To hold the cities so securely
That thieves break in and plunder not;
And yet the wife whom I adore
In safety dwells while love doth reign."
"Brigadier," smiling said Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again."

6

He ceased—and now their horses' tramping
Fell softly on the yielding ground,
And save their iron bridles champing,
They passed along and made no sound.
But when Aurora smiled once more,
One still might hear the faint refrain:
"Brigadier," smiling said Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again."

3

"For Glory's wreath of fairest flowers,
With rose and laurel intertwined;
For Love and War, immortal powers,
I live—and cast the rest behind.
The star that Jason led of yore
I chase and trust the prize to gain."
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again."

4

"It brings bright days of youth before me,
That past now gone beyond recall,
When Beauty sang her fetters o'er me,
I came submissive to her call.
And yet the heart breaks o'er and o'er,
The strongest links of Cupid's chain"
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again."

5

As Phoebus hid his glories under
The golden clouds that veil the West,
Our hero with his voice of thunder,
Still broke the evening's quiet rest.
"Farewell," he cried, "on distant shore
Your light will gild both hill and plain."
"Brigadier," laughing cried Pandore,
"Brigadier, right you are again."

LE DRAPEAU DE CARILLON.

At Carillon (now Ticonderoga), on Lake Champlain, Montcalm in 1758 drove back the English forces under General Abercrombie. A French soldier, after a vain attempt to rouse his nation to a sense of the danger in which their possessions on this continent were placed, returns to the scene of his former victory, and is supposed there to give utterance to the words of the song.

Words by OCTAVE CRÉMAZIE.
Translation by B. MORTON JONES, '91.

CHARLES W. SABATIER.
Arr. by T. MARTENS.

Largement. Solo.

1. O Carillon, je te revois enco - re, Non plus, hélas! comme en ces jours loins,
1. O Carillon, to thee once more returning, Sad - ly I gaze on thy fam - ilar wall;
2. Mes compagnons, d'u - ne raine ex - péran - ce, Ber - çant en cor leurs cœurs toujours frais,
2. In vain my com - rades' cheeks are warmly glowing, In vain they fall with dreams of home their pain,

Piano

Où, dans tes murs, la trompe - te sou - re, Pour te sauver nous a - rail ré - unis.
Not as of yore, when hearts with ardor burning I throng'd thee to save at the loud bugle-call.
Les yeux tournés du cô - té de la Fran - ce, Di - ront souvent: Re viend - ront - ils ja - mais?
In vain to France their heart is ever go - ing, Filled with this hope, "Will they come back again?"

CHORUS. Agitato.

Je vien - ... à toi quand mon â - me ... suc - com - be
To thee ... I come when low my heart ... is beat - ing,
L'él - lu - si - on con - so - le - ra ... leur vi -
This hope ... tho' vain, will be their con - so - la - tion,

Agitato.

Noble Montcalm, thou gavest me this stan - dard,
'Midst shot and shell upon the battle plain,
Bearing it, lately to Ver - d'ho I wander'd,
But there, alas! I unfurled it in vain,
Back now I place it where the recol - lec - tion
Of thy great deeds shall ne'er fade or grow sore,
And unto dead, unall last my deep af - fec - tion,
Guarding my flag I come to perish here.

4. Three happy they to whom by fate 'twas given
Mid the brave throng near Levi's height to die
For them the cloud by one glad ray was riven,
Glory could sweeten their sad destiny,
Ye who now slumber till the great awak'ning,
On whom I call with dying accents clear,
Awake! my banner in my hand I'm taking
Upon your graves I come to perish here.

LE DRAPEAU DE CARILLON.

Et sent... de-jà son... cou-ra-ge fai-blir,
 When cou- rage fails, and... all a-round is deat,
 Moi, sans... es-poir, quand... mes jours vont fin-ir,
 But when at last my lone-ly death is near,

Oui, près... de toi, re-nant cher-cher... ma tom-be,
 Yes! near... to thee my death more brave-ly meet-ing,
 Et sans... at-tendre u-ne pa-role a-mi-e,
 Naught shall be mine of friend-ship's ad-mir-a-tion,

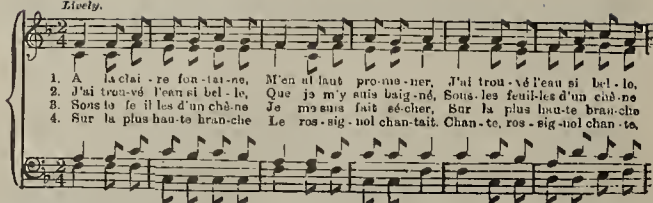
Pour mon... dra-peau je viens... i-ci... mour-rir...
 Guard-ing my flag, I come... to per-ish here,

3. Cet étendard, qu'au grand jour des batailles,
 Noble Montcalm, tu plaças dans ma main,
 Cet étendard qu'aux portes de Versailles,
 Nagnère, hélas! je déployais en vain.
 Je te renvets aux champs où de ta gloire
 Vivra toujours l'immortel souvenir,
 Et dans ma tombe emportant la mémoire,
 Pour mon drapeau je viens ici mourir.

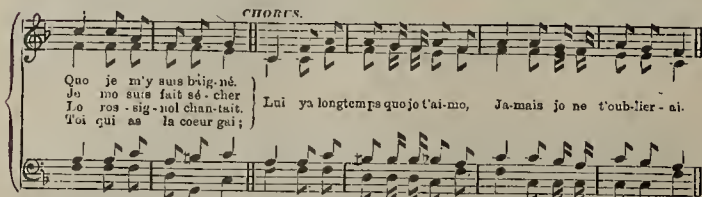
4. Qu'ils sont heureux ceux qui dans la mêlée
 Près de Lévis moururent en soldats!
 En expirant, leur âme consolée,
 Voyait la gloire adoucir leur trépas.
 Vous qui donnez dans votre foible être,
 Vous que s'implore à son dernier soupir,
 Réveillez-vous! Apportant ma bannière,
 Sur vos tombeaux, je viens ici mourir.

A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE.

Lively.



CHORUS.



5. Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai;
Tu as la cœur à rire,
Moi, je faut-à pleurer.
Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

6. Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi, je l'ai-t-à pleurer,
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse,
Sans l'avoir mérité.
Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

7. J'ai perdu ma maîtresse,
Sans l'avoir mérité,
Pour un bouquet de roses,
Que je lui refusai.
Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

8. Pour un bouquet de roses,
Que je lui refusai,
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier.
Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

9. Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier,
Et moi et ma maîtresse
Dans les mêmes amitiés.
Chorus—Lui y a, etc.

Translated by John D. Spence, '89.

1
Down where the spring is sparkling,
Idling the summer day,
Found I the pool so pleasant,
Plunged in its cooling spray.
Love, I have loved you ever,
Love, I shall love for aye.

2
Found I the pool so pleasant,
Plunged in its cooling spray,
Then in the oakwood shadows,
Resting my limbs, I lay.

3
Then in the oakwood shadows,
Resting my limbs, I lay,
High on the topmost branches
Song-sparrows sing and sway.

4
High on the topmost branches
Song-sparrows sing and sway.
Sing, sing, you little sparrow,
Light is your heart and gay.

5
Sing, sing, you little sparrow,
Light is your heart and gay.
Your heart is full of laughter,
Mine full of tears to-day.

6
Your heart is full of laughter,
Mine full of tears to-day.
My love is lost no ever,
Gone from my life away.

7
My love is lost no ever,
Gone from my life away.
Just for a bunch of roses,
Snatched from her hand in play.

8
Just for a bunch of roses,
Snatched from her hand in play.
Oh, were the bunch of roses
Back in its garden gay.

9
Oh, were the bunch of roses
Back in its garden gay.
Oh, that my love would love me,
Love me as yesterday.
Love, I have loved you ever,
Love, I shall love alway.

ALOUETTE.

Moderato. mf

French-Canadian.

VOICE.

1. A - lou - et - te, gen - tile A - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te, je te plu - me - rai,

PIANO.

CHORUS.

Je te plu - me - rai la tête, je te plu - me - rai la tête, et la tête, O.....

CHORUS. *f* 1st TENOR. O.....

et la tête, 1st BASS. O.....

2nd TENOR.

2nd BASS.

A - lou - et - te, gen - tile A - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te, je te plu - me - rai.

A - lou - et - te, gen - tile A - lou - et - te, A - lou - et - te, je te plu - me - rai.

3. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

3. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le nez, je te plumerai le nez,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le dos, je te plumerai le dos.
Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

5. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai les pattes, je te plumerai les pattes,
Et les pattes, et les pattes, et le dos, et le dos,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

6. Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai le cou, je te plumerai le cou,
Et le cou, et le cou, et les pattes, et les pattes,
Et le dos, et le dos, et le nez, et le nez,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête.—O, &c.

* Repeat this bar once for 2nd verse, twice for 3rd, etc.

English words by Louis E. Elson

Pretty skylark, winging, singing skylark
Pretty skylark, I shall pluck thee now.
I begin to pluck the head, etc.
Now the head, pretty skylark.

SAIL, SAIL, MY BARK CANOE.

F. E. SEYMOUR, '64.

Allegretto - "For, Far"

VOICE.

1. Where the pine tree way - eth, And the lake-let duo Rock - y beaches
 2. When the sun is sink - ing 'Neath the lof - ty pines, We of dinner

PIANO

lav - eth. Sail our merry crew. In our island dwell - ing We make hol - i
 think - ing, Take our hooks and lines, Slow - ly past the rocky shore Troll we, not in

day;
 vain. Joys beyond all tell - ing Ban-ish care a - way.
 With pick - er - el and bass galore We hasten back a - gain.

CHORUS.

Sail, sail, my bark ca-noe, O'er Jo-seph's wa-ters blue! Haste to the kind and true,

SAIL, SAIL, MY BARK CANOE.

Ere daylight's o'er..... Sail, sail, my skiff so light! Sail, sail, for the
land's in sight; And the camp-fire throws its rad- dy light: A- long the rock- y shore!

3. In the mellow gloaming
Rings our dinner bell;
Weary with our roaming,
We like the sound full well,
And when we've done our dining,
In kilnarnock bright
Round the fire reclining,
We spend a jolly night.

4. Or should skies most glorious
Tempt once more to stray,
Moonbeams dancing o'er us,
Light each rock-bound bay;
Maidens fair, with eyes of light,
Freight our shallops frail;
And far beneath the Queen of Night
We merrily sing and sail.

Tune.—Vide Page 21.

AULD LANG SYNE.

BURNS.

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

3. We twa ha'e paidt' i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.
4. Then here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

BONNIE DOON.

Words by BURNS, 1792.

Tune — "LOST IS MY QUIET FOREVER."

1. Ye banks and braes of bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom eae fresh and fair, How
 2. Oft have I strayed by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine; Where
 can ye chaunt ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry, full of care? You'll
 il - ka bird sang o' bis love, And fond - ly sae did I of mine, With
 break my heart ye lit - tle birds, That wan - ton through the flow'r - ing thorn; Ye
 lightsome heart I pulled a rose, Full sweet up - on its thorn - y tree; But
 mind me of de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed, nev - er to re - turn.
 my false lov - er stole the rose, And left the thorn be - hind to me.

THE TARPULIN JACKET.

Moderato e tranquillo.

VOICE.
 1 A tall etal - wart Lan - cer lay dy - ing, And
 PIANO
 p

THE TARPAULIN JACKET.

as on his deathbed he lay..... To his friends who a-round him were

sighing, These last dy-ing words he did say.....

CHORUS. *mf*

Wrap me up in my tar-pau-lin jao-ket, jao-ket, And say a poor

rit. e dim. *a tempo*

buff-er lies low, lies low, And six stal-wart Lan-cers shall carry me,

p *mf* *dim.*

car-ry me, With steps so-lemn, mourn-ful, and slow.....

2. Had I the wings of a little dove,
Far, far away would I fly,
Straight to the arms of my true love,
There would I lay me and die.
Chorus.—Wrap me up, &c.

3. Then get you two little white tombstones,
Put them one at my head and my toe,
And get you a pen-knife and scratch there
"Here lies a poor buff-er below."
Chorus.—Wrap me up, &c.

4. And get you six brandies and sodas,
And lay them all out in a row,
And get you six jolly good fellows,
To drink to this buff-er below.
Chorus.—Wrap me up, &c.

5. And then in the calm of the twilight,
When the soft winds whispering blow
And the darkening shadows are falling,
Sometimes think of this buff-er below.
Chorus.—Wrap me up, &c.

A-ROVING.

Quartet. inf SOLO **CHORUS** **SOLO**

VOICE: *At* number three Old England Square, Mark well what I do say; *At*

PIANO:

number three Old England Square, My Nancy Dawson she lived there: And I'll go no more a-

rov - ing With you, fair maid!

CHORUS: A - - rov - ing! A - - rov - ing! Since

rov-ing's been my ru - i - in, I'll go no more a rov - ing With you, fair maid!

2. My Nancy Dawson she lived there,
Mark well what I do say;
She was a lass surpassing fair,
She'd bright blue eyes and golden hair;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.
Chorus.—A-roving, &c.

3. I met her first when home from sea,
Mark well what I do say;
Home from the coast of Africkes,
With pockets lined with good monie;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.
Chorus.—A-roving, &c.

4. Oh! didn't I tell her stories true,
Mark well what I do say;
And didn't I tell her who pers too!
Of the gold we found in Timbuctoo;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.
Chorus.—A-roving, &c.

5. But when we'd spent my blooming "screw,"
Mark well what I do say;
And the whole of the gold from Timbuctoo,
She cut her stick and vanished too;
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.
Chorus.—A-roving, &c.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

Tempo di marcia

Words and Music by WALTER KITTREDGE.

VOICE.

1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old Camp ground. Give us a song to
 2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old Camp ground. Thinking of days go a
 3. We're tired of war on the old Camp ground. Man-y are dead and
 4. We've been fight-ing to-day on the old Camp ground. Man-y are ly-ing

PIANO.

Our wea-ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so
 Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "Good-
 Of the brave and true who've left their homes, Others been wounded
 near: Some are dead and some are dy-ing, Many are in

cheer
 by,
 gone
 near:

dear,
 bye!"
 long,
 tears.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night, Wishing for the war to

cease, Man-y are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace.

Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night, Tenting on the old Camp ground
 pp Last verse. Dy-ing to-night, Dy-ing to-night, (lento) ppp Dy-ing on the old Camp ground

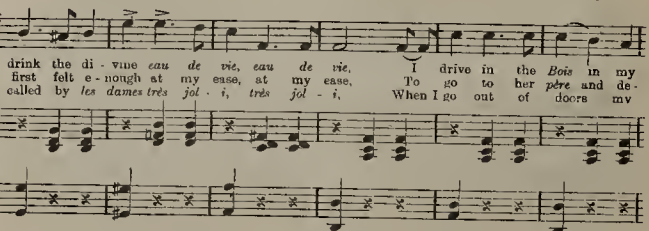
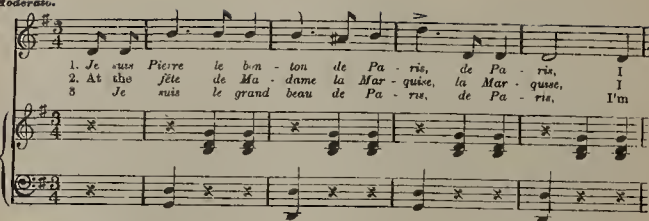
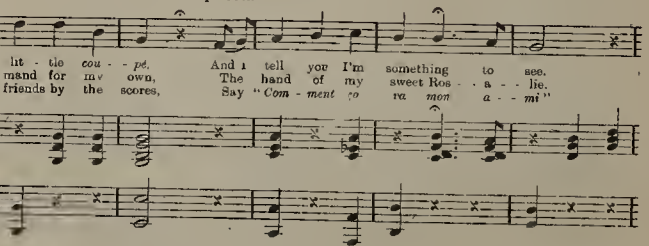
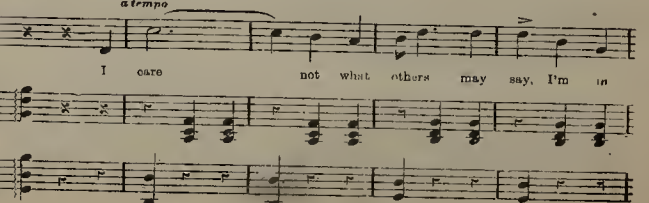
ROSALIE.

Moderato.

VOICE

1. Je suis Pierre le bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I
 2. At the fête de Ma - dame la Mar - quise, la Mar - quise, I
 3. Je suis le grand beau de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, l'un

PIANO

*poco rit.**al tempo*

ROSALIE.

leave with my Ros - a - lie..... Sweet Rose..... Lit - tie

poco rall.

Rose..... I'm in love with my Ros - a - lie.
Last verse. And my Rose is in love with me.

colla voce.

CHORUS. Accompaniment same as for last sixteen bars of Solo.

1ST TENOR. *mf*

AIR.

I care..... not what o - thers may say. I'm in

1ST BASS.

2ND BASS.

love with my Ros - a - lie Sweet Rose, Sol - tie

rit.

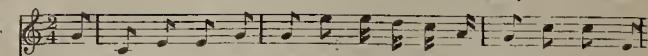
Rose..... I'm in love with my Ros - a - lie.
Last verse. And my Rose is in love with me.

KINGDOM COMING.

Allegro.

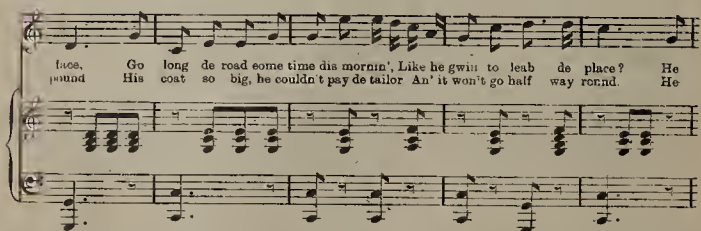
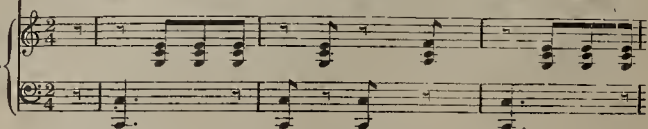
Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

VOICE.

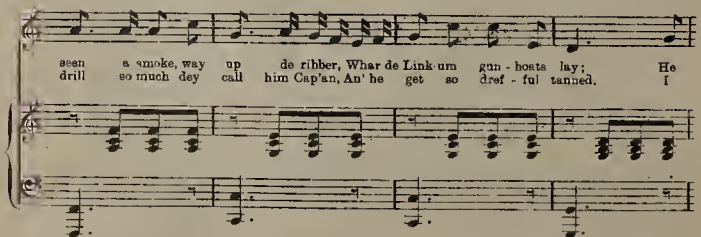


1. Say, dar - keys hab you seen de mas - sa, Wid de muff - stash on his
 2. He six foot one way, two foot tud - der; An' he weigh tree hun - dred

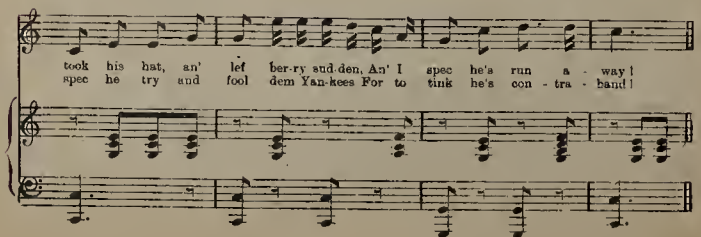
PIANO.



face. Go long de road some time dis mornin', Like he gwine to leab de place? He
 round His coat so big, he couldn't pay de tailor An' it won't go half way round. He



seen a smoke, way up de ribber, Whar de Link um gun - hosts lay; He
 drill so much dey call him Cap'an, An' he get so dref - ful tanned, I



took his hat, an' let ber - ry sud - den, An' I spec he's run a - way!
 spec he try and fool dem Yan - kees For to tink he's con - tra - band!

KINGDOM COMING.

CHORUS.

De mas - sa ren, ha, ha! De dar - keys stay, ho, ho! It
mus' be now de king - dom com-in', An' de year of Ju - hi - lo!

3. De darkeys feel so lonesome, libing
In de log house on de lawn,
Dey move dar lings to massa's parlor,
For to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen,
An' de darkeys dey'll hah some;
I spose dey'll all be cornfiscated
When de Linknm sojers come.—Chorus.

4. De oberseer he make us trouble,
An' he drible us round a spell.
We look him up in de smoke house cellar,
Wid de key trown in de well.
De whip is lost, de han'cuff broken,
Bnt de massa'll hah his pay;
Be's ole enough, big enough, ought to known better,
Dan to went an' rau away.—Chorus.

THE TWO ROSES.

Andante. *mf*

WERNER.

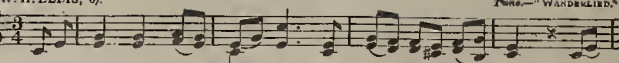
1 On a tank two ro - ses fair, Wet with morn-ing show - ers,
2 Thus in leaves of white ar-rayed, Not a speck to dim them,
3. Like her cheeks the blue-ing ray, Which the bud en - clo - ses,
Gemmed with dew, in frag-ranc - grew, As I, pen - sive, full of care, Gathered two sweet
So I find the spot - less mind Which a - dorns my spot-less maid, In - no - cen - ce's
Bright-er far than you they are; But her charms if I should say, You'd be jeal - ous,
flowers, emblem, ro - ses. Tell me, ro - ses, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

CAMPING SONG.

Word by W. H. ELLIS, 67.

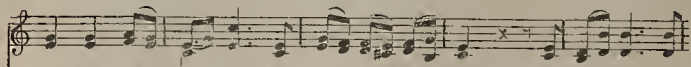
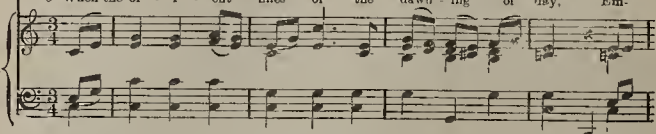
Tune.—"WANDERLIED."

VOICES.

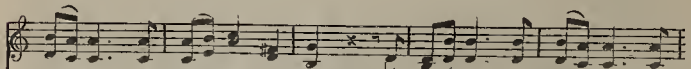
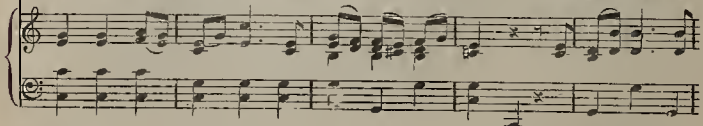


1. We have left far be - hind us the dwell - ings of men, We have
 2. On the lone rug - ged rocks a rich ta - ble we spread, The
 3. When the or - i - ent hnes of the dawn - ing of day, Em-

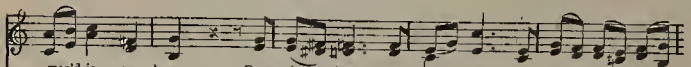
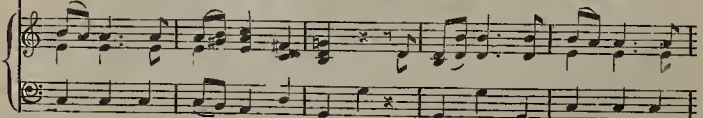
PIANO.



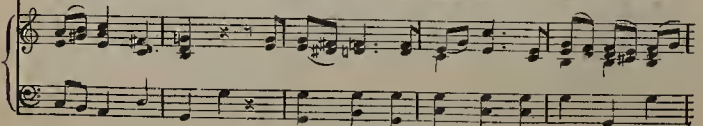
tra - versed the for - est, the lake and the fen; From is - land to
 moss and the brac - ken at - ford us a bed; While the gleam of our
 pla - zon the clouds and smile back from the bay, We spring from our



is - land like sea - birds we roam, The waves are our path, and the
 couch like the stag from his leir, And the mur - mur - ing pines sing a
 And drink in new life with the



world is our home, From is - land to is - land like sea - birds we
 soft lul - la - by. While the gleam of our camp - fire il - lu - mines the
 free morn - ing air. We spring from our couch like a stag from his



CAMPING SONG.

room, The waves are our path, and the world is our home, is our home
sky, And the murmur-ing pines sing a soft lul - la - by. lul - la - hy.
lair, And drink in new life with the fresh morn-ing air, morning air.

CHORUS. *mf*

1ST & 2ND TENORS.

Ju - vi - val - le - ra, Ju - vi - val - le - ra, Ju - vi - val - le - ral - le - ral - le -

BASS. *mf*

raII.
ra! Ju - vi - val - le - ra, Ju - vi - val - le - ra, Ju - vi - val - le - ral - le - ral - le - ral

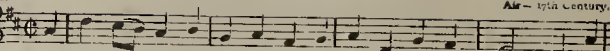
4. Then we launch our light bark on the silvery lake,
That dimples and breaks into smiles in our wake;
While we sweeten our toil with a tale or a song,
Or rest while the winds waft us bravely along
Juvivallera, &c.
5. At night when the deer to the thicket has fled,
And the scream of the night hawk is heard overhead,
We startle with laughter the wilderness dim,
Or the forests resound with our evening hymn.
Juvivallera, &c.
6. Then hurrah for the north, with its woods and its hills!
Hurrah for its rocks, and its lakes, and its rills!
And long may its forests be lovely as now,
Untouched by the axe and unscathed by the plow!
Juvivallera, &c.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

Marcato.

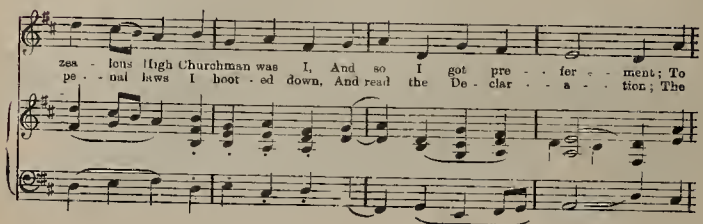
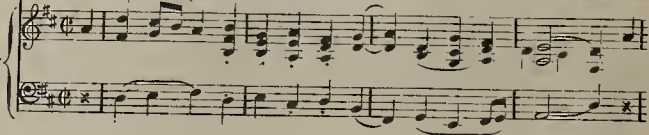
Air - 17th Century.

Voice.

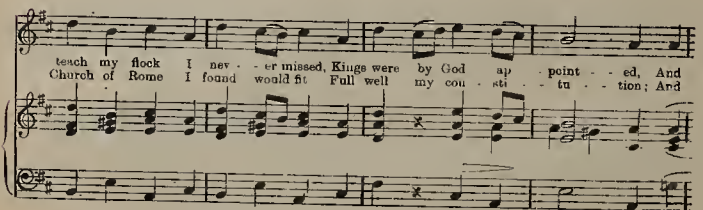


1 In good King Charles's gold-en days, When joy-al-ty no harm meant, A
2 When roy-al James ob-tained the crown, And Pop-ry came in fa-shion, The

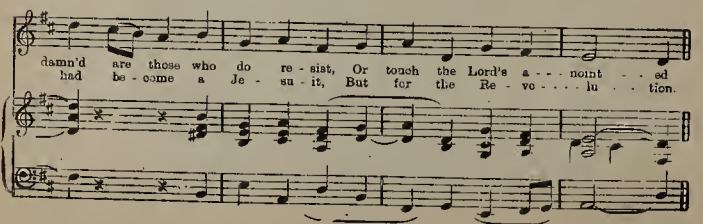
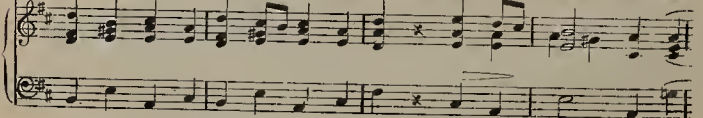
Piano.



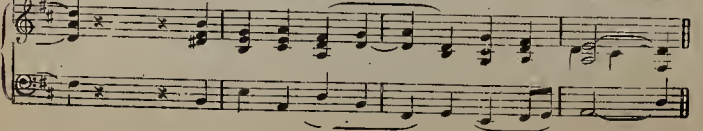
zeal-ous High Churchman was I, And so I got pre-fer-ment; To
pe-nal laws I boot-ed down, And read the De-clar-a-tion; The



teach my flock I nev-er missed, Kings were by God ap-point-ed, And
Church of Rome I found would fit Full well my coun-ti-tu-tion; And



damn'd are those who do re-sist, Or touch the Lord's a-s-sert-ed
had be-come a Je-su-it, But for the Re-vo-lu-tion.



THE VICAR OF BRAY.

CHORUS.

And this is law, I will maintain, Un - til my dy - ing day, Sir, That what-so - ev - er

King may reign, Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, Sir. PIANO.

3. When William was our King declared,
To ease a nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steered,
And swore to him allegiance;
Old principles I did revoke;
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance
And this is law, &c.

4. When gracious Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory;
Occasional Conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation,
And thought the Church in danger was,
By such pervariation.
And this is law, &c.

5. When George in pudding time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir,
I turned a cat-in-a-pan once more,
And so became a Whig, sir;
And thus, preferment I procured,
From our new faith's defender,
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

6. The illustrious house of Hanover,
And Pro-Testant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear,
While they can keep possession—
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be,
Until the times do alter.
And this is law, &c.

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

Allegretto. In unison.

ARRANGED FOR MALE VOICES FROM KÜCHEN

1. See these rib - - - bons gay - - - ly stream - - - ing, I'm a
2. We will march a - - way to - - mor - - row, At the
3. Shame, Lizette, to still be weep - - - ing, While there's

sol - - di - - er now, Li - zette, I'm a sol - - di - - er now, Li - zette, And of bat - - tle
break - - ing of the day, At the break - - ing of the day, And the train - - pous
fame in store for me, While there's fame in store for me, Think when home I

* By permission of Messrs. ROBERT LOCKE & Co. London.

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

I am dream - - ing, And the hon - or I shall get
will be sound - - ing, And the mer - ry cym - - bals play.
am re - turn - - ing, What a joy - ful day 'twill be.

1st TENOR.

AIR.

With a ss - hre at my side, And a hel-met on my brow, And a proud steed to
Yet be - fore I say good-bye, And a last sad parting take, As a proof of your
When to church you're fondly led, Like some la - dy smartly dressed, And a he-ro you shall

1st BASS.

2nd BASS.

ride, I shall rush on the foe, Yes, I that - ter me, Lizette, 'Tis a line that will
love, Wea. this gift for my sake. Then cheer up, my own Lizette, Let not grief your beauty
wed, With a mada on his breast, Ha! there's not a maiden fair, But with welcome will sa-

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

cresc.

enit The gay life of a young re - - - - - cruit..... The gay life of a
stain; Soon you'll see your re - - - - - gain..... Soon you'll see your re -
lute The gay bride of the young re - - - - - cruit..... The gay bride of the

mf. *cresc.* *f*

young re - - - - - cruit..... } De-rum, De-rum, drum. drum, drum. drum.....
cruit a - - - - - gain..... } drum..... drum, drum,
young re - - - - - cruit..... } drum, drum *sempre staccato*

... Think of me love in your dream - - - - - ing, De-rum, de-rum, drum,
staccato drum.....

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

drum, drum, drum..... And the mean - ing of my drum!...
drum, drum, drum.

MASSA'S IN THE COLD GROUND.

Poco lento.

Words and Music by S. C. FOSBER.

VOCE.

1. Round de meadows am a - ring - . ing, De dar - keys' mourn - ful song.
2. When de autumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas
3. Mas - sa make de darkeys love him, 'Cause he was so kind,

PIANO.

While de mocking-bird am sing - . ing, Hap - py as de day am long
hard to hear old massa call - . ing, Cause he was so weak and old.
Now dey sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourning 'cause he leave dem behind. I

MASSA'S IN THE COLD GROUND.

Where de i. vy am a creep - - ing, O'er de grass - y mound,
Now de orange tree am bloom - - ing, On de sand - y shore,
can - - not work before to - mor - - row, 'Cause de tear-drop flow, I

Dare ole massa um a sleep - - ing, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.
Now de summer days are com - - ing, Mas - sa nebbes calls no more.
try to drive a - way my sor - - row, Pick-in' on de old ben - - jo.

CHORUS.

1st & 2nd Voices.

Down in de corn - - field, Hear dat mourn - fol sound,

All the darkeys am a weep - - ing, Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

A CAPITAL SHIP.

Arranged for Male Voices.

SOLO

VOIC.

1. A cap-i-tal ship for an o-cean trip Was the Wallop-ing Win-dow
 2. The bo'swain's mate was very se-date. Yet fond of a-muse-ment
 3. The cap-tain sat on the commodore's hat, And dined in a roy-al

PIANO.

Blind. No wind that blew dismayed her crew, Or troubled the cap-tain's mind. The
 too; He played hop-sotch with the starboard watch, While the captain he tickled the crew! And the
 way Off toast-ed pige and pickles and figs And gunnery bread each day. And the

man at the wheel was made to feel Cont-empt for the wildest blow-ow-ow, Though it
 gunner we had was ap-parent-ly mad, For he sat on the af-ter-rai-sail, And
 cook was Dutch, and behaved as such; For the diast he gave the crew-ow-ow, Was a

often ap-peared, when the gale had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be-low,
 fired sa-lutes with the cap-tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom-ing gale,
 number of tone of hot cross buns Served up with en-gar and glue

*By permission of Mr. JOHN STANLEY, LONDON, ENG.

CHORUS.

A CAPITAL SHIP.

1ST TENOR.

Then blow, ye winds, heigh-ho! A - ro - ing I will go! I'll stay no more on

2ND BASS.

England's shore, So let the mu - sic play - ay - ay! I'm off for the morning train! I'll

cross the raging main! I'm off to my love with a boxing-glove, Ten thousand miles a - way!

4. All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles,
And the rubbly Ubdues roar
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge,
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee;
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shiny sea —Chorus.

5. On Ragbug bark, from morn till dark,
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly chunky; when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Terribly Zous
She was chabby and square, but we didn't much care,
So we cheerily put to sea-ee-ee;
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Ragbug tree —Chorus.

DRINK TO ME O'LY.

Words by BEN. JONSON.

Harmonised by THEO. MARTENS.

Slowly.

1. Drink to me on - - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine:....
 2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - ring thee:....

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine:.... The
 As giv-ing it a hope that there It could not with - er'd be, But

thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine:....
 thou there-on didst on - ly breathe, And sen't it back to me,.....

But might I of Love's nec - tar sip, I would no change for thine:....
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, Not of it - self, but thee:....

Am

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Andante.

THOMAS MOORE.

1. Faintly as tolls the ev'ning chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time:.... Our
 2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl:.... There
 3. Ot-ta-wa tide! this trembling moon Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon:.... Shall

voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time. Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll
 is not a breath the blue wave to curl, But when the wind blows off the shore Oh,
 see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon. Saint of this green isle, hear our prayer.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

cresc. - - con - - do. dim. tr *f* *sf* *f*

sing at St. Ann's our part-ing hymn. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
sweet-ly we'll rest our wea-ry car. Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The
Orant us cool heav'ns and fav-'ring air. Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The

f *dim.* *f* *sf* *dim.*

rapids are near and the day-light's past. The rapids are near and the day-light's past.

STARS TREMBLING O'ER US.

Andante.

D. M. MULOCH.

1. Stars trem-bling o'er us. And sun-set be-fore us. Moun-tain in shad-ow and
2. Come not, pale Sor-row, Flea, flee till to-mor-row. Rest soft-ly fall-ing o'er
3. As the waves cov-er The depths we glide o-ver. So let the past in for-

for-est a - sleep.
eye-lids that weep; } Down the dim riv-er We float on for-ev-er, Speak not, ah,
get-ful-ness sleep,

breathe not! there's peace on the deep, Speak not, ah, breathe not! there's peace on the deep.

JOHNNY SCHMOKER

In this song, an old Dutch musician tells his friend, Johnny Schmoker, about the instruments upon which he can play, and describes them by motions while he sings. The motions are made only when the words describing the instruments are sung, as, for example, at "Rub, a dub, a dub," the roll of the drum is imitated, beginning—on in the case of all the instruments—with the first and ending exactly with the last word. At "Pilly, willy, wink," the hands are placed as if playing the fife, and only the fingers move; at "Tic, knock, knock," the right hand strikes three times under the left, as if playing the triangle; at "Bom, bom, bom," the hand is moved forward and back, as if playing the trombone; and so on to the last, which is imitated by crooking both arms and striking with them against the sides, as if playing the bagpipe.

Allegretto.

G. F. ROOT.

1. John - ny Schmo-ker, John - ny Schmo-ker, Ich kann spiel - en, ich kann
2. John - ny Schmo-ker, John - ny Schmo-ker, Ich kann spiel - en, ich kann

1st.
spiel - en, Ich kann spiel mein klei - ne Drummel. Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein
spiel - en, Ich kann spiel mein klei - ne

2nd.
Drummel. Fi - fe. Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fi - fe, Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein

Drummel. Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink, Das ist mein Fi - fe.

3. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, Ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein klein Triangle.
Tic knock knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly wil y wink, das ist mein Fide,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.

Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tic knock knock, das ist Triangle.

4. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, Ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kleine Trombone.

JOHNNY SCHMOKER.

Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
Tio knock knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tio knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,
Das ist mein Trombone.

5. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kleine Cymbal,
Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal,
Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
Tio knock knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tio knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,
Mein Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal.

6. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kleine Viol,
Fal la la la, das ist mein Viol,
Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal,

Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
Tio knock knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tio knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,
Mein Zoom zoom zoom, mein Fal la la la,
Das ist mein Viol.

7. Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker,
Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein kleine Toodle-Sach,
Whack whack whack, das ist mein Toodle-Sach,
Fal al la la, das ist mein Viol,
Zoom zoom zoom, das ist mein Cymbal,
Bom bom bom, das ist mein Trombone,
Tio knock knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fife,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel.
Mein Rub a dub a dub, mein Pilly willy wink,
Mein Tio knock knock, mein Bom bom bom,
Mein Zoom zoom zoom, mein Fal la la la,
Mein Whack whack whack,
Das ist mein Toodle-Sach.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Andante. ♩ = 68. *p* *1st & 2nd Tenor.* *poco spicc.* **KINKE.**

1. How can I bear to leave thee, One part - ing kiss I give thee; And
2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are through - ing, What

1st & 2nd Bass. *p*

crescendo e poco accel. *f* *p a tempo.*

then what e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare-
spear and pen - non glance - ing, I see the foe ad - vano - ing, Fare-
with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft while dy - ing, Fare-
ritard. *f* *p* *pp*

tranquillo e molto espress. *f* *p* *pp*

well, fare - well, my own true love, Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN.

Allegro moderato.

From the "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

VOICES.

1. Here's to the mad-en of bash-ful fif-teen, Here's to the wi-dow of thir-ty,
 2. Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize, Now to the maid who has none, sir;
 3. Here's to the maid with a bo-som of snow, Now to her that's as brown as a ber-ry;

Here's to the danc-ing ex-trav-a-gant quean, And here's to the house-wife that's thrif-ty.
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes, And here's to the nymph with hot one, sir.
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe, And here's to the dam-sel that's mer-ry.

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;— I war-rant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

CHORUS.

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;— I war-rant she'll prove an ex-cuse for the glass.

brillante.

REVELRY OF THE DYING.

Written by a British officer in India, at a time when the plague was hourly sweeping off his companions. He did not long survive his wonderful production.

Air,—"AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY"

1. We meet 'neath the sound - ing raf - ter, And the walls a - round are
bare, As they shout to our peals of laugh - ter, It seems that the dead are there.
But stand to your glasses, stea - dy! We drink to our comrades' eyes, Quaff a
cup to the dead al - rea - dy, And hur - rah! for the next that dies.

2. Not a sigh for the lot that darkles;
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
As merrily as the wine we drink.
So stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that reaps the boys;
One cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

3. There's a mist on the glass congealing;
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of death.
Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
For a moment the vapour dies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

4. Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the cable shore?
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sting no more.
Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
The world 's a world of lies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurrah! for the next that dies.

5. Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind.
Stand! stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize;
A cup to the dead already;
And hurrah! for the next that dies.

AWAY, AWAY, AWAY!

Words by B. MORTON JONES '91.

Adapted from DE BÉRIOT.

Allegretto. p

1. Air - ly float we with gen - uine swing. Out o'er the waters our voi - ces ring;
 2. Out o'er the waters with dip - ping blade, By thoughts of the mor - row un - dis - mayed,
 2. Ripples of laughter our plea - sure tell, 'Tis sweeter than rambling by wood and dell,

mf Joy - ful - ly, sweet - ly, we sing, we sing, A - way! a - way! a - way!
dim. Sorrow and sad - ness a - side are laid, A - way! a - way! a - way!
 Gaily to ride o'er the heav - ing swell, A - way! a - way! a - way!

f animato. A - way, a - way, o'er the wa - ters clear. *rit. e dim.* A - way, a - way, a - way! *p a tempo.* Where the

moon - light streams in ra - diant beams, Glim - mer - ing far and near... and near.

AURA LEE.

Dolce. p cresc.
 VOICES
 1. As the black-bird, in the spring, 'Neath the wil - low tree, Sat and piped, I
 2. On her cheek the rose was born, And her soft blue eyes, Like the dew - y
 3. Like a sun - lit rippling brook, Was her laughing voice, From her eyes one
 PIANO. *p cresc.*

AURA LEE.

cresc. *CHORUS.*

heard him sing, Sing-ing An-ra Lee.....
 flowers of morn, Shone with glad sur-prise.....
 gold-en look Made the world re-joice.....

Au-ra Lee! An-ra Lee!

cresc. *mf*

cresc.

Maid of gold-en hair! Sunshine came a-long with thee, And swal-lows in the air....

cresc.

FORSAKEN AM I.

1st & 2nd Tenor. *pp* *Glow.* *KOSCHAT.*

1. For-sak-en, for-sak-en, For-sak-en am I! Like a stone by the road-side, All
 2. A-mound's in that churchyard, Fair buds o'er it break, And there sleeps my dar-ling, And

Adm.

men pass me by; I go to a graveyard, No hope my heart cheers, There sad-ly I
 will not a-wake; Each day do I stay there, To weep by the stone, And bit-ter-ly

1st & 2nd Bass

kneel me, And shed bit-ter tears, There sad-ly I kneel me, And shed bit-ter tears.
 feel there That on earth I'm a-lone, And bit-ter-ly feel there That on earth I'm a-lone

I'VE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

C. A. WHITE.

allegretto. Not too fast.

Voces.

1. I've gwine back to Dix - ie No more I've gwine to
 2. I've hood in fields of cot - ton, I've worked up - on the
 3. I'm trav - ling back to Dix - ie, My step is slow and

PIANO.

wau - der, My heart's turn'd back to Dix - ie, I can't stay here no
 riv - er, I used to think if I got off I'd go back there no
 fee - ble, I pray the Lord to help me, And lead me from all

lo - g - er, I miss de ole plan - ta - tion, My home and my re -
 nev - er, But time has changed the old man, His head is bend - ing
 e - vil, And should my strength for - sake me, Then, kind friends come and

la - tion, My heart's turned back to Dix - ie, And I must go.
 low..... His heart's turned back to Dix - ie, And he must go.
 take me, My heart's turned back to Dix - ie, And I must go.

CHORUS.

I've gwine back to Dix - ie, I've gwine back to Dix - ie, I've

I'BE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

gwine where the or - ange blos - soms grow;..... For I hear the chil - dren
calling, I see their sad tears falling. My heart's turn'd back to Dix - ie, And I must go.

ad lib.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

1st & 2nd TENOR. *As sung at YALE.*

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon a - zure deeps,
1st & 2nd BASS.
Or in key of A flat.

Hide, hide your gold - en light; She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps,

rall. *fp*
She..... sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

2. Moon of the summer night,
Far down yon western steep,
Sink, sink in silver light;
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

3. Wind of the summer night,
Where venter woodbine creeps
Fold, fold your pinions light;
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

4. Dreams of the summer night,
Tell her her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumber light
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

AUF WIEDERSEHN.

Translation by E. MORTON JONES, '91.

MENDELSSOHN.

poco sostenuto

1. In ev' - ry land, by God's command, From dear - est friends we ev - er Must

PIANO. VOICES.

se - ver. On hu - man ear no sound more dear In this world's course there

PIANO. VOICES.

a - ver fell, Than ah! fare-well, fare - well, fare - well.

3. Should some loved friend a flower send,
A violet or rose-bud pure,
Of this be sure,
Tho' in thy room at morn it bloom,
'Twill wither ere the night winds blow,
Yea! that I know.

8. Should Love's glad rays illumine thy days,
And there be one to three more fair
Than jewels rare;
She cannot stay with thee alway,
But far too quickly you must part,
With aching heart.

Fourth verse only.

PIANO. VOICES.

4. When one must go and one remain, and one remain, When

AUF WIEDERSEHN.

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whis - pere Hope "to meet a - gain," 'Tis then we say "Auf Wie - der - sehn, Auf

PIANO. VOICES.

Wie - der - sehn, Auf Wie - der - sehn."

A HOME BY THE SEA.

Tenoremonte.

Words and Music by E. A. HOSMER.

TEBORS

1. Oh! give me a home by the sea, Where wild waves are crest - ed with
2. At morn, when the sun from the east Comes man - tled in crim - son and
3. At eve, when the moon in her pride Rides queen of the soft summer

SABSES

PIANO

foam, Where shrill winds are car - ol - ling free, As
gold, Whose hues on the hil - lows are east, Which
night, And gleams on the mur - mur - ing tide, With

A HOME BY THE SEA.

o'er the blue waters they come, For I'd list to the ocean's loud
 sparkles with splendour un - - told. Oh! then by the shore would I
 floods of her silver - y light. Oh! earth has no beau - ty so

roar, And joy in its stormiest glee, Nor ask in this wide world for
 stray, And roam as the hal-cy-on free, From en - vy and care far a -
 rare, No place that is dear-er to me. Then give me so free and so

more.....Than a home by the deep heav - ing sea.
 way.....At my home by the deep heav - ing sea.
 fair.....A home by the deep heav - ing sea.

A HOME BY THE SEA.

A home, A home, A home by the deep heaving
 sea. A home, A home, A home by the deep heaving sea.

The musical score for "A Home by the Sea" is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line (treble and bass clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clef). The second system follows the same format. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

I'VE LOST MY DOGGY.

Con dolore.

TENORS
 I've lost my dog - gy. Who's seen my bow - wow?
 BASSES

1st
 Poor lit - tle dog - gy! Bow-wow-wow - wow!
 2nd
 Bow-wow-wow - wow!

The musical score for "I've Lost My Doggy" is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line (treble and bass clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clef). The second system follows the same format. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal line includes lyrics and musical notation for tenors and basses.

SLEIGH-RIDER'S SERENADE.

Words and Music by R. G. TAYLOR.

TENORS

1. The king of the north has clothed the earth in a robe of spot - less white; Ere
long the moon will mark the noon Of the ra - diant win - ter night. And

BASSES

PIANO.

under thy window, a - wait - ing there, Are steed and sleigh for thee, Then come away my

la - dy fair, A - way, a - way with me O let us a - way, a - way, a - way, O

red.

SLEIGH-RIDER'S SERENADE.

let us a-way, away, away, O let us away, away, away, Where silv'ry moonbeams play.

Ped. *Ped.*

2. A thousand eyes from out the skies
Will give us greeting kind;
With diamonds bright to reflect their light,
Our pathway shall be lined.
As swift as the course of a bird in air,
Our flight, our flight shall be;
Then come away, my lady fair,
Away, away with me.
Chorus.—O let us away, etc.

3. Night's goddess now about her brow
A misty halo wears;
A token to show that soon the snow
Will melt in rainy tears.
Ere ever the clouds shall gather there,
Or shining hours shall flee,
O haste away, my lady fair,
Away, away with me.
Chorus.—O let us away, etc.

EULALIE.

R. S. TAYLOR.

1. Star of the sum-mer eve, Sink, sink to rest! Sink ere the
2. Wind of the sum-mer eve, Waft, waft your sigh! From where the
3. Bird of the sum-mer eve, Chant, chant your song! While through the

all-ver light fades from the west; But ne-ver more will I
die-tant hills Kise gold-en skies; But ne-ver more will I
twi-light gleams Night's star-ry throng; But ne-ver more will I

Watch keep for thee, With her I lov'd so well, Sweet Eu-la-lie.
Wait here for thee, With her I lov'd so well, Sweet Eu-la-lie.
List here for thee, With her I lov'd so well, Sweet Eu-la-lie.

LULLABY OF THE IROQUOIS.

Words by E. PAULINE JOHNSON. *

Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES, '88.

Moderato.

1. Lit - tle brown ba-by bird lapped in your nest, Wrapped in your nest, strapped in your nest, Your
 2. Lit - tle brown ba-by bird swinging to sleep, Wing - ing to sleep, sing - ing to sleep, Your

 The first system of the vocal melody is in G major, 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The dynamic is marked 'p' (piano).

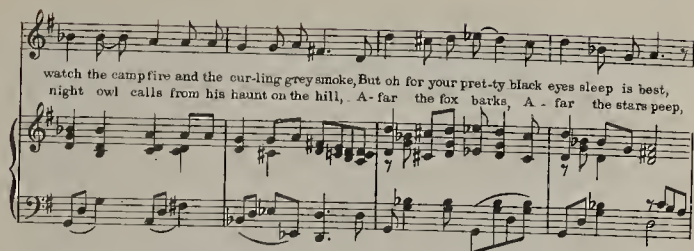
straight lit-tle cra-dle-board rocks you to rest, Its hands are your nest, Its
 won-der-black eyes that so wide o-pen keep, Shield-ing their sleep, Un-

 The second system of the vocal melody continues the melody in G major, 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

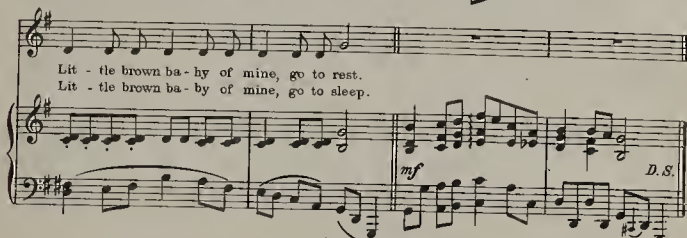
bands are your nest It swings from the down-bend-ing branch of the oak, You
 yield-ing to sleep The he-ron is hom-ing, the plo-ver is still, The

 The third system of the vocal melody concludes the piece in G major, 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment concludes with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

* By permission of the publishers of "Plum & Feather."



watch the campfire and the cur-ling greysmoke, But oh for your pret-ty black eyes sleep is best,
night owl calls from his haunt on the hill, A - far the fox barks, A - far the stars peep,

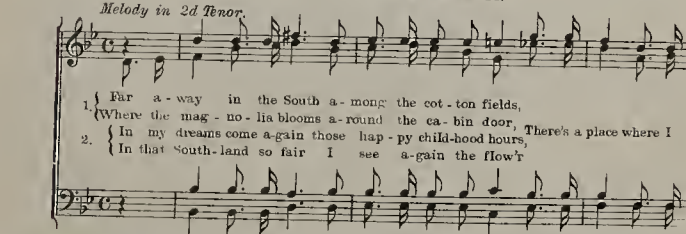


Lit - tle brown ba-by of mine, go to rest.
Lit - tle brown ba-by of mine, go to sleep.

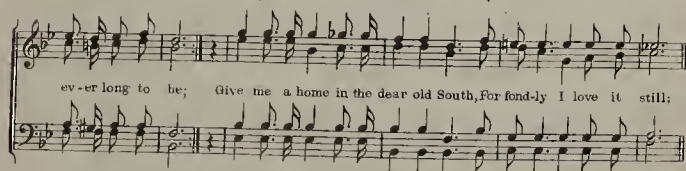
mf *D.S.*

FAR AWAY IN THE SOUTH.

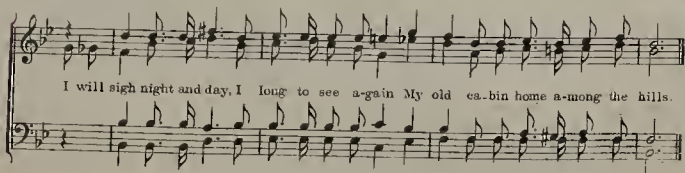
Melody in 2d Tenor.



1. Far a-way in the South a-mong the cot-ton fields,
2. { Where the mag-no-lia blooms a-round the ca-bin door, There's a place where I
In my dreams come a-gain those hap-py child-hood hours,
In that South-land so fair I see a-gain the flow'r



ev-er long to be; Give me a home in the dear old South, For fond-ly I love it still;



I will sigh night and day, I long to see a-gain My old ca-bin home a-mong the hills.

TRABLING BACK TO GEORGIA

Companion Song to "OLD BLACK JOE"

Words by ARTHUR H. FRENCH.

Music by CHAS. D. BLAKE.

Not too fast.

1. Ise trab-ling back to Geo-rgia, dat

good ole land to see, The place I left to wan-der, the day that I was free, Ise

getting old and weary, And tirk of roam-ing, too, So on my way to Dix-ie, I'll say good-bye to you.

CHORUS. (*ad lib.*)

Soprano.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Ise trab-ling back, (He's trab-ling back,) Yes, trab-ling back, (Yes, trab-ling back,) Ise

* The small notes here are intended for an invisible chorus behind the scenes, or in an adjacent room. If sung in this way omit the accompaniment below.

Slow.

trab-ling night and day. I see trab-ling back to Geor-gia, I see

a tempo cresc.

Drums, Cymbals, etc.

slow dim. rit. ff a tempo p dim. in - u - en - do.

dim.

trab-ling night and day, I see trab-ling back to Georgia, For I can-not keep a-way.

dim.

dim. D.C.

2.
I see trawling back to Georgia,
The place where I was born,
Among the fields of cotton,
The sugar cane and corn.
So happy with ole Massa,
A-living in the lane,
To see de ole plantation,
I see trawling back again.

3.
To live and die in Georgia,
Dat's good enough for me.
I'll hoe the corn and cotton,
And oh! so happy be;
I'll hunt the coon and possum,
And dance and sing and play,
And when I once get back there,
I'll never come away!

4.
I see trawling back to Georgia,
To see the darkies there;
And see my ole Aunt Dinah,
Oh, golly, won't she stare!
We'll dance all night till morning,
By the banjo's sweet refrain,
And have a celebration,
When I get back again!

TRUE LOVE

Translation by J. D. SPENCE, Esq.

TENORS

Ah! can it tru-ly be, That I must part from thee? Dear - er art

BASSES

thou to me Than all be - side. Thon hast this soul of mine

So close - ly knit to thine, I know no o - ther love Than thine a - lone.

2. Bine the forget-me-not,
Emblem of constancy;
Close press it to thy breast,
And think of me.
Though flower and hope decay,
Rich we in love alway:
My heart's deep love for thee
Never can die.

3. Were I a bird, on high
Far through the air I'd fly;
No hawk should daunt me then,
Winging to thee.
Struck by the huntsman's dart,
Sinking upon thy heart,
There, should'st thou weep for me,
Fain would I die.

YE SHEPHERDS TELL ME.

Larghetto. MAZZINCHI.

VOICE.

1. Ye shep - herds tell me, tell me have you seen,
2. A wreath a - round her head, a-round her head she wore, Cal.

PIANO.

YE SHEPHERDS TELL ME.

have you seen my Flo - ra pass this way, In shape and feature
na - - tion, Li - ly, Li - ly, Rose, And in her hand

dolce

bea - ty's Queen. In pastoral, in pastoral ar - ray.
crook she bore, And sweets, and sweets her breath com - pose.

CHORUS.

have you
Shep - herds tell me, tell me, tell me have you seen, tell me have you
dolce.
have you

Have you seen, tell me
seen My Flo - ra pass this way; Shep - - herds,
seen, have you seen Have you seen, tell me

f *dolce.* *ral.*
Shepherds have you seen, tell me have you seen My Flo - ra pass this way!

YE-SHEPHERDS TELL ME.

Bass Voice.

The beau - teons, the beau - teous wreath that decks her head,

This system of musical notation includes a Bass Voice line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, accessible style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

Forms her des - crip - tion, her des-crip - tion true.

This system continues the musical notation with the same instrumental and vocal parts. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal line.

Hands li - ly white. Lips crim-son red,

This system continues the musical notation. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line.

And cheeks, and cheeks of ro - sy hue.

Repeat Chorus.

This system concludes the page with the final line of the chorus. The notation includes a repeat sign at the end of the vocal line, indicating the start of the chorus.

PEANUT SONG

Energetically ad lib.

Oh! all you fel-lows that have pea-nuts, And give your neighbor none; You
shan't have an-y of my pea-nuts When your pea-nuts are gone, When

mf *ad lib.*

your pea nuts are gone, When your pea nuts are gone, You

shan't have an - y of my pea-nuts When your pea-nuts are gone.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system also continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *mf* and *ad lib.*

2. Oh! all you fellows that have sherry chicken, and give your neighbor none etc.
2. Oh! all you fellows that have pickled persimmons, and give your neighbor none etc.
4. Oh! all you fellows that have huckleberry pot-pie, and give your neighbor none etc.
5. Oh! all you fellows that have soft, sweet soda crackers, and give your neighbor none etc.
6. Oh! all you fellows that have rice, sour Messina oranges, and give your neighbor none etc.
7. Oh! all you fellows that have Mrs Winslow's scotching syrup, and give your neighbor none etc.
8. Oh! all you fellows that have ripe, rich, red strawberry short-cake, and give your neighbor none etc.
9. Oh! all you fellows that have California clam chowder and oysters on the half-shell, and give your neighbor none, etc.

Spoken: — Not if I knowe myself.

RECESSIONAL.

JAMES EDMUND JONES, '88.

♩ = 78.

Unison. *dim.* *Harmony* *mp* *Slow.* A - men.

Beware lest thou forget the Lord thy God. DEUT. viii. 11.

mf 1. God of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle line,
 Beneath Whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine:
P Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

mp 2. The tumult and the shouting dies;
 The captains and the kings depart;
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart:
P Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

mp 3. For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard;
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding call not Thee to guard:
P For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord. Amen.

mp 3. Far called, our navies melt away,
 On dune and headland sinks the fire;
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
P Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

mp 4. H, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the law.
P Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Rudyard Kipling, 1897.

These words, here inserted by permission of the author, first appeared in *The Times*, July 17, 1897. They also appeared as the Recessional in Kipling's *Five Nations*, 1903. The allusions in the hymn are to the incidents in the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and especially to the Procession and the Naval Review.

BRIDGET DONAHUE.

Music by A. S. JOSSELYN.

VOICE

1. It was in the Conn-ty Ker-ry A lit - tle way from Clare, Where the
 Chorus: Oh Brid - get Don - a - - hue, I real - ly do love you, Al-

PIANO

boys and girls are mer - ry at a pat - ron race or fair; The
 though I'm in A - mer - i - ca, to you I will be true; Then

town is called Kel - lor - glin, a pur - ty place to view, But what
 Brid - get Don - a - - hue, I'll tell you what I'll do, Just

Repeat for Chorus

makes it in - ter - es - ing is my Brid - get Don - a - - hue!
 take the name of Pat - ter - son and I'll take Don - a - - hue!

2. Her father is a farmer, and a decent man is he,
 He's liked by all the people from Kellorglin to Trallee;
 And Bridget on a Sunday, when coming home from mass,
 She's admired by all the people, sure they wait to see her pass.
2. I sent her home a picture, I did upon my word,
 Not a picture of myself, but the picture of a bird;
 It was the American Eagle, and says I, "Mice Donahue,
 Our eagle's wings are large enough to shelter me and you!"

HALLI-HALLO.

Words by WILHELM BORNEMANN, 1816
- BARITONE SOLO

Translation by JAS. EDMUND JONES, 1881

VOICE.

1. Through wood and fo- rest rang - ing, I find a joy un - chang - ing, A
2. My dog is good and trus - ty, Our ap - pe - tites are ins - ty: A

PIANO.

hunts - man bold am I..... A hunts - man bold am I.....
meal I soon pre - pare..... A meal I soon pre - pare.....

My heart is e'er de - light - ed, To see the deer, af - fright - ed, From
Up - on the ground re - clin - ing, From mos - sy ta - ble din - ing, We
CHORUS.

out his co - vert fly,..... From out his co - vert fly.....
eat our fra - gal fare..... We eat our fra - gal fare.....

HALLI-HALLO.

WHISTLE.

WABBLE.

TENORS

Hal - li, hallo, hal - li, hal-lo, { From out his co - vert fly..... } Hal -
 We eat our fru - gal fare.....

ALB. BASSES.

li, hal-lo, hal - li, hal-lo, { From out his co - vert fly..... }
 We eat our fru - gal fare.....

3. I, though without a nickel,
 My dainty palate tickle
 With wine and good black bread.
 My fragrant pipe burns brightly,
 As, stepping forward lightly,
 The flow'ry heath I tread.

4. Thus, in the fields abiding,
 Or through the forest striding,
 I pass the livelong day,
 And while my hours are fleeting
 Like seconds swift retreating,
 I through the green-wood stray.

5. And now the sun is sinking,
 Now stars through mists are blinking;
 Thus one more day slips by;
 So home again returning,
 Where cheerful hearth is burning,
 A jolly huntsman I.

ON THE BANKS OF THE YANG-TSEE-KIANG.*

Words by REV. J. DAVISON.

Adapted by J. L. MORRISON.

Solo

VOICE.

1. My name is Polly Hill, and I had a lover Bill, Whose fate cost me many a
 2. Oh! the war it soon broke out, I don't know what 'twas 'bout, But let those that make war go

PIANO.

CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS.

bang, bang, For his regiment took the rout, and he went to the right about, To the banks of the Yang-Yang-
 bang, bang, So he went with thousands ten to fight the Chinamen, On the banks of the Yang-Yang-

Yang-tsee-ki-ang, To the banks of the Yang-tsee-ki-ang.
 Yang-tsee-ki-ang, On the banks of the Yang-tsee-ki-ang.

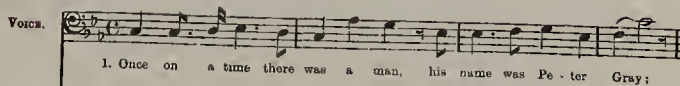
3. Three years had passed away, whilst it fell upon a day,
 That I sat by my door and span, span,
 That a soldier came and said, "Your lover Bill lies dead
 On the banks of the Yang-Yang-Yang-tsee-kiang,
 On the banks of the Yang-tsee-kiang."
4. "Twas in a tea-tree glen that we met the Chinamen,
 And one of the rogues let bang, bang,
 Which laid poor William low, with his toes towards the foe,
 On the banks of the Yang-Yang-Yang-tsee-kiang,
 On the banks of the Yang-tsee-kiang."
5. "He took a sprig of tea and said, 'Will you carry this for me,
 And tell poor Polly where it sprang, sprang?
 And this was all he said, when his head it dropped like lead,
 On the banks of the Yang-Yang-Yang-tsee-kiang,
 On the banks of the Yang-tsee-kiang."
6. "Now will you take from me this little sprig of tea?
 'Twas on Hill's grave that it sprang, sprang,
 You may have it if you will, as a souvenir of Bill,
 From the banks of the Yang-Yang-Yang-tsee-kiang,
 From the banks of the Yang-tsee-kiang."
7. "My soldier boy," said I, "do you see any green in my eye?
 Pray excuse me the use of slang, slang,
 For I'm your Polly Hill, and you're my lover Bill,
 From the banks of the Yang-Yang-Yang-tsee-kiang,
 From the banks of the Yang-tsee-kiang."

* The words are taken from "The Life of a Scottish Probationer" by JAMES BROWN, by permission of JAMES MACLEHOSE & SONS, Publishers, Glasgow.

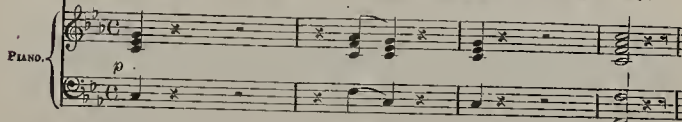
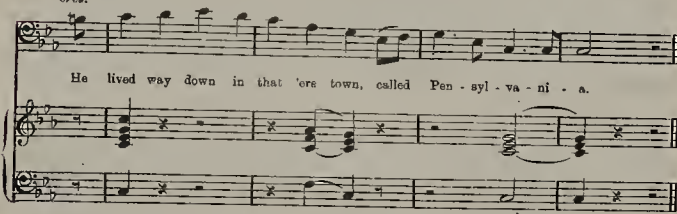
PETER GRAY.

Andante.

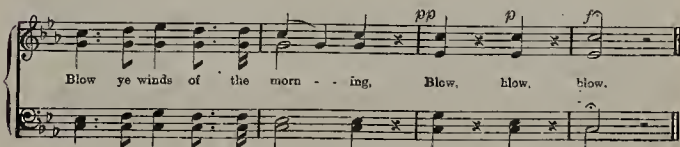
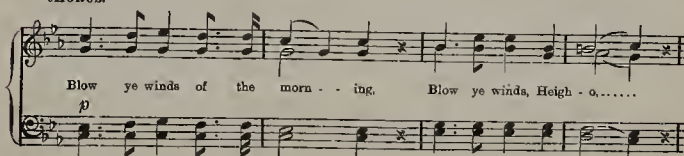
VOICE.



PIANO.

*cres.*

CHORUS.



2. Now Peter Gray he fell in love, all with a nice young girl.
The first three letters of her name were L-U-C, Anna Quirl.—*Cho.*
3. But just as they were going to wed, her papa he said "No!"
And consequently she was sent away off to Ohio.—*Cho.*
4. And Peter Gray he went to trade for furs and other skins,
Till he was caught and scalp - y - ed by the bloody Indiana.—*Cho.*
5. When Lucy Anna heard the news, she straightway took to bed,
And never did get up again until she di - i - ed.—*Cho.*

OVER THE BILLOWS AFAR!

Words by A. F. SARGENT.

Music by CHARLES E. PRATT.

Con Spirito.

f cresc. *rit.*

1. What care I tho' the wild winds sigh, And whistle thro' rigging and shroud — The
 2. What care I tho' the breez-es sigh, Soft o'er the hill and the plain —

f cresc.

an - gry sea hath no ter-ror for me, Nor the frowning tem-pest cloud — But there's
 Give me the free, the track-less sea, Let me roam o'er the bound-less main — And be -

p

mu-sic dear to the sail-or's ear, In the din of the hurricane's roar, — As his
 neth the wave may I find my grave, When my voy-age of life is o'er, — Where the

f *p rall*

gal-lant ship o'er the bil-lows skips, A - way, far a-way from the shore! —
 bil-lows surge will chant my dirge, A - way, far a-way from the shore! —

f *p*

CHORUS.

1st Tenor.
 Then hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! Hur - rah for the gal-lant tar! The
 Air 2nd Tenor.
 Then hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! Hur - rah for the gal-lant tar! The
 1st Bass.
 2nd Bass.

dim. *rall*
 sea is his home, and he loves to roam, O ver the bil-lows a - far! —
dim. *rall*
 sea is his home, and he loves to roam, O ver the bil-lows a - far! —
dim. *rall*
f *dim.* *colla voce* *rall* *a tempo*

f *dim.* *rall* *Fine.*
D. S. al Fine.

TOBACK.

Translated by JOHN D. SPENCE 89.

p

1. Ho! jol - ly com - rades, crowd a - round; With laught - er let the
 2. To - bac - co's so - lace nev - er fails: The beg - gar or the
 3. "A fig for La - tin! Bet - ter far" The stu - dent cries, "a

walls re - sound; The night we'll pass With jo - vial glass And pipes of good To - back!
 Prince of Wales A - like be gues His mood to smiles With com - fort - ing To - back!
 good ci - gar" Can - non and ball Are vanquished all By con - quer - ing To - back!

CHORUS.

To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, And pipes of good To -
 To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, With com - fort - ing To -
 To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, By con - quer - ing To -

back. To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, And pipes of good To - back.
 back. To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, With com - fort - ing To - back.
 back. To - back, back, back, To - back, back, back, By con - quer - ing To - back.

4.
The youngster, for the weed unripe,
Steals on the sly his father's pipe;
Behind the shed
In fear and dread
He tries to like toback!
CHORUS:- Toback, back, back, etc.

5.
The gaffer, toothless, grim and old,
Whose gums refuse the pipe to hold;
The stem will wind
With yarn and bind
It fast, and smoke Toback!
CHORUS:- Toback, back, back, etc.

6.
The copper on his lonely beat,
Smokes as he tramps the midnight Street;
His short pipe glows
Beneath his nose,
And warms it with Toback!
CHORUS:- Toback, back, back, etc.

7.
The cripple with a wooden leg
The weed will borrow, huy or beg;
The pipe he grips
Between his lips
And smokes and smokes Toback!
CHORUS:- Toback, back, back, etc.

8.
The noble red man, out for hair,
Will everlasting friendship swear;
In pipes of peace,
His wranglings cease,
And so he smokes Toback!
CHORUS:- Toback, back, back, etc.

9.
The western man, that's worn and grim,
Thinks life has little charm for him,
Forgets his ills
Whenever he fills
His cornucob with Toback!
CHORUS:- Toback, back, back, etc.

10.
The polished Frenchman, fashion's pet,
Will only risk a cigarette;
He knows it is
A serious biz
For him to smoke Toback!
CHORUS:- Toback, back, back, etc.

11.
The labouring son of Erin's Isle,
Looks from his drain with broadening smile;
The brief dhudeen
His lips between,
Is filled with rank Toback!
CHORUS:- Toback, back, back, etc.

12.
So comrades, all the world around
The good old weed is ever found;
So let us pass
The jovial glass,
And burn our good Toback!
CHORUS:- Toback, back, back, etc.

WHO'S THE BEST MAN IN THIS TOWN?

Tune "Bonnie Laddie, Highland Laddie"

Who's the best man in this town? T, - Y, - J, - is T, - Y, - J, - is Who's the best man
in this town? T, - Y, - J, - is T, - Y, - J, - is We're some sol-dier pumpkin boys our-selves We're some
sol-diers pumpkin We're some sol-diers pumpkins But the best man in this town is T, - Y, - J, - is T, - Y, - J, - is.

To the North!

Words by JOHN D. SPENCE

Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES

VOICE.

1. We care not if the world be wide; Nor South, nor East, nor golden

West. Can match the Northland's rugged pride. The North, the hardy North's the best!

To the North! to the North we go! To the North, where the pine trees

CHORUS.

grow. To the North! to the North we go! To the

TO THE NORTH.

North, where the pine trees grow. Then it's ho! for the gleaming

paddle; And it's ho! for the line and rod, And the

Yo ho! Yo ho

rushing fall, and the pine trees tall, And the wa - ters bright and

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of six systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked with a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests. There are also some decorative elements like a star symbol above the first system and a double bar line with repeat dots.

TO THE NORTH.

broad. With pots and pans and pails ga - lore, With
 Yo ho!

hams and jams a good - ly store; With a ton or two of dunnage and a

1.
 few things more, To the North to the North we go! To the

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The fourth system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines.

TO THE NORTH.

North, where the pine trees grow. Then it's

"few things more, To the North! to the North we go.

+) Last verse only.

2. Who yearns for palmy-Southern seas?
 Who longs to dream the languorous hours—
 To tritter in luxurious ease
 His vigorous manhood's early powers?
 To the North! to the North we go!
 To the North, where the fresh winds blow.
3. Who longs for dainties rich and rare,
 For cooling wines and liqueurs hot,—
 That once has known the simpler fare
 That fills the camper's generous pot?
 To the North! to the North we go!
 To the North, where the black bass grow.
4. Who would not flee the whirl and strife,—
 The anxious brow, the ceaseless strain.
 To drink again the milk of life,—
 To feel himself a child again?
 To the North! to the North we go!
 To the North, from the debts we owe.
5. Let others sail the sluggish streams
 That murmur through the quiet night.
 Give us the glorious sun, that gleams
 On curving green and foaming white!
 To the North! to the North we go!
 To the North, where the torrents flow.
6. So, till with age our spirits flag,
 And hearts beat fainter, year by year,
 The North shall fling from crag to crag
 The echo of our hoisterous cheer.
 To the North! to the North we go!
 To the North, to the North, Yo ho!

JUANITA.

SPANISH BALLAD.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

Allegretto.

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'ring falls the southern moon:
 2. When, in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain,

Far o'er the moun-tain. Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes'
 And day-light beam-ing. Prove thy dream-are vain— Wilt thou not re-

splan-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,.... Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der,
 lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,.... In thy heart con-sent-ing

*Flower**a tempo* Ni - ta! *Jua - ni - ta!

Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta! Ni - ta! Ask thy soul if
 To a prayer goes by? Ni - ta! Ni - ta! Let me ling - er

mf Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!*Tenderly* *slow*

we should part! Ni - ta! Ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
 by thy side! Ni - ta! Ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!

* Pronounced "Wanzaia."

GLORY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

THE CELEBRATED CHORUS OF SOLDIERS IN "FAUST."

Tempo marziale.

OUNOD.

TENORS

Glo - ry and love to the men of old,..... Their sons may

BASSES

PIANO.

co - py their vir - tues bold,.... Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand,....

Ready to fight or ready to die for Fa - - - ther - land! Who needs bidding to dare.....

GLORY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

..... by a trumpet blown? Who lacks pity to spare..... when the field is won?....

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line is in G major, 2/4 time, with a melody that rises and then falls. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand.

Who would fly from a foe..... if a-lone, or last?..... And

This system contains the next two staves of music. The vocal line continues the melody from the first system, with a slight pause before the final note. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern.

boast he was true, as coward might do when pe - ril is past?.....

This system contains the final two staves of music on this page. The vocal line concludes with a final note, and the piano accompaniment provides a concluding chord.

GLORY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

cresc.

Glo - - ry and love to the men of old!..... Their sons may

cresc.

molto, cresc.

copy their vir-tues bold Cour - - age in heart and a sword in hand,....

molto, cresc.

f

Ready to fight for Fa - - - - - ther-land..... Now..... to home a-

f

GLOBY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

gain,..... we come, the long and fiery strife of bat - tle o - - ver,.....

This system contains the first three staves of music. The vocal melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Rest..... is pleas-ant af - - - - ter toil as hard as ours be-neath a stranger

Rest..... is pleasant af - - - - ter toil be-neath..... a stranger

This system contains the second three staves of music. The vocal melody continues in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The key signature remains one sharp (F#).

sun..... Many..... a maid-en fair..... is waiting

sun, beneath a wild and stranger sun..... The maiden fair..... is waiting

This system contains the third three staves of music. The vocal melody continues in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The key signature remains one sharp (F#).

GLORY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

here to greet her trans- sol-dier lov- er,..... And many a heart..... will fail and
will fail..... and

brow grow pale to hear, to hear the tale of cru- el po- ril he has

run,..... And many a heart, and many a

GLORY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

dim. *p*

heart will fall and brow grow pale to hear the tale of pe-ri he has run...

dim. *f* *crescendo*

ff

Glo - - - ry and love to the men of old!... Their sons may

ff

copy their vir-tues bold;.... Cour - - age in heart and a sword in hand..

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains two staves of piano accompaniment and one staff of vocal melody. The piano part consists of a treble and bass line. The vocal line is in the treble clef. The second system also contains two staves of piano accompaniment and one staff of vocal melody. The piano part continues with similar accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. Dynamic markings include *dim.* (diminuendo), *p* (piano), *f* (forte), *ff* (fortissimo), and *crescendo*. The lyrics are: 'heart will fall and brow grow pale to hear the tale of pe-ri he has run...', 'Glo - - - ry and love to the men of old!... Their sons may', and 'copy their vir-tues bold;.... Cour - - age in heart and a sword in hand..'. There are some small corrections or markings in the original score, such as 'pe-ri' and 'Cour - - age'.

GLORY AND LOVE TO THE MEN OF OLD.

Ready to fight for Fa - - ther-land, or ready to die for Fa - - ther-

or ready to fight

This system consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, with lyrics 'Ready to fight for Fa - - ther-land, or ready to die for Fa - - ther-' written below them. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment, with the lyric 'or ready to fight' written above the right-hand staff.

land, or ready to die..... or ready to die..... for

or ready to fight

This system continues the musical piece with four staves. The vocal melody is on the top two staves, with lyrics 'land, or ready to die..... or ready to die..... for' and 'or ready to fight' below them. The piano accompaniment is on the bottom two staves.

rit.
Fa - - - ther - land.....

rit. p *f* *f*

This system concludes the piece with four staves. The vocal melody is on the top two staves, starting with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking and the lyrics 'Fa - - - ther - land.....'. The piano accompaniment is on the bottom two staves, featuring dynamic markings *rit. p*, *f*, and *f*.

SAILING ACROSS THE SEA.

Words by H. L. D'ARCY JAXONE.

VERNON REV.

VOICE

Andante grazioso.

PIANO

1. On a
2. On a
3. O'er the

paint - ed o - cean a paint - ed ship is hung on the home - stead
 paint - ed o - cean a paint - ed ship is hid in the dark - en'd
 sum - mer o - cean a white wing'd ship is float - ing across the

wall; To the mo - ther's eyes and the mo - ther's heart, The
 room; For a sha - dow stole from a son - thern sea, And
 foam; And the cast a - way that they found at sea Is

ho - li - sat thing of all..... For a lad with a tan - gle of
 strand - ed the house in gloom..... So they hid from the mo - ther tha
 al - most in sight of home..... Then a head with a tan - gla of

legato
mf

SAILING ACROSS THE SEA.

cresc. *molto cresc.*

gol - den hair, The light of her eyes was he; In that gal - lant ves-sel a
miss - ing ship, And hop'd that the best might be; Ere they told the tale that all
gol - den hair is towed on a mo - ther's knee; And a mes - sage from heav'n to

molto cresc.

cresc.

pp *rall.* *molto rall.*

year a - go, We't sail - ing across the sea.....
hands were lost, While sail - ing across the sea.....
earth to-day Comes sail - ing across the sea.....

rall. *molto rall.* *cresc.*

pp

CHORUS.
f *Andante gracioso.*
1st & 2nd TENOR. *dim.*

Sail - - ing, Sail - - ing, Sail - ing a cross the sea.....

f *Andante gracioso.* *dim.*

1st & 2nd BASS.

Sail - ing, Sail - ing, Sail - ing, Sail - ing, Sail - ing a - cross the sea, a - cross the

f *Andante gracioso.* *dim.*

SAILING ACROSS THE SEA.

pp Lento.

Air. p

Sail - ing, sail - ing, Sail - ing a - cross the sea.....

sea.... Sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing a - - - cross the sea.....

p Lento *pp*

BREATHE SOFT, YE WINDS.

Andante affettuoso

WILLIAM PAXTON, 1782.

p

Breathe soft, ye winds, ye wa - ters gent - ly flow,...

f

Shield her ye trees, ye flow'rs a - round her grow; Ye swains, I

beg you, pass in si - lence by,.... My love..... in yon - der vale

a - sleep doth lie, My love..... in yon - der vale a - sleep doth lie.

THE TROOPER.

Translated from the German by JOHN D. SPENCE '89.

W. LYRA.

f *Impassionate.* *p*

1. Through gloom and night by vale and hill, We ride so stern, we
 2. Soon shall the ten - der grass we tread Flush like the rose to

f *p*

ride so still! To death, to death we're fly - ing! The morn - ing winds, how
 flam - ing red, My blood the greensward dye - ing. One cup I drain with

fz

dim.

sharp they feel! Hos - tess, a glass our hearts to steel For dy - ing, for dy - ing!
 sword in hand: One draught to dear old Mo - ther-land Ere dy - ing, ere dy - ing!

dim.

8.

A second... quick! To Freedom now
 My love, my life, my sword I vow,
 On this strong arm relying.
 What claims the rest? The dregs to thee
 I drain O Empire grand and free,
 Ere dying, ere dying!

4.

My sweetheart...but the glass is dry...
 The swords are out...the bullets fly!
 No time for love or sighing
 Up! Like a whirlwind on the foe!
 Oh, soldier joy! at dawn to go
 To dying, to dying!

FAREWELL

Translation by F. J. DAVIDSON, *Andante*

SILCHER,

VOICES.

1. When the gold-dawn of day Sends the sun-beams darting,
2. When two genial souls are friends, Friendship never parteth,

Heart from heart must hence a-way, Torn by pangs... of parting;
Be it joy or grief fate sends, Friendship never alters.

Why, oh why may I not stay? Fate should never sever
How much keener the pain, When with longing o'er the main,

Hearts that love for ever, Hearts that love for ever.
True love faints and falters, True love faints and falters.

PIANO.

3. Shall I then my whole life through
Leave my hopes behind me?
In strange lands so far from you
Joy can never find me.
If I've ever grieved you, sweet,
Pardon, I am at your feet,
Love and sorrow bind me.

4. Fancy it a sigh from me,
If the breeze but kiss you,
From across the sun-daring sea
Come to tell I miss you;
Hopes are past that were to be
Still my soul is yearning—
Is there no returning?

DIGGY-DADDY, HEAR HIM WEEP.

Arr. by T. MARTENS.

SOLO

VOICE.

1. Ole mas - sa bought a bran new coat, and hung it in the hall, The
 2. Ole mas - sa bought a bran new girl, he got her in the Son's, Her
 3. Oh! Ma - ry had a lit - tle corn up-on her lit - tle toe, And

PIANO.

dar - kies stole that coat a - way, and wore it to the ball.
 hair it curled so ve - ry tight, she could - n't shut her mouf.
 ev - 'ry - where that Ma - ry went, the corn was sure to RO.

CHORUS

2ND TENOR. *cresc.*

Diggy dad dy, hear him weep, Diggy dad dy, hear him sigh.

1ST TENOR & 1ST BASS.

2ND BASS. Diggy daddy hear him weep, O! Diggy daddy hear him

1st **2nd**

'way down the Ca - ri - o, And the old man kicky up and zig zag jig jag, die
 kicky up and jig jag, kicky up and die.
 sigh, zig zag jig jag, die.

'way down the Ca - ri - o, O! And the old man kicky up and zig sag jig jag, dia.

4. It tellerd her to jall one day, for Mary she drank rum -
 Now's her chance to pass that corn for thirty days to come.
 & Old Abram's charming daughter bold, sweet 'Mamie of the Valse,'
 Along with old Job Kidley playing teeter on a rail.

5. The old man's got a bull-dog fierce, his daughter she is fine,
 † His boots are on, his bull-dog looms at a quarter after nine.

* Groaning. † Some MSS. read "He turns the gas and the bulldog out at a quarter after nine."

THE OLD RED CRADLE.

J. L. GILBERT.

Moderato con espress.

Solo.

1. Take me back to the days when the old red cra-dle rocked, In the

1st & 2nd Tenors.

1st & 2nd Basses.

Lal Humming voices (with closed lips)

sun-shine of years that have fled— To the good old trus-ty days when the

door was new - er locked, And we judged our neighbor's truth by what he said.

CHORUS.

I re-mem-ber of my years I had num-bered al-most seven, And the

Solo.

old red cra-dle stood a-gainst the wall;— I was youngest of the five, And

Chorus. Humming voices.

two were gone to heav'n, But the old red cra-dle rocked us all.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

Rock-ing, rock-ing, gen-tly rock-ing, In time with the tick of the clock on the wall,

That old red cra-dle, Solo
One by one the sec-onds mark-ing, Chorus.
That old red cra-dle rocked us all. Chorus.

2. By its side father paused, with a little time to spare,
And the care lines would soften on his brow;
Ah! 'twas but a little while that I knew a father's care,
But I fancy in my dreams I see him now.
And if e'er there came a day when my cheeks were flushed and hot,
When I did not mind my porridge or my play,
I would clamber up its side, and the pain would be forgot,
When the old red cradle rocked away.
3. Ah! it cradled one and all, brothers, sisters in it lay,
And it gave me the sweetest rest I've known;
But to-night the tears will flow, and I let them have their way,
For the passing years are leaving me alone.
By my mother it was rocked when the evening meal was laid,
And again I seem to see her as she smiled;
When the rest were all in bed, 'twas then she knelt and prayed,
By the old red cradle and her child.
4. But the cradle long has gone, and the burdens that it bore.
One by one have been gathered to the fold;
But the flock is incomplete for it numbers only four,
With a dear one now left straying in the cold.
Heaven grant again we may in each others' arms be locked,
Where no bitter tears of parting ever fall,
God forbid that one be lost that the old red cradle rocked,
For that dear old cradle rocked us all.

THE TRAIL OF MY LITTLE CANOE

Words by
ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Music by
JAS. EDMUND JONES, '88.

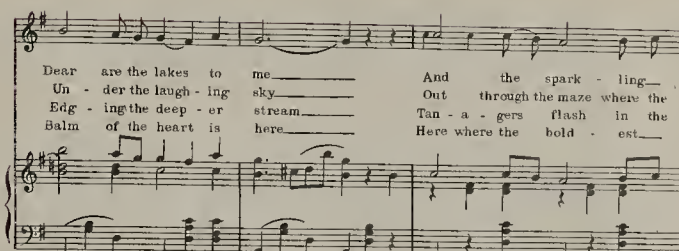
Moderato.

mf

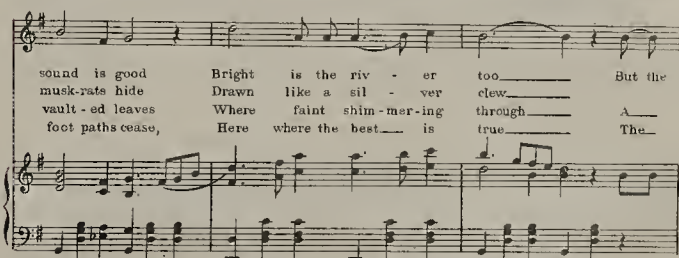
1. Broad is the track which the steam-er takes O-ver the o-pen
2. Up through the fields where the cat-tle browse Up through the farms of
3. Clean blue flags in state-ly ranks Stand where the sha-dows
4. Dip of the pad-dle, gur-gle and plash, Qui-et and bird-note

p

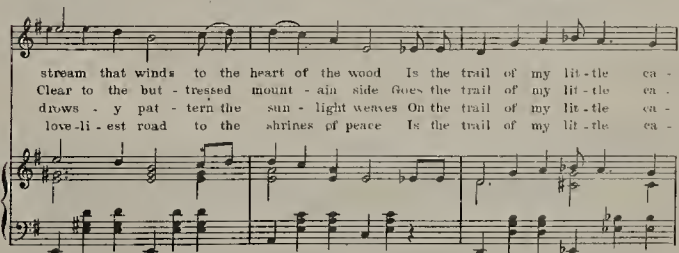
sea— Wide are the ways of the win-dy lakes
rye— Un-der the arch-ing— hem-lock boughs
gleam— Ferns grow thick on the mos-sy banks
clear— White of the birch, gray of the ash



Dear are the lakes to me _____ And the spark - ling _____
 Un - der the laugh - ing sky _____ Out through the maze where the
 Edg - ing the deep - er stream _____ Tan - a - gers flash in the
 Balm of the heart is here _____ Here where the bold - est _____



sound is good Bright is the riv - er too _____ But the
 musk-rats hide Drawn like a sil - ver clew _____
 vault - ed leaves Where faint shim-mer-ing through _____ A
 foot paths cease, Here where the best _____ is true _____ The _____



stream that winds to the heart of the wood Is the trail of my lit-tle ca -
 Clear to the but - tressed mount - ain side Goes the trail of my lit-tle ca -
 draws - y pat - tern the sun - light weaves On the trail of my lit-tle ca -
 love-li - est road to the shrines of peace Is the trail of my lit-tle ca -



noe _____ Is the trail of my lit-tle ca - noe _____ D. C.
 noe _____ Is the trail of my lit-tle ca - noe _____
 noe _____ On the trail of my lit-tle ca - noe _____
 noe _____ Is the trail of my lit-tle ca - noe _____ 8
 D. C.

MY HOMES ON THE BOUNDLESS SEA

Words by KEYNTON

Music by CHARLES PRATT
Arr. by Theo. Martens.

f Spirited

Solo

1. O - ver the hil - low - y foam My
2. The land has no plea - sure for me, I
3. From trou - ble and care I'll flee, I

1st & 2nd
Tenor
(Soprano)

p

Ho yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo

1st & 2nd
Bass

p

bark speeds light and free O - ver the o - cean
dare no long - er stay; My bark is on the
fear not storm nor wreck; For they have no ter - rors

ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo
ho! ho! ho!

rall.

wild I roam, My home's on the bound - less sea! Now
roll - ing sea, And I must haste a - way! So
now for me, As I pace my ves - sels deck Hur -

rall.

ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!

rall.

greet - ing the moon's first ray, I plunge thro' the path - less blue, A
here's a health to old friends, May their hearts be ev - er true; As
rah! hur - rah! for the sea, Proud - ly then I'll pace my deck: As

ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!

N. B. — The accompaniment to be sung lightly and softly throughout.

rall.

bum-per of silver - y spray, I quaff to our good ship's crew,
 night's dark sha-dows de - scend I'll skim o'er the wa - ter's blue!
 grand-ly she rides so free I laugh at all storm and wreck!

rall.

ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!

rall.

CHORUS *a tempo*

1st Tenor.

Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! A sail - lor's life for me! Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo

2nd Tenor.

Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho! A sail - lor's life for me! Yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo

1st Bass.

2nd Bass.

ho! yeo

ho! Bound-ing o-ver the sea! Mer-ri-ly sing yeo ho! As

Divide

ho! Bound-ing o-ver the sea! Mer-ri-ly sing yeo ho! yeo ho! Am

ho!

rall.

bound-ing o'er the sea And mer-ri-ly sing yeo ho! A sail - or's life for me!

rall.

bound-ing o'er the sea yeo ho! And mer-ri-ly sing yeo ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!

rall.

CANNIBALEE.

B. A. GOULD, Jr.

M. A. TAYLOR.

Moderato.

A can-ni-bal lived on a can-ni-bal isle, He was
 thin-ner than thin could be; His legs were as lean as the tail of a rat, And his
 head rat-tled around in his num-ber five hat, And he left no mark on the ground where he sat.

CHORUS. *Accel.*

'Twas a wo-ful sight to see. 'Twas a wo-ful sight to see, 'Twas a
Accel. molto e cresc.
 So it was, So it was.
 So he did. So he did.

wo - ful sight to see, For he left no mark on the ground where he sat, For he

So it was.
So he did.

left no mark on the ground where he sat, For he left no mark on the

ground where he sat, 'Twas a wo - ful sight to see. see.

Tempo I.

So it was. So he did.

2. Now there came to this island from over the main
A laudable missionaree,
His weight was three hundred and forty-three pounds,
And his paunch and jowls and his tonsure were round,
And he left a mark where he sat on the ground.
'Twas a curious sight to see,
For he left a mark on the ground where he sat,
Just two and a half feet by three.
3. Now the moral of the song that I'm trying to sing
You soon will be able to see,
For the Christian proved docile and teachable quite,
He learned of the heathen the thing that was right,
And one Sunday morning before it was light,
He ate up the cannibalee.
And one Sunday morning before it was light,
He ate up the cannibalee.

THE WATERMELON.

Arr. by T. MARTENS.

Allegretto.

1. Oh! see dat wa-ter.
 2. You may talk a-bout your
 3. When de dew-drops dey is

mel-on A smil-in' thro' de fence? How I wish dat wa-ter mel-on it was
 ap-ples Your peach-es and your pears, And your 'sim-mous hang-in' on de 'sim-mien
 fall-ing Dat mel-on's gwine to cool, And I guess den it will taste most aw-ful

mine — Oh de white folks must be fool-ish Dey need a heap of
 vine — But bless my heart, my hon-ys, Dat truck it aint no
 fine — So I'se gwine to come and fetch it, Or else I is a

sense, Or dey'd neb-ber leab it dar up-on de vine.
 wheres Oh! de wa-ter mel-on am de fruit fer mel.
 fool, If I leabs it dar a smil-in' on de vine.

CHORUS — *Male Voices*

Oh! de ham-bone am sweet And de ba-con am good, And de 'pos-sum fat am

ber - y, ber - y fine But gib n.e, yes gib me, Oh!
fine, yes, ber - y fine

how I wish you would Dat wa-ter mel-on smil-in' on de vine. *D.C.*
vine, yes, on the vine. *D.C.*

CHORUS. (*When sung by mixed voices*)

Oh! de ham-bone am sweet, And de ba-con am good, And de
'pos-sum fat am ber-y, ber-y fine But gib me, yes
gib me, Oh, how I wish you would, Dat wa-ter mel-on smil-in' on de vine.

ALL'S WELL.

Words by JOHN OXENHAM.*

Music by JAS EDMUND JONES '88

Moderato.

mf *p*

1. Is the path-way
2. Is the light for

dark and drear-y? God's in His heaven! Are you brk-en, heart-sick, wea-ry?
ev - er fail-ing? Is the faint heart ev-er quail-ing?

God's in His heaven! Drear - est roads shall have an end-ing Brk - en hearts are
God's strong arms are all a-round you, In the dark He

for God's mend-ing sought and found you All's well! All's well! All's well!

2. Is the bur-den past your bear-ing? God's in His heaven! Hope-less, friend-less,
4. Is the fu-ture black with sor-row? Do you dread each

no one car - ry? Bur - dens shared are light to car - ry,
dark to - mor - row? God's in His heaven! Naught can come with - out His know - ing,
Love shall come, though long He tar - ry All's well! All's well! All is well!
Come what may, 'tis His bestow - ing

HE'S A GOOD OLD SOUL.

Arr. from air of "Turkey in the Straw."

Old T. Y. J. - is a good old soul, Old T. Y. J. - is a
He wouldnt let us dance, And he wouldnt let us sing, And he wouldnt let us do a
good old soul, Old T. Y. J. is a good old soul,
sin - gle thing, But just the same he's a good old soul,
Yes, he is! Yes, he is! (Piano at close.)

THE TIME HAS COME.

Verses may be improvised for the tune of "The Boots," Page 37. Robert Tyson of Toronto, the veteran canoeist and sport, contributes the following:-

1.
The meeting time has come,
The men sit round the table
The Chairman takes his seat,
Keeps order if he's able.
Hurrah, hurrah, the meeting time has come,
Order, order, tra la la la etc.
The meeting time has come.
I hear the knock, the knock, the knock,
The thunderous knock of the chair,
Fra Diavolo, the Chairman etc.
"Order if you please!"

2.
The smoking time has come,
Its peaceful moments bringing,
We'll light the briar pipe,
And listen to the singing,
Hurrah, hurrah, the smoking time has come.
Smoking, smoking, tra la la la etc.
The smoking time has come.
I smell the pipe, the pipe,
The pipe, the p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p
Fra Diavolo the briar pipe,
Canoeemen all do smoke.

3.
The sailing time has come,
A pleasant wind is blowing,
With canvas hoisted full,
Like stately ships we're going
Hurrah, hurrah, the sailing time has come,
Sailing, sailing, tra la la la etc.
The sailing time has come.
I feel the breeze, the breeze, the breeze,
The squally old northerly breeze,
Fra Diavolo, the squally breeze,
Coming from the north.

4.
The paddling time has come,
The peaceful Bay is shining
While robed in gorgeous clouds,
The Western sun's declining,
Hurrah, hurrah, the paddling time has come.
Paddling, paddling, tra la la la etc.
The paddling time has come.
I hear the puff, the puff,
The p-p-p-p-puff
Fra Diavolo the ferry boat,
Puffing down the Bay.

I CANNOT HELP WINKING MY EYE.

Words & Music by G. W. E. FIELD.

1. Now wink-ing with me is a prac-tice That al-most a-amounts to a
 2. Now when I am told by a la-dy That men are the bane of her
 3. My teach-er at school was a la-dy As fair as the flow-ers you

vice, And to cure me of this wick-ed ha-bit My moth-er tried ev-'ry de-
 life, And that she pre-fers an-y bond-age To that of be-com-ing a
 see, In talk-ing to my eld-er broth-er She said no man's wife she would

vice; But still I have kept on a-wink-ing, I'll wink, I'm a-fraid, till I die. They
 wife Of course I'll a-gree with her state-ments, And make some he-com-ing re-ply. But I
 be; Yet when-e'er I was good at my les-sons She'd lov-ing-ly pet me and sigh; Then

tell me it's aw-ful-ly vul-gar, But I can-not help wink-ing my eye.
 think if she look'd at me close-ly, She'd catch me a-wink-ing my eye.
 give me a do-zen sweet kiss-es, And I could-n't help wink-ing my eye.

CHORUS

Yes, I know that it's quite un-be-com-ing, And to

TENOR I
TENOR II

Yes, I know it's quite un-be-com-ing, And to

BASS I
BASS II

cure the sad vice I shall try; But at pre-sent I hope you'll ex-

cure the sad vice I'll try, Yes, I'll cure it; But at pre-sent you'll ex-

cuse me, For I can-not help wink-ing my eye. D.C.

cuse me, For I can't help wink-ing my eye.

eye, with my eye.

4. Now Betsy the cook in our kitchen
is as buxom and fair as a rose;
She says that all men are a nuisance
And that she could bite off their nose.

Yet one day when I dropped in the kitchen
She was kissing a chap on the sly;
She might have been hitting his nose off,
Yet I couldn't help winking my eye.
Yes, I know, etc.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

By Louis Lambert.

Same tune as "The Three Crows," (Page 81)

1. When Johnny comes marching home again,
(Cho.) Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
(Cho.) Hurrah, hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies, they will all turn out,
(Cho.) And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.
(Twice)
2. The old church bell will peal with joy,
To welcome home our darling boy;
The village lads and lassies say
With roses they will strew the way.
3. Get ready for the jubilee;
We'll give the hero three times three.
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow.
4. Let love and friendship on that day
Their choicest treasures then display,
And let each one perform his part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart.

FAST AND FAR: A CANOEING SONG

Words by JOHN D. SPENCE, '89

Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES, '88

Moderato In paddling time.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderato In paddling time.' The score consists of a piano introduction, followed by three verses of lyrics, and a final piano section. The piano part is written in treble and bass staves, while the voice part is in a single treble staff. The lyrics are written below the voice staff, with some lines indented to match the melody. The piano introduction begins with a 'mf' (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment includes chords and single notes, often mirroring the rhythmic pattern of the lyrics. The voice melody is simple and catchy, with a clear emphasis on the lyrics. The overall mood is light and cheerful, reflecting the 'canoeing song' theme.

mf

1. Far ov - er the deep now our light
 2. See how from the brink flees the deer
 3. On, on through the sun - shine the long

pad - dles are ply - ing, Swift by the green hills where the
 light - ly up - spring - ing, Back from the deep woods now our
 reaches re - veal - ing, Till day - light is done and the

lone shad - ows are ly - ing; Hark! how with hoarse cla -
 light laugh - ter is ring - ing; Hark! how the soft ech -
 lone nighthawks are wheel - ing, Till in the soft moon -

mour the wild lake fowl are fly - ing O - ver the glint and the
 o from hill to hill is wing - ing O - ver the glint and the
 light our thoughts go home - ward steal - ing O - ver the glint and the

gleam of the wa - ters and far a - way!
 gleam of the wa - ters and far a - way!
 gleam of the wa - ters and far a - way!

CHORUS

Fast and far - fast and far - Swift the deep stroke of the

pad - dle is send - ing us Fast and far - fast and far -

O - ver the glint and the gleam and far a - way!

HE'S A DAI-SY.

He's a dai - sy, He's a dai - sy, He's a dai - sy just now.
 See him smil - ing, See him smil - ing, See him smil - ing just now.

Just now he's a dai - sy, He's a dai - sy just now.
 Just now see him smil - ing, See him smil - ing just now.

OVER THE BANISTER.

YALE SONG.

Baritone Solo.

1. O-ver the ban-is-ter leans a face, Ten-der-ly sweet and be-guil-
 2. No-bod-y, on-ly those eyes of brown, Ten-der and full of mean-
 3. Holds her fin-gers and draws her down, Sudd-en-ly grow-ing bold-

Male Voices Accomp. *ad lib.* la, la, etc.

ing, While be-low her with ten-der grace, He watch-es the pic-ture
 ing, Gaze on the love-li-est face in town, O-ver the ban-is-ter
 er, Till her love-ly hair lets its mass-es down Like a man-tle o-ver his

smil-ing. The light burns dim in the hall be low, No-bod-y sees them stand-
 an-der, frown-ed and tired, with down-cast eyes, I won-der why she lin-
 shoul-der; then asked, a swift ca-ress, She has fled like a bird from the hall

ing, Say-ing good-night a-gain soft and low, Half-way up to the land-ing
 gers, Af-ter all the good-nights are said, Some-bod-y holds her fin-geral
 way, But o-ver the ban-is-ter comes a "yes" That bright-ens the world for him al-way

The upper staff of accompaniment to be played and sung an octave lower.

'WAY UP ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP-TIP-TOP.

Moderato. mf
SOLO

VOICED.

1. Hark! I hear a voice, 'way up on the mountain-top-tip-top. Descending down below. De-

PIANO.

1st 2nd CHORUS Solo

descending down below. ascending down below. Let us all unite in love, Trusting

1st 2nd CHORUS

Let us all unite in love.

1st 2nd

in the powers above, Let us above,

1st 2nd

Trust-ing in the powers above. the powers a-bove.

accel. *ritard.*

Merrily now we roll, roll, roll, roll, roll, roll, roll, Merrily now we roll, o-ver the deep blue sea.

2. Little Jacky Horner,
A-sitting in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He stuck in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum.
And said, "What a big boy am I!"
Chorus.—Let us all, etc.

3. Old Mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor doggy had none.
Chorus.—Let us all, etc.

TRABBLING DOWN DE RIBBER.

Words by WILLIAM PEDLAR & JERRY BRITTON.

Air arr. from "Haul the wood-pile down."

Solo *Chorus* *Solo*

1. De sun am shin-ing nine-ty-nine; Trab-bling down de rib-ber; We'se
 2. De sun am sink-ing, sink-ing low; Trab-bling slow-ly home-ward; I
 3. De smoke am ris-in' in de air; Keep your eye on de fish-line; I

Chorus *Solo*

gwine to stop right here and dine; Trab-bling down de rib-ber; Dar
 tink we will no farth-er go; Trab-bling slow-ly home-ward; De
 guess we aint no time to spare; Keep your eye on de fish-line; De

Chorus *Solo*

aint no use to arg-u-fy; Trab-bling down de rib-ber; Dese
 Hark I hear de ra-pids roar; Trab-bling slow-ly home-ward; We'll
 moon am ris-ing on de hill; Keep your eye on de fish-line; Just

Chorus

nigs has got to eat or die; Trab-bling down de rib-ber.
 pitch de tents and work no more; Trab-bling slow-ly home-ward.
 sit a-round and take your fill; Keep your eye on de fish-line.

CHORUS:

Good-bye, Good-bye, Fare-well to the old camp ground! When the morn-ing mists have
 cleared a-way We'll haul the can-vas down. *For Cho. to last verse.*
 Haul the canvas, Haul the canvas down.

4.
 De coffee's hillin' in de pot;
 Make dat coffee blacker!
 De taters steaming mighty hot;
 Make dat coffee blacker!
 De fish am frying in de pan;
 Make dat coffee blacker!
 Oh! aint it time dis meal began;
 Make dat coffee blacker!

5.
 Fill up your dish with onions fried;
 Peel dem taters thinner!
 Stow dem away in your inside;
 Peel dem taters thinner!
 Oh! take a speckled trout or two;
 Peel dem taters thinner!
 Dar'll be none left when we get through;
 Peel dem taters thinner!

6.
 De owl's done singin' on de twig;
 Haul dat packetrap tighter!
 De tadpoles gettin' mighty big;
 Haul dat packetrap tighter!
 De boat am waitin' on de shore;
 Haul dat packetrap tighter!
 You'll nebber see dese nigs no more;
 Haul dat packetrap tighter!

WE'RE OUT ON A TEAR. Camping Song.

Words by JERRY BRITTON
& ROBERT TYSON.

We're out on a tear to get fresh air; And keep our liv-ers healthy; We
We range the woods in search of game, But lit-tle do we find; The
Now you who dress in fine ar-ray, And board at big ho-tels, Who

rise ere break-fest ev-ry morn, To make us wise and wealth-y; We
wil-y deer pricks up his ear, And leaves us far be-hind, And
dine off chi-na ev-ry day, And pose as howl-ing swells; Who

wear old clothes and know no woes Of irk-some civ-il-i-za-tion; We
when we meet a bab-i-tant, He saks us "who's your hat-ter"; We
ne-ver have an ap-pe-tite That's not pro-duced by bit-ters; Just

car-ry a grease spot on our pants As a mark of e-man-ci-pa-tion.
wash our dish-es in the sand; We're tough, but that's no mat-ter!
gaze on us and gnash your teeth, You mis-er-a-bie crit-ters!

CHORUS:

Then shake, old pard, our palms are hard, Our bands and fac-es brown; We
don't look gay in our camp ar-ray, But we're dudes when we're in town.

We are indebted to Mr. Jerry Britton and Mr. Robert Tyson for the characteristic and breezy camp songs "We're Out on a Tear" and "Trabbling Down de Ribber." Mr. Britton sent the songs on request with the following delightful letter:—

"I am delighted to hear this echo from my old friend Robert Tyson, from whom I have not heard for many moons. It pleases me to know he can still find time and pleasure for and in the old camp doggerel. It takes me back to many a camp and portage—goes with me through many a rapid. The sun sets to it and the flicker of the dying camp-fire and the cry of the loon interrupt its rhythm when I wake in the night.

"Not having a very seductive voice myself, I never venture to sear on the wings of my own noise, but I'm glad someone can take some pleasure out of the sublime sentiments of our old camp songs. Now I feel that Tyson has given me credit beyond my due, for that "Trabbling" song was a joint production of an old friend and myself, "Billy" Pedlar—an old Lindsay boy, now in Vancouver, B.C.—a prince of humorists—and whatever fame that song brings should go mainly to him. Since the "Shake, Old Pard" was hatched it has undergone some changes which improve it—lift its moral tone, so to speak—so that Tyson may claim the undying glory of having collaborated with the distinguished author.

"I notice in the chorus of "Shake, Old Pard" provision is made for only one "face" ("Our face and hands are brown"). It seems to me that everybody's bliz ought to be included lest there be objections—at meal times.

"I hope that sometime we may foregather—preferably around a camp-fire—while the coffee gets hotter and thicker.

Very sincerely yours,
"JERRY BRITTON."

AMO, AMAS, I LOVE A LASS.

Tune—"THE LADDER AND THE FROG."

DR. ARNOLD.

VOICE.

1. A - mo, A - mas, I love a lass, As a ce - dar
 2. Oh, how bel - la my pu - el - la, I'll kiss so - cu

PIANO

p

tall and slend - er. Sweet cow - slip's grace is her now-in - an - wa
 la so - cu - lo - - - - - ruin. If I've luck, er, she's my

case, And she's of the fe - mi - nine gen - - - - - der.
 ux - - or, O di - - - - - be - ne - dic - to - - - - - rum!

CHORUS.

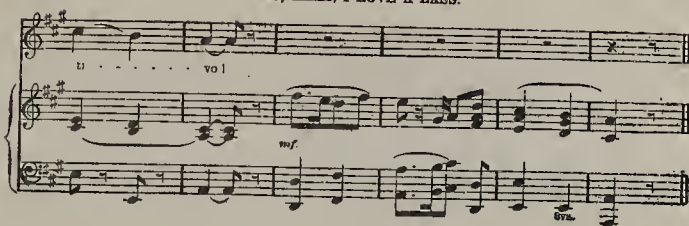
Ro - rum, Co - rum, sunt di - - vo - rum, Ha - rum, sca - rum, di - - - - - vo;

p *f* *p* *f*

Tag rag, merry derry, per - i - wig and hat - band Hio hoo ho - rum ge - ni

f

AMO, AMAS, I LOVE A LASS.



THE LONE FISH-BALL

A Harvard Song in 1855.

Musical score for 'THE LONE FISH-BALL' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The score includes a piano introduction, a vocal line with lyrics, and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics for the first stanza are: '1. There was a man went up and down To seek a din - ner thro' the town.' The chorus is marked 'CHORUS' and has the lyrics: 'There was a man went up and down To seek a din-ner thro' the town.'

2. What wretch is he who wife forsakes
Who best of jam and waffles makes.

3. He feels his cash to know his pence
And finds he has but just six cents.

4. He finds at last a right cheap place,
And enters in with modest face.

5. The bill-off-are he searches through,
To see what his six cents will do.

6. The cheapest viand of them all
Is "Twelve and a half cents for two Fish-

ball."

7. The waiter he to him doth call,
And gently whispers, "One Fish-ball."

8. The waiter roars it through the hall:
The guests they start at "One Fish-ball."

9. The guest then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."

10. The waiter roars it through the hall,
"We don't give bread with one Fish-ball"

MORAL

11. Who would have bread with his Fish ball
Must get it first or not at all.

12. Who would Fish-balls with fish's eat,
Must get some friend to stand the treat.

(Each stanza is repeated as a chorus).

SPEED AWAY!

Among the superstitions of the Senecas is one which for its singular beauty is somewhat well known. When a maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its powers of song, and then, loading it with ribbons and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes, until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. "It is not uncommon," says the Indian historian, "to see twenty or thirty birds set loose at once over one grave."

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! on thine er - rand of light! There's a
 2. Wilt thou tell her, bright song - ster, the old chief is lone? That he

young heart a - wait - ing thy com - ing to - night; She will fon - dle thee
 its all the day hy his cheer - less hearth - stone? That his tom - a - hawk

close, she will ask for the loved Who pine up - on earth since the
 lies all ou - not - ed the while, And his thin lips wreath - e - ver in

"Day Star" has roved, She will ask if we miss her, so long is her
 one su - less smile? That the old chief - tian mourns her, and why will she

stay, Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!
 stay? Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!

3. And oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing,
 That her mother hath ever a sad song to sing?
 Tis that she standeth alone in the still quiet night,
 And her fond heart goes forth for the being of night
 Who had slept in her bosom, but who would not stay?
 Speed away! speed away! speed away!

4. "Go, bird of the silver wing! fetterless now;
 Stoop not thy bright pinions on you mountain's brow,
 But bid thee away o'er rock, river and glen,
 And find our young "Day Star" ere night close again.
 Up! onward! let nothing thy mission delay.
 Speed away! speed away! speed away!

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

M. G. Cr. 1880.

1ST TENOR.

S. C. POSTER.

1. Way down up - on de Bwa - nes Rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
 2. All round de lit - tle farm I wan - dered When I was young.
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I lov,

1ST BASS.
 2ND BASS.

Dere's where my heart is turn - ing sh - ber. Dere's where de old folks stay.
 Den ma - ny hap - py day I squan - dered. Ma - ny de songs I sung,
 Still sad - ly to my mem - ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.

All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam.
 When I was play - ing wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I,
 When shall I see de bees a - hum - ming All round de cumb?

Still long - ing for de old plant - a - tion, And for de old folks at home.
 Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der. Dere let me lih and die.
 When shall I hear de ban - jo thrum - ming, Down in my good old home? FINE.

Ref. O dar - keys, how my heart grows wear - y, Far from the old folks at home.

DAL SEGNO AL FINE.

Ref. All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - ry where I roam,

THE LORELEY.

MEINE, 1843.

1st & 2nd Tenors.

SILCHER.

1. Oh! tell me what it mean - eth, This gloom' and tear - ful

1st & 2nd Bass

eye?.... 'Tis mem - o - ry that re - tain - eth The tale of years gone

by..... The fad - ing light grows dim - mer. The Rhine doth calm - ly

flow..... The lof - - ty hill - tops glim - mer Red with the sun - set glow....

2. Above the maiden sitteth,
A wondrous form and fair;
With jewels bright she platteth
Her shining golden hair;
With comb of gold prepares it,
The task with song beguiled;
A sinful burden bears it—
That melody so wild.
3. The boatman on the river,
Lies to the song, spell-bound;
Oh! what shall him deliver
From danger threat'ning 'round?
The waters deep have caught them,
Both boat and boatman brave;
The Loreley's song hath brought them
Beneath the foaming wave.

THE COLORED FOUR HUNDRED.

Words by H.G. WHEELER.

J. W. WHEELER.
Arr. by THEO. MARTENS.

1. We're beau-i-deals of swell-dom in so-ci-e-ty's 'up-per ten,' We're i-dol-ized by.
2. We're swains of swell so-ci-e-ty, all im-i-tate our ways, And a-ny fad we.

buds and belles, and en-vied by the men; When at a swell re-cep-tion or a
may a-do-pt at once be-comes a craze; We ride and drive, we dance and pose to

most ex-chu-sive ball, — We're the cen-tre of at-trac-tion and the lead-ers of them
catch the fe-male eye, — And as ma-tri-mo-nial pri-zes, don't we set our val-ue

all — We pro-me-nade — the A-ve-nue and Bou-le-varde, And
high — At ma-ti-nees — we show our-selves on Sa-turdays, And.

all the while we tip our hats, and how and smile; We re pre-
down the aisle we sing a-long in gal-lant style; We're "in the

sent the el-e-ment they call four hun-dred swells.
swim and out to win; we're col-ored tho-rough-breds.

CHORUS.

1st Tenor.
We are the cream, the de la crème, Of the colored pop-u-

2nd Tenor.
We are the cream, the cream, the de la crème, la crème, We're the cream,

1st & 2nd Basses.
We are the cream, the cream, the de la crème, la crème, We're the cream,

la - tion, and we are a dan - dy team; As for swells and dar-key

de la crème, a dan - dy team; And swells, and as for swells, And

de la crème, a dan - dy team; And swells, and as for swells, And

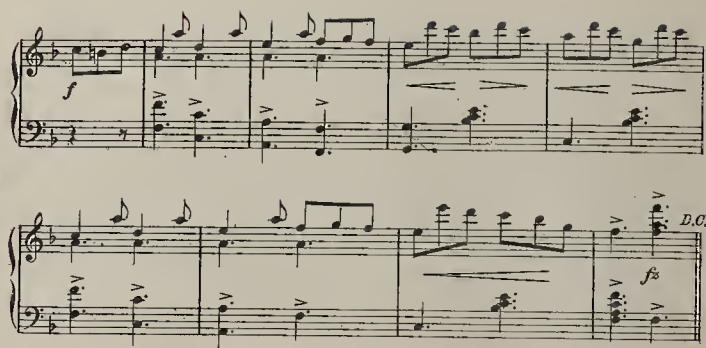
The first system of music consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts in treble clef, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

bells, None can beat the mem-bers of the col-ored four hun - dred

bells and dar-key bells, And none can beat the col-ored four hun - dred.

bells and dar-key bells, And none can beat the col-ored four, col-ored four hun-dred.

The second system of music also consists of four staves, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics continue below the vocal staves.



THREE BLIND MICE. (Round)

1. Three blind mice, Three blind
 2. See how they run, See how they
 3. They all ran af-ter the farm-er's wife, Who cut off their tails with a
 mice, Three blind mice,
 run, See how they run.
 1. carv- ing knife; Did you ev-er hear such a thing in your life?

Andantino.

TO MINONA.

LOUIS SPOHR.

1st, 2d & 3d. (Last time)

1st & 2nd Tenors.

Air.

1. Soft and low I breathe my pas - sion, Will she
2. Dost thou smile, my love dis - dain - ing, While in

1st & 2nd Basses.

wake and bless my sight? Ah! if dreams her form might fash - ion, How un-
chill - ing mid night spite Here I wait, of thee com - plain - ing To the

wel - come were the light! Fair - est speak, and say good - night.
stars so cold and bright; Oh, re - lent and say good - night.

3. Far from love, o'er plain and river,
Late I rushed in headlong flight;
Ah! he followed ever, ever!
Vain is speed against his might.
Here I yield, O! one good - night.

4. Leave me not in darkness pining;
From thy curtained windows' height,
Let one look of pity shining,
Warm my heart to new delight.
Let me hear one sweet good - night.

IF I ONLY HAD A CHECK FROM HOME.

C. B. A.

Moderato.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

1. Oh, I'm look-ing for a check from
 2. Oh! there's noth-ing makes a fel-low feel so
 3. Oh, I al-ways find it hard to keep my

home, And I wish, oh, how I wish that it would come! For my
 blue As wait-ing for a check that's o-ver-due; He feels
 cash; And es-pe-cial-ly when I think I'll cut a dash; If the

board is o-ver-due, And my room rent too: You can't
 sor-ry for him-self, And his pipe up on the shelf Looks so
 folks at home just knew How it fades from mor-1 view! Here to

blame me if you feel-ing might-y glum; I owe
 lone-some there, with noth-ing else to do; In his
 day! to-mor-row gone just in a flash! When they

ev - 'ry oth - er fel - low that I meet, And I dodge them as I'm
pock - et, knife and tooth-pick all a - lone With a bunch of keys, but
ask me where it's gone it makes me sore; Then I hate to write at

com - ing down the street, I've searched ev - 'ry pock - et through, And a
na - ry, na - ry bone! Oh, it makes a fel - low sad When he
once and ask for more; But it is - n't an - y joke To e -

rit.
wel - come fond and true Waits the check from home that some - day I shall greet!
thinks of all he's had, With no 'check in sight and ev - 'ry pen - ny gone!
ter - nal - ly be broke; So I'll write; I've done it sev - eral times be - fore.

1 & 2 If I on - ly had a check from home! (the dear old home!) If I
3 If I on - ly had a check from Dad! (from dear old Dad!) If I

on - ly had a check from home! (the dear old home.) I'd treat ev - ery one I know
 on - ly had a check from Dad! (from dear old Dad!) I'd treat ev - ery one I knew

And pay ev - ery cent I owe, if I on - ly had a check from
 And pay ev - ery cent I owe, If I on - ly had a check from

home; (dear old home;) If I on - ly had a check from home! (the dear old home;) If the
 Dad; (dear old Dad;) If I on - ly had a check from Dad! (from dear old Dad!) It would

cash I need would on - ly come! I'd pay ev - ery cent I owe, And I'd
sure - ly make my friends feel glad; I'd pay ev - ery cent I owe, And I'd

take in ev - ery show, if I on - ly had a check from home, (sweet home!)
take in ev - ery show, if I on - ly had a check from Dad (dear old Dad!)

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS.

Words by E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES, '88.

Moderato. West wind, blow from your

prairie nest; Blow from the mountains, blow from the west. The sail is i - die, the

Words used by permission of Publishers of "Flint and Feather."

sail-or too; Oh! wind of the west, we wait for you Blow, blow! I have

wooed you so, But never a fa-vour you be-stow; You rock your cradle the

hills be-tween, But scorn to no-tice my white la-teen.

I stow the sail and un-ship the mast; I wooed you long, but my

woo-ing's past; My pad-dle will lull you in-to rest, O drows-y wind of the

drows-y west. Sleep, sleep, by your moun-tains steep, Or down where the prai-rie
 grass-es sweep, Now fold in slum-ber your lag-gard wings, For soft is the song my
 pad-dle sings. Au-gust is laugh-ing a-cross the sky,
 riv-er rolls in its rock-y bed, My
 Laugh-ing while pad-dle, ca-noe, and I Drift, drift where the hills up-lift Cu
 pad-dle is ply-ing its way a-head Dip, dip, when the wa-ters flip In
 eith-er side of the cur-rent swift. The And
 foam as o-ver their breast we slip.

oh the riv - er runs swift er
far to for-ward the ra - pids

now, The ed - dies cir - cle a
roar, fret - ting their mar - gin for -

bout my bow. Swirl,
ev er more. Dash,

swirl, how the rip - ples curl In
dash, with a might - y crash They

ma - ny a dan - ger - ous pool a - whirl, And
seethe and boil, and bound and splash, Be

strong, O pad-dle, Be brave, can-o-e, The reck-less waves you must plunge in-to;
raced the rapids, We're far a-head, The riv-er slips thro' its si-lent bed;

Reel, reel on your trem-bling keel, But nev-er a fear my craft will feel. We've
Sway, away as the bub-bles spray, And fall in tink-ling

tunes a-way.

And up on the hills, a-against the sky, A fir-tree

rock-ing its lu-la-by, Swings, swings its em' - rald'

wings, Swell-ing the song my pad - dle sings, Swell-ing the

song my pad - dle sings.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Solo.

Words & Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the mea-dow, the hill, and the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dar-key may

gay, The corn - tops ripe and the mea-dows in the bloom, While the
 shore, They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon On the
 go, A few more days and the trou-ble all will end, In the

birds make mu - sic all the day; The young folks roll on the
bench by the old cab - in door; The day goes by like a
fields where the su - gar-causes grow; A few more days for to

lit - tle cab - in floor, All mer - ry, all hap - py and bright, By'n
sha - dow o'er the heart, With sor - row, where all was de - light, The
tote the heav - y load, No mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light, A

by Hard Times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good night.
time has come when the dar-kies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good night.
few more days will we tot - ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good night.

CHORUS.

pp Weep no more my la - dy, *AIR.* Oh! weep no more to - day, We will
pp

AIR.

sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a - way.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG

Words by GEORGE W. JOHNSON.

Music by J. A. BUTTERFIELD
Arr. by Carrie B. Adams.

pp

Hm Hm

AIR I wan-dered to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To
A ci - ty so si - lent and lone, Mag-gie, Where the
They say I am fee - ble with age, Mag-gie, My

Hm Hm

Hm Hm

watch the scene be - low; The creek, and the creek - ing old
young and the gay and the best In pol - ished white man - sions of
steps are less spright - ly than then; My face is a well writ - ten

Hm Hm

AIR. The green grove is gone from the
Is built where the birds used to.
They say we are ag - ed and

mill, Mag-gie, As we used to, long a - go;
stones, Mag-gie, Have each found a place of rest, Hm
page, Mag-gie, But time a - lone was the pen,

hill, Mag-gie, Where first the dain - ies sprang,
play, Mag-gie, And join in the song that was sung, Hm
gray, Mag-gie, As sprays by the white break - ers flung,

Hm

The
For we
But to

creak - ing old mill is still, Mag-gie, Since you and I were young.
 sang as — gay as they, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
 me you're as fair as you were, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

REFRAIN.

But now we are ag - ed and gray, Mag - gie, The
 But now we are ag - ed and gray, Mag - gie, The

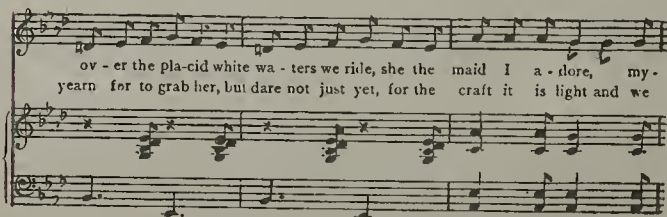
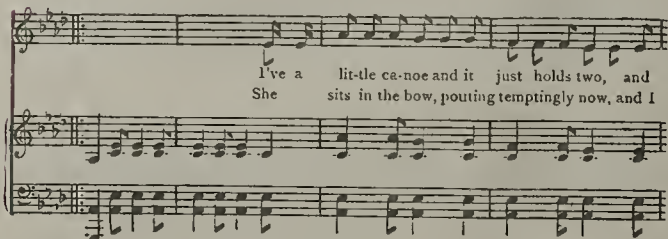
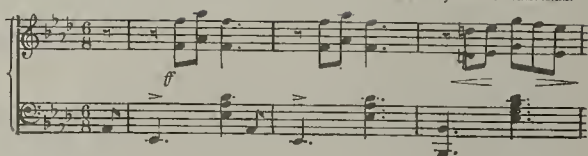
tri - als of life near - ly done; Let us
 tri - als of life near - ly done; Let us

sing of the days that are gone, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
 sing of the days that are gone, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

Canoe Song.

Words ANONYMOUS

Music by W. S. HEMPHILL.



CANOE SONG.

rit.

self and no more, for if there were o-thers, we would sink in the tide, we would
have to sit tight, if we cough'd or we sneez'd we would sure-ly up-set, we would

f *rit.* *f*

tempo.

sink in the tide.... Sing, Oh! for the summer, the hot gor-geous summer, Sing
sure-ly up-set.... Sing, Oh! for the summer, the hot gor-geous summer, Sing

f *tempo* *pp*

rit.

Oh! for the smiles on the in-do lent moon, and my heart chants a song as I
Oh! for the slim summer girl all in white, with the straw-ber-ry lips, and sym

p *rit.*

tempo.

pad-dle a-long, and my girl says I can't steal her kis-ses too soon, says I
met-ri-cal h-ps, huddled there like a per-fum'd bou-quet of de-light, like a

tempo.

CANOE SONG

can't steal her kisses too soon. And the river slips by, with a wink in its eye, And its
per-fum'd bouquet of de-light. Let the riv-er slip by, with that wink in its eye, For its

rit.
all I can do in my lit-tle can-oe, that just holds two.....
pp rit.
f a tempo

2nd.
f a tempo

The British Grenadiers

16th Century
Arranged by HANS DRESSL.

Con spirito.

Some talk of Al - ex - an - der, And some of Her - cu -

les, Of Hec - tor and Ly - san - der, And such great names as

these; But of all the world's brave heroes There's none that can com -

pare, With a tow row row row row row row, To the British Gren - diers

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system begins with the tempo marking 'Con spirito.' The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words split across lines. The melody is lively and rhythmic, characteristic of a march.

When'er we are commanded,
To storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses,
And we with hand-grenades;
We throw them from the glacis,
About the enemies' ears,
Sing tow row row row row row,
The British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper,
And drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches,
And wear the loupéd clothes;
May they and their commanders
Live happy all their years,
With a tow row row row row row
For the British Grenadiers.

The Blue Bells of Scotland.

Arranged by HANS DRESSL.

Oh! where tell me where is your Highland lad-die gone? Oh! where tell me where is your

Highland lad-die gone? He's gone with stream-ing ban-ners where no-ble deeds are done, And it's

oh, in my heart I wish him safe at home, He's gone with stream-ing ban-ners where

noble deeds are done, And it's oh in my heart I wish him safe at home

Oh! where tell me where did your Highland laddie dwell?

Oh! where tell me where did your Highland laddie dwell?

He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, where blooms the sweet blue bell.

And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my laddie well. He dwelt in bonnie Scotland, etc.

Oh! what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear?

Oh! what, tell me what does your Highland laddie wear?

A bonnet with a lofty plume, and on his breast a plaid.

And it's oh! in my heart I lo'e my Highland lad. A bonnet with a lofty plume, etc.

Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain?

Oh! what, tell me what if your Highland lad be slain?

Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,

For it's oh! my heart would break if my Highland lad were slain.

Oh, no! true love will be his guard, etc.

SLEEP, LADY, SLEEP!

SERENADE.

Largo.

H. R. BISHOP, 1780-1855.

SLEEP, LADY, SLEEP.

mor-row. Come nigh thee, loy'd one, ev-er.
Come nigh thee ev-er.

pp
Sleep, and may dreams of sweet de-light vi-sit thee,

love, this sum-mer night..... Good night.....
night. Good night, good

night,
..... good night, good night, good night. Sleep on with dreams of
..... good night, good night, good night, good

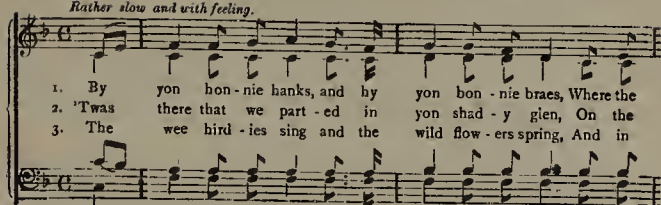
sweet de-light. Good night, good night, good night, good

night, good night, good night.....
good night.....

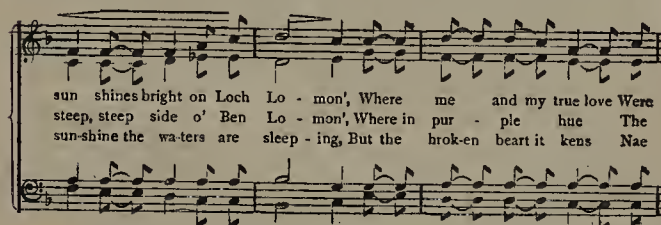
Loch Lomond.

TRADITIONAL SCOTCH MELODY.
Arranged by W. E. F.

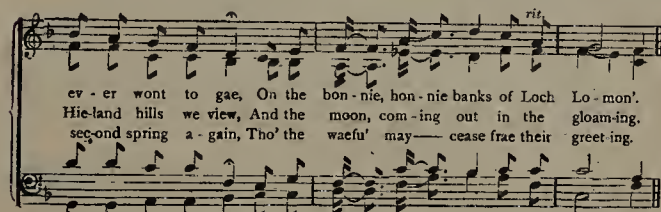
Rather slow and with feeling.



1. By yon hon-nie hanks, and hy yon bon-nie braes, Where the
2. 'Twas there that we part-ed in yon shad-y glen, On the
3. The wee bird-ies sing and the wild flow-ers spring, And in

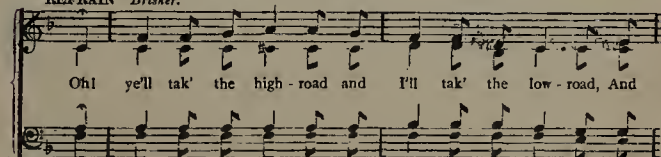


sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mon', Where me and my true love Were
steep, steep side o' Ben Lo-mon', Where in pur-ple hue The
sun-shine the waters are sleep-ing, But the brok-en heart it kens Nae

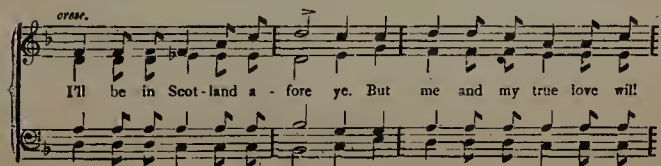


ev-er wont to gae, On the bon-nie, hon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mon'.
Hie-land hills we view, And the moon, com-ing out in the gloam-ing.
sec-ond spring a-gain, Tho' the wae-fu' may—cease frae their greet-ing.

REFRAIN *Brisker.*



Oh! ye'll tak' the high-road and I'll tak' the low-road, And



I'll be in Scot-land a-fore ye. But me and my true love will

LOCH LOMOND.

ne-ver meet a-gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo-mon'

Words adapted from the
feelandic of Páll Jónsson by
Rev C. Venn Pilcher.

VESPER HYMN

Music by
JAS. EDMUND JONES
1917

On the wings of light de-clin-ing,
Let Thy light, which fail-eth ne-ver,

Sinks the west-ring sun to sleep;
Round me shine, though day de-part;

Lord, Thine eyes in dark or shin-ing
And, though night pre-vail-eth, ev-er

vig-il keep. A-men.
flood my heart.

ALTERNATIVE SETTING

As we leave Thy house, O Father,
Hear in Heaven our vesper prayer;
Keep our loved ones, gentle Saviour,
In Thy care.

—T. H. Lister.

Shades of Evening.

Words by F. H. BAYLEY.

C. S. WHITMORE.
arranged by HANS DRESSEL.

Shades of ev'ning close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly bark a-while

Morn, a-las! will not re-store us Yon - der dim and dis-tant Isle;

Still my fan-cy can dis-co-ver Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell;

Dark - er shadows round us ho-ver, Isle of beau - ty fare-thee well.

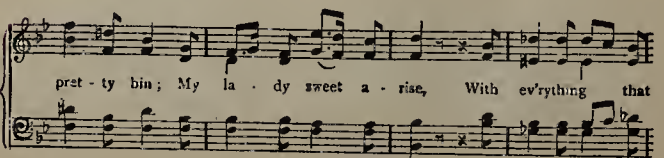
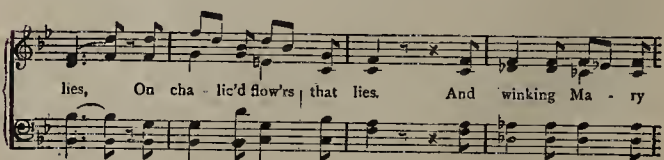
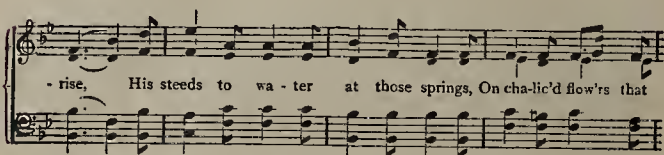
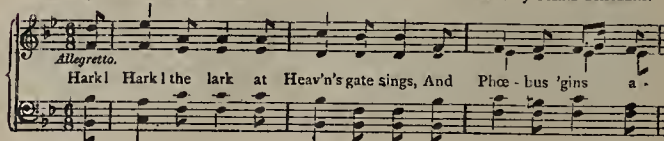
'Tis the hour when happy faces
Smile around the taper's light
Who will fill our vacant places?
Who will sing our songs to-night?
Thro' the mist that floats above us,
Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
Like a voice from those who love us,
Breathing fondly—fare-thee-well!

When the waves around us breaking,
As I pace the deck alone,
And my eye in vain is seeking
Some green leaf to rest upon;
What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of beauty, fare-thee-well.

Hark! Hark! the Lark.

Words by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Music by FRANZ SCHUBERT.



HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

cres. *f* *deces.*

pret - ty bin; My La - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a -

cres. *deces.*

- rise, My La - dy sweet a - rise, a - rise, a

- rise, My La - dy sweet, a - rise.

A Jolly Good Laugh.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by J. R. THOMAS.

Harmonized for Male Voices by W. E. F.

1st & 2nd Tenor

Vivace

1 O, I love, O I love a good laugh, ha! ha! For a won-der-ful thing is a
2 So I love, So I love a good laugh, ha! ha! For a won-der-ful cure is a

1st & 2nd Bass

laugh, ha! ha! Why its het-ter than all the tears, That a bo-dy could shed for
laugh, ha! ha! Why there's laughter in ev'-ry thing, In the ri-vers, and birds that

A JOLLY GOOD LAUGH.

1. A charm for
 years; And there's nothing so good is a laugh.
 sing; And there's nothing so good as a laugh.

2. Don't be

1. Its a charm for the dark - est
 2. Don't be mon - dy and grow so

2. Don't be

ills, it light - ens bills,
 moo - dy, ha! ha!

ills, ha! ha! And it light - ens the doc - tors hills ha! ha!
 thin, ha! ha! If you ne'er tried a laugh be - gin, So

moo - dy Try a laugh,

food, and it's sun, and it's air, ha! ha! And it drives to the wall old
 laugh and you'll soon con - fess, ha! ha! That your shad - ow will not grow

care, ha! ha! O, there's noth - ing so good by half, As a
 less, ha! ha! O, there's noth - ing so good by half,

A JOLLY GOOD LAUGH.

The second system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains the melody. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains the accompaniment. The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, and a quarter note B4. The accompaniment begins with a quarter note G2, an eighth note A2, and a quarter note B2. The lyrics 'jol - ly good heart - y' are under the first staff, and 'laugh' is under the second staff. The melody continues with a quarter note C5, an eighth note B4, and a quarter note A4. The accompaniment continues with a quarter note C3, an eighth note B2, and a quarter note A2. The lyrics 'Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,' are under the second staff.

ha, ha, ha, ha, As a jol-ly good heart-y laugh! Ha, ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, As a jol-ly good heart-y laugh!



Jim Crack Corn.

Plantation Song
Arranged by HANS DRESSER.

When I was young I used to wait on mas-sa, and hand him de plate; Pass
down de bot-tle when he get dry, And brush a-way de blue-tail fly.
Jim crack corn, I don't care, Jim crack corn, I don't care,
Jim crack corn, I don't care, Ole mas-sa gone a way.

2. An' when he ride in de artemoon,
I follow wid a hickory broom;
De poney being berry shy,
When bitten by de blue-tail fly.
Jim crack corn, &c.
3. One day he rode around de farm,
De flies so numerous dey did swarm;
One chance to bite him on the thigh,
De debble take dat blue-tail fly.
Jim crack corn, &c.

4. De poney run, he jump an' pitch,
An' tumble massa in de ditch;
He died, an' de jury wonder'd why,
De verdie was de blue-tail fly.
Jim crack corn, &c.
5. Dey laid 'im under a 'simmon tree,
His epitaph am dar to see:
"Beneath d's stone I'm forced to lie,
All hy de means ob de blue-tail fly."
Jim crack corn, &c.

If the Waters Could Speak.

Words and music by CHARLES GRAHAM,
Arranged for mixed voices by W. F. F.

Moderato
mf

1. If the wa - ters could speak as they flow a - long, To the
2. If the wa - ters could speak as they flow a - long, Of

depths of the might-y sea, What sor-row and
scenes in the a - ges past, Or tell of the

tears and laugh-ter and song Would its pent-up ho - som
great and might - y throng That shall wake at the trum - pet's

A little quicker

free..... Tales of ma - ny a shat - ter'd life, And
blast..... Un-writ-ten lore of love and war, That the

IF THE WATERS COULD SPEAK.

rit *a tempo*

once gold-en hopes laid low..... Would min-gle with
world will ne-ver know..... Would come he-

If the

those of ca-reers more bright, If the wa-ters could speak as they
fore-us from days of yore, If the wa-ters could speak as they

flow..... Would min-gle with those of ca-reers more
flow..... Would come he-fore us from days of

poco rit.

bright, If the wa-ters could speak as they flow.....
yore, If the wa-ters could speak as they flow.....

IF THE WATERS COULD SPEAK.

REFRAIN.

low..... *cresc. f* laid

Stor - ies of laugh - ter and tears..... And once gol - den hopes laid

low..... *cresc. f*

low hopes laid low Would min - gle with those of bright - er ca -

cresc. f

pp *poco rall.* flow.....

reers, If the wa - ters could speak as they flow, as they flow.

pp *poco rall.* flow.....



Weel may the keel row.

BORDER SONG
arranged by HANS DRESSL.Allegretto
1st & 2nd Tenor.

Oh who is like my John-ny, So lish, so blithe, so bon - ny, He's
He has nae mair o' - learn-ing 'I han tells his weekly earn - ing; Yet
He wears a blue bon-net blue bon - net blue bon-net He

1st & 2nd Bass.

1st. Time f, 2nd Time pp

fore-most mong the mo-ny keel lads o' Coal-y Tyne. He'll sit or row so
right frae wrang dis-cern-ing, Tho' brave, nae bruiser he. Tho' he no worth a
wears a blue bon-net A dim-ple in his chin; And weel may the

tight-ly, As in the dance so light-ly, He'll cut or shuffe sight-ly, 'tis
plack is His ain coat on his back is; And nane can say that black is The
keel row, the keel row, the keel row, And weel may the keel row, the

trúe were he not mine? mine?
white o' Jobnie's e'e. e'e. Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the
boat that my lad's in. in.

keel row, Weel may the keel row, the boat that my love's in

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.

Andantino

Arranged by HANS DRESSEL

Tenor
Baritone

Bass

Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms Which I
It is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy

gaze on so fond - ly to - day, Were to change by to - mor - row, and
cheeks un - pro - fan'd hy a tear, That the fer - vour and faith of a

fleet in my arms, Like fai - ry gifts fa - ding a - way, Thou would'st
soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear; No, the

still be a - dor'd as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it
heart that has tru - ly lov'd nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the

will, And a - - - round the dear ru - in each
close, As the sun - flow - er turns on her

wish of my heart, Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.
god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose

Sweet Genevieve.

H. TUCKER

Arranged by HANS DRESSER

Andante moderato.

Tenor

Baritone *p*

Bass

O Gen-e-vieve I'd give the world to live a-gain the lovely past! The
Fair Gen-e-vieve, My ear-ly love, The years but make thee dear-er far; My

rose of youth was dew-im-pearl'd; But now it with-ers in the blast. I
heart shall ne-ver; Thou art my on-ly guid-ing star. For

see thy face in ev-'ry dream, My wak-ing thoughts are full of thee; Thy
me the past has no re-gret What-e'er the years may bring to me; I

glance is in th' star-ry beam That falls a-long the sum-mer sea.— O,
bless the hour when first we met, The hour that gave me love and thee! — O,

Gen-e-vieve, sweet Gen-e-vieve, The days may come, the days may go. But

still the hands of mem'-ry weave The bliss-ful dreams of long a-go.

The low - backed Car.

Arranged by HANA DRESSEL.

Tenor & Baritone

1. When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, 'Twas on a mar-ket day, A
2. In hat-tle's wild com-mo-tion The proud and might-y Mars, With

low backed car she drove, and sat Up- on a truss of hay; But when that hay was
hos-tile scythes, de-mands his tithes Of death in war-like cars; While Peg-gy, peace-ful

blooming grass, And decked with flow'rs of spring No flow'r was there that could compare With the
god-dess, Has darts in her bright eye, That knock men down in the market town, As

bloom-ing girl I sing, As she sat in the low-backed car, The man at the turn-pike
right and left they fly While she sits in the low-backed car, Than bat-tles more dang-erous

har Nev-er asked for the toll But just rubbed his old poll, And looked af-ter the low-back'd car.
far, For the doctor's art Can - not cure the heart That is hit from the low-backed car.

Old Black Joe.

Arranged for male voices
by THEO. MARTENS.

Poco Adagio.
1st. 2nd. Tenor

1. are the days, (Humming) young and gay
2. should I weep, feel no pain

1st. Bass

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay.....
2. Why should I weep when my heart should feel no pain.....

2nd. Bass

1. are the days (Humming) young and gay
2. should I weep feel no pain

cot - ton fields a-way
friends come not a - gain

are my friends cot - ton fields, from the cot-ton fields a -
do I sigh friends not come, that my friends come not a -

Gone are my friends..... from the cot - ton fields a-way.....
Why do I sigh..... that my friends come not a-gain.....

are my friends cot . ton fields a.....
do I sigh friends not come a.....

(Humming)

way, from the earth (Humming) land I know, I
gain, grieve for forms long a - go? I

Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land I know,
Grief - ing for forms now de - part-ed long a - go?

way from the earth (Humming) land I know
gain grieve for forms long a - go?

OLD BLACK JOE.

Air

hear their geot - le voi - ces call - ing "Old black Joe."
 hear their gent - le voi - ces call - ing

Air

(Humming) call - ing "Old black Joe."
 (Humming) call - ing

Chorus to be sung behind the scenes (see B)
 or in an adjacent room.

yes com-ing is bend-ing low

I'm com-ing For my head is bend-ing low; I

"Old black Joe"

hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing

B If two choruses cannot be had then the 1st Tenor must sing the upper notes of the *invisible* chorus and in that case the 2nd Tenor sing the upper notes of the original chorus and all sing the last measure of the invisible chorus.

OLD BLACK JOE.

are the hearts (Humming) and so free

3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free..... The

are the heart (Humming) and so free

yes so dear held on my knee, that I held up-on my

chil-dren so dear that I held up - on my knee,

yes so dear held on my knee on my

(Humming)

knee to the shore (Humming) long'd to go, I

gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go

knee to the shore (Humming) long'd to go

(Humming)

hear thier gent - le voices call - ing "Old black Joe."

Air Repeat Chorus

(Humming) call - ing Old black Joe.

(Humming) call - ing

THE PILOT. NEW YEAR'S DAY—AND EVERY DAY.

Words by JOHN OXENHAM. ★

Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES, 1915.

Allegretto

mf

1. Each man is Cap-tain
3. For should the Pi-lot

of his Soul, And each man his own Crew; But the Pi-lot knows the Un-known Seas, And
deem it best To out the voy-age short, He sees be-yond the sky-line, And He'll

Fine.

He will bring us through, But the Pi-lot knows the Un-known Seas, And He will bring us through.
bring us in-to Port, He sees be-yond the sky-line, And He'll bring us in-to Port.

2. We break new seas to-day, Our eag-er keels quest un-ac-cus-tomed wa-ters, And,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the voice. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the dynamic is 'mf'. The score includes three verses of lyrics. The first verse is partially cut off at the top. The second verse is fully present. The third verse is also partially cut off at the bottom. The score ends with a 'Fine' marking.

★ By permission, from "Bees in Amber"

from the vast un-chart-ed waste in front, The mys-tic cir-cles leap To greet our

prows with migh-ti-est pos-si-bil-i-ties Bring-ing us what?

Dread shoals and shift-ing banks? And

calms and storms? And clouds and bi-ting gales? And wreck and

loss? And va-liant fight-ing times? And, may be, Death! and

D. S.

so, the Larg-er Life. 3. For 4. And, may be, Life, Life on a bound-ing

D. S. al Fine.

tide, And chance of glo-rious deeds; Of help swift borne to drown-ing mar-in-ers; Of

cheer to ships dis-mast-ed in the gale; Of suc-cour giv-en un-asked and

joy-ful-ly; Of might-y ser-vice to all need-y souls. 5. So-Ho for the Pi-lot's or-ders, What-

ev-er course He makes! For He sees be-yond the sky-line, And He nev-er makes mis-

takes, For He sees be-yond the sky-line, And He nev-er makes mis-takes.

6. And, may be, Gold-en Days, Full freight-ed with de-light! And

wide free seas of un-im-ag-ined bliss, And Treas-ure Isles, and King-dom to be won, And

Un-dis-cov-ered Coun-tries, and New Kin. 7. For each man cap-tains his own Soul, And

choo-ses his own Crew, But the Pi-lot knows the Un-known Seas, And He will bring us

through, But the Pi-lot knows the Un-known Seas, And He will bring us through.

If stanzas 1, 3, 5 & 7 are sung as a Chorus the following arrangement may be used.

SOP.
ALTO
TENOR
BASS

ENVOY.

Words by H. ST. Q. CAYLEY, Esq.

Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES, Esq.

Andante, p

Voice. *p*

Three-score and ten, a wise man said, were our years to be:

Piano. *p*

mf

Three-score and six I give him back,..... Four are enough for me.

mf

f *cresc.* *f*

Four in these cor - ri-dors, Four in these halls of ours, These give me

f *cresc.* *f*

1st 2nd

Heav'n-ly Pow'rs, 'Tis life for me. me.

1st 2nd

O Happy Day.

Words by
Arthur H. Vivian.

Carl Gütze
Arranged by THEODORE MARTENS.

1st & 2nd
Tenor

1. 'Twas on a Sun-day bright and clear, The
2. We stroll'd in si-lence arm in arm Each

1st Bass

1. 'Twas on a Sun-day bright and clear, The
2. We stroll'd in si-lence arm in arm Each

2nd Bass

The
Each

fair - - - est day in all the year. be -
heart so full each heart so warm.

fair-est day in all the year We two went stroll-ing
heart so full, each heart so warm Thy bright blue eyes be -

fair - - - est day of year. We two went stroll-ing
heart so full and warm. Thy bright blue eyes be -

fair - - - est day
heart so warm

through the corn,
lov-ed maid,

through corn, Through field and mea-dow brake and thorn. The
lov'd maid, Pour'd floods of light where'er we strayed, And

through corn Through field brake and thorn. The
lov'd maid, Pour'd light where we stray'd And

O HAPPY DAY.

lark sang high; the sun a-bove Its beams out-pour'd o'er dale and
deep with-in this heart of mine Thy glance did all earth's sun out -

Its beams.....out -
Thy glance.....did

O
grove. shine! O the hap-py day, O day so dear How

pour'd o'er dale and grove. O
all earth's sun out-shine! O

How

far thou art and yet how near. O hap-py day O

far and how nearO hap-py day O

far thou art and yet how near O hap-py day so dear to

day so dear How far thou art, and yet how near! *fine*

day so dear How far thou art and yet how near! *fine*

day so dear How far thou art and yet how near! *fine*

O HAPPY DAY:

My heart.....the.....

3. As o'er yon lone brown heath we pass'd My heart the right word found at

As o'er yon lone brown heath we pass'd My heart.....the.....

My heart found the

right word found at last, My

last My lips found thine, a kiss I stole, I

right.....word found, My lips found thine, a kiss I stole, I

right word

said: dost love me, O my soul? And smiling there thy

said:.....O my soul? And smiling there thy

answer ran: Thou knowst it not poor hapless man? O the

answer ran: Thou knowst it not poor hapless man? O the

Thou knowst it not poor hapless man? O

D. S. al fine

A CATASTROPHE.

MALE VOICES.

Words by CHAS. M. SHELDON.
Allegro vivace.

Music by M. B. SPRAGUE.

1st time — ff

1st Tenor.
There was a tack, There was a tack,

2nd Tenor.
There was a boy, There was a boy,

1st Bass.
There was a boy, There was a tack, There was a teach-er new.

2nd Bass.
There was a boy, There was a tack, There was a teach-er new.

ritard. a tempo. Repeat pp

The tack sat down up - on its head,

The tack sat down up - on its head,

The tack sat down up - on its head, The

The tack sat down up - on its head,

The tack sat down up - on its head,

tack sat down up - on its head, The

accel.

molto ritard.

The tack sat down up - on its head,

The tack sat down up - on its head

molto ritard.

tack sat down up - on its head, The

ran do.

p rit.

The teach-er sat down too.

The teach-er sat down too.

p rit.

tack sat down up - on its head, The teach-er sat down too,

very slow.

a tempo.

and seized that boy, Then
Then up he rose,
and seized that boy,
Then up he rose,

a tempo. pp

up he rose, Who
and seized that boy,
Then up he rose, Who
and seized that boy,

cres.

shook in ev-'ry joint, Who shook in ev-'ry joint; Then
shook in ev-'ry joint, Who shook in ev-'ry joint; Then

up he rose, and seized that boy, Who shook in ev-'ry joint.

up he rose, and seized that boy, Who shook in ev-'ry joint.

(The boy.) I on-ly meant it for a joke; I on-ly meant it for a joke;

f *rit.* *adagio.* *pp* **FINE.**

I on-ly meant it for a joke. the point!

the point!

f *rit.* *pp* **FINE.**

I on-ly meant it for a joke. I failed to see the point! the point!

(THE TEACHER.)

OLD VOICES.

*The past never comes back; our fancies are but the ideal ghosts of things that were.
—Prof. G. P. Youre.

Words by W. W. CAMPBELL, '85.
Andante, quasi recitativo.

ARTHUR E. FISHER.

Voice

I stand on the confines of the

Piano

p

pp

past to-night, The world that is gone be- fore, And in the soft flicker of the fire's dim light, Old

pp

shadows steal be-fore my sight, From its strange and mis- ty shore. And

piu mosso.

mf

by - - gone murmurs are in my ears, And sweet lips touch my cheeks, And

mf

OLD VOICES.

accel. e cresc.

old, old tunes that no one hears, That steal to me from the sad old years, And

dim.

sweet words that no one speaks.

dim. *f*

p

quasi recitativo *p*

But on-ly the rhythm of an old time tune, That steals down the halls of

ppp

time; And omezzo soft like the far off rune Of a stream that sleeps thro' the silver-noon, Or a

OLD VOICES.

mf. più mosso

dis - tant evening chime..... And in the silence that

f

in - ter - venes, Sad voi - ces wh's - per low: "Come back once more to the

accel. e cresc.

loved old scenes, To the dim old regions of boy-hood's dreams, The sweet world you used to

accel. e cresc.

sf.

know, the sweet world.... you used.... to know.....

sf.

CHORAL MARCH.

V. E. BECKER.

With spirit.

ff

On, gal-lant oom - pa - ny, with mea-sured step and song; While cheer-ful

Left, right, strict in time,

songs re - sound, the way is ne - ver long. La la la la la la la la

Left, right, strict in time,

Firm step, close in line,

la la la la la la la Straight a - head, nought shall stay Our tri - umphant

Firm step, close in line,

la la la la la la. Left, right, strict in time, Firm step, close in line,

way; On! La la la la la la la la la la la la

Left, right, strict in time, Firm step, close in line,

Love.....

straight a - head, nought shall stay our glor - ious way. Tra la ra ta, La la

joy.... and.... mu - sic, In - vite.... na.... on.....

la la la la la la la la la la la la

Love, joy, and mu - sic, La.

* By permission of Edwin Ashdown, Haverley Sq., London.

CHORAL MARCH.

ward
la la. Thus in jol-ly oom-pa-ny. Wan-der we, light and free, Mak-ing, as we
vite us....

roam, Each rest-ing-place our home, As we roam, As we roam, Ev'ry place our home.

TRIO *mp*
Schrum, schrum, schrum, schrum, When we wea-ry are at night, Beams the cheerful
mp
la la la la la la la

hos-tel light, Quick-ly in, For with-in Good-by cheer-a-waits:.....
la la la la la la la la

Pret-ty maidens whom we meet, Gal-lant-ly we al-ways greet; Ere we part,
la la la la la la la la la la

Many a heart Owns their gen-tle sway. Yes, away Hol-la hol Hol-la
Hol-la hol

Motherland, Our Motherland

Words by
JOHN. OXENHAM.

Music by
JAS. EDMUND JONES.

A (Australia) We
NZ (New Zealand) We
A (South Africa) We
**C (Canada)* We *a tempo*

rall

come from the land of the roll - ing downs, A - way by the south - ern sea From the
come from the glo - ri - ous moun - tains and vales, Of those is - lands from o - ver the sea From the
come from the sun - lit land of gold, Where the Cross looks in - to the sea Where
come from the prairies and the woods, Back of the North - West sea From the

place in the sun that our might has won,
ev - er - green trees and the life - giv - ing breeze, To fight for the Old Coun - try — For
old Earth's crust is dia - mond dust,
lone - ly trails of the out - er pales,

we are the Breed in faith and deed, Breed of the Li - on, we. —

NOTE: Anzac a word no doubt coined at Gallipoli from the initials of the words Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, is used by many to denote the peoples of the Dominions of Australia, New Zealand, (South) Africa and Canada.

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CHORUS.

Moth-er-land, our moth-er-land! Home of the brave and free! At thy call,

came we all, hur-ry-ing o-ver the sea Hand in hand, now we stand,

Shoulder to shoulder and hand in hand, One and all, at thy call, Rea-dy for all that

may be-fall, Rea-dy to an-swer ev-ry call, In the fight for lib-er-ty. For

we are the Breed of the Li-on, Breed of the Li-on, we

FAREWELL TO THE FOREST.

Andante... in lento.

Arranged for Male voices from MENDELSSOHN.

1. O hills, O vales of plea - sure, O woods with verdure dressed, Where all the charms of
 2. In aba - dy glen re - clin - ing, I trace the wrong and right; The beam of rea - son
 3. And I must soon re - sign ye, For scenes of toil and strife; Ah! why does fate con -

When far from you I
 The book I read is
 Though called from you hy

lei - sure, So oft have calmed my breast, When far from you I wan - - der,
 shin - ing, Showe vir - tue ev - er bright— The book I read is Na - ture's,
 sign me To play the farce of life? Though called from you by du - - ty,

When far from you wander,
 The book I read is Nature's,
 Though call'd from you by du - ty

Lost in the worldly train, My heart will fond - ly pon - - der, And sigh for you a
 There sim - ple truths ap - pear, And though she change her fea - - tures, Her dio - tates still are
 Still, wher - so - e'er I stray, The spir - it of your beau - - ty Will nev - er fade a -

pon - - - der, My
 fea - - - tures, And
 beau - - - ty, The

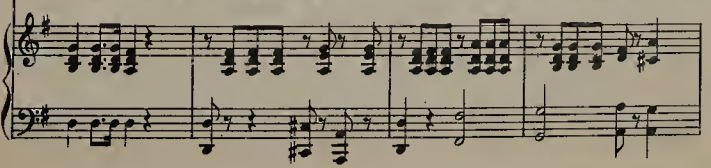
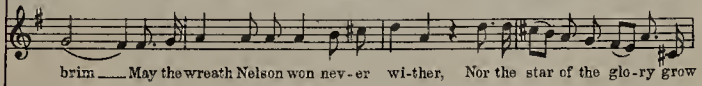
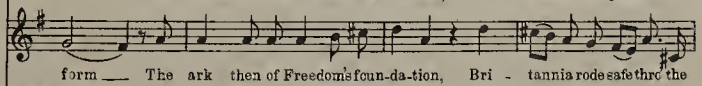
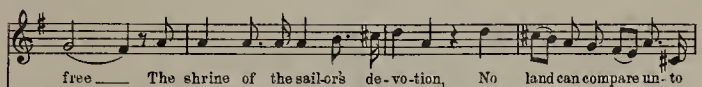
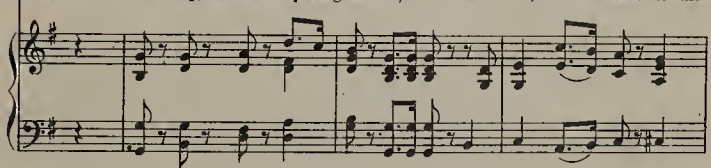
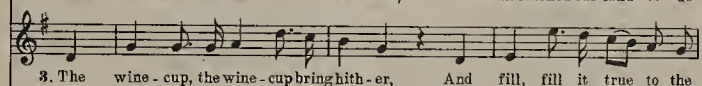
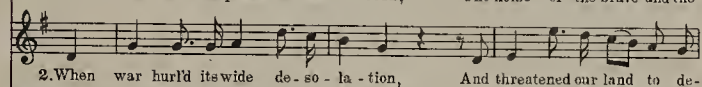
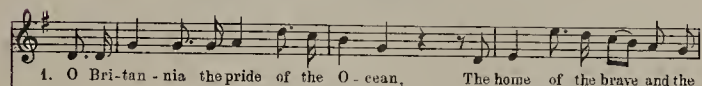
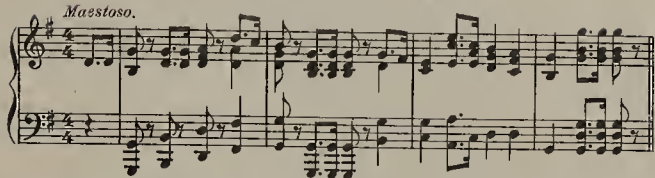
gain, My heart will fond - ly pon - der, And sigh for you a - gain.
 clear, And though she change her fea - tures, Her dio - tates still are clear.
 way, The spir - it of your beau - ty Will ne - ver fade a - way.

heart will fond - ly pon - - - der, (1st Bass) sigh..... for you a - gain.
 though she change her fea - - - tures, dio - - - tates still are clear.
 spir - it of your beau - - - ty ne - - - ver fade a - way

Red, White and Blue.

The Army and Navy for ever.

Massoso.



thee! Thy man-dates make he-roes as-sem-ble With
 storm. With her gar-lands of vic-to-ry round her When so
 dim, May the ser-vice u-ni-ted neer sev-er And

Vic-to-ry's lau-rels in view Thy banners make tyr-an-ny—
 no-bly she bore her brave crew, With her flag floating proud-ly be-
 both to their col-ors prove true, The Ar-m-y and Na-vy for

tremble, When borne by the Red, White and Blue.
 fore her, The boast of the Red, White and Blue.
 ev-er! Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS.

1. When borne by the Red, White and Blue; When
 2. The— hoast of the Red, White and Blue; The—
 3. Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue; Three

(For 2nd Verse.)

With her flag floating proud-ly be-
 borne by the Red, White and Blue;
 hoast of the Red, White and Blue;
 cheers for the Red, White and Blue;

1. Thy— hanners make tyr-an-ny—
 3. The— Ar-my and Na-vy for—

tremble, When borne by the Red, White and Blue!
 fore her, The— hoast of the Red, White and Blue!
 ev-er! Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!

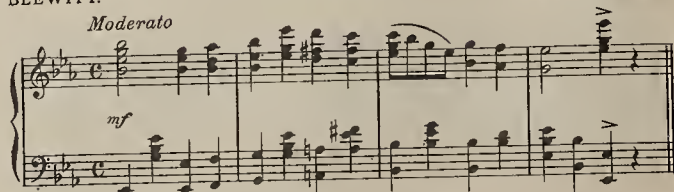
She Just Keeps House For Me

Words by
JEAN BLEWITT.*

SONG AND CHORUS

Music by
JAS. EDMUND JONES.

Moderato



1. She is so win-some and so wise She sways us at her
2. A full con-tent dwells in her face She's quite in love with
3. Our children climb up - on her knee And lie up - on her

will, And oft the ques-tion will a - rise, — What
life, And for a ti - tle wears with grace, — The
breast, And Ah! her mis-sion seems to me — The

2nd Verse

mis-sion does she fill; What mis-sion does she fill, —
 sweet old fashioned "wife;" The sweet old fashioned "wife," —
 high-est and the best; The high-est and the best. —

CHORUS

And so I say with pride un-told, — And love be-yond de -

gree — This wo-man with the heart of gold She just keeps house for

me. — For me this woman with the heart of gold, She just keeps house for me.

Prize College Song of the University of Toronto.

"TORONTO"
or
The Pride of the North.

Marziale.

Words and Music by H. H. GODFREY.

Voice.

Piano.

mf

1. Where smiles the lake neath a sky ev-er blue,
2. Where springs the turf on the camp-us so green,—
3. Up with the Blue and the White! let them wave

mf

Where blooms the ma-ple tree,— There stands Tor-on-to the
There too, her sons are seen;— Each man-ly sport has a
High o'er the old grey tower:— Forth from its por-tals have

rall.

Pride of the North; And her chil - dren all are
home in their hearts; And its cham - pions oft they've
stepped, in their might; This Do - min - ion's men of

rall.

a tempo *stacc.*

we. Yes, we are from Tor - on - to, Our Al - ma
been. Yes, they win for Tor - on - to, With light la -
power. Yes, they come from Tor - on - to, Our no - ble

stacc.

Ma - ter, our moth - er, dear, And proud - ly now we sing her
crosse stick or fly - ing ball, And gai - ly so they'll rush to
states - men, our sol - diers true; And fond - ly each one hails the

rall.

prais - es, That all may know that her sons are near.
vict - ry, When'er they march at their Coun - try's call.
men - ry of that dear spot 'neath the White and Blue.

rall.

REFRAIN. *With dignity.*

ff

All Hail to thee! Tor - on - to, — Proud Mis - tress of the North! — With

ff with dignity.

rall.

heart and voice we praise thee, As we go march - ing forth.

rall.

Alternative Refrain for male voices. (*Air in first Bass.*)

ff

All Hail to thee! Tor - on - to, — Proud Mis - tress of the North! — With

ff

rall.

heart and voice we praise thee, As we go — march - ing forth. —

rall.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Francis Scott Key (1779-1843).

Samuel Arnold (1740-1802).

f Con spirito.

1. Oh!... say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. Oh!... thus be it ever when freemen shall stand Be-tween their loved homes and wild

twi-ght's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il-ous fight, O'er the
si-lence re-po-ses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
war's des-o-lation; Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res-cued land Praise the

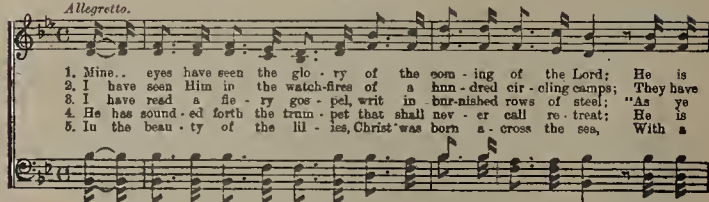
ram-paris we watched were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing? And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs
sm-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-closes? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na-tion. Then... con-quer we must, when our

burst-ing in air, Gave... proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh!... say, does that
morning's first beam, In full glo-ry re-flect-ed, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-span-gled
cease it is just, And... this be our mot-to,—"In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled

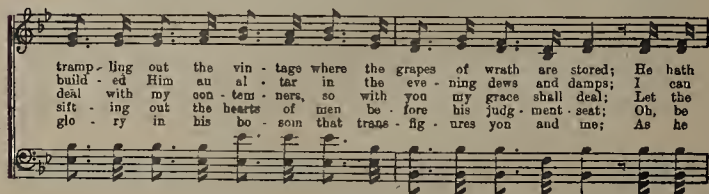
poco ritard. *a tempo.* *poco ritard.*
star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
ban-ner, Oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

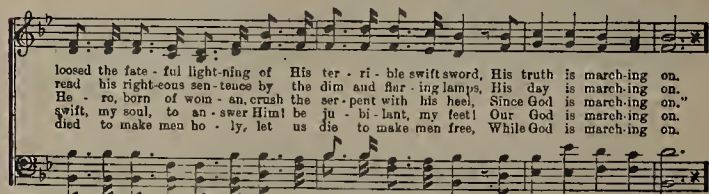
(MIXED VOICES.)

Allegretto.


1. Mine... eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have
 3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in bur-nished rows of steel; "As ye
 4. He has sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea; With a

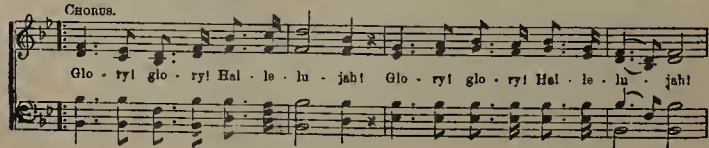


tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
 deal with my oen - tem - pers, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment seat; Ob, be
 glo - ry in his bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As he

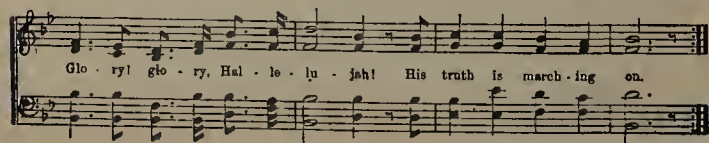


loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.
 read his right-eous sen - tence by the dim and far - ing lamps, His day is march - ing on.
 He - ro, born of wom - an, crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on."
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry! glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

VALEDICTORY.

279

Words by JOHN D. SPENCER, '89.

Music by JAMES EDMUND JONES, '88.

TENORS (soprano lower) *resc.* *mp*

BASSES *mp* *resc.*

So old grey pile, fare-well So old grey pile, fare-well We leave thy halls with
boy-hoods days be-hind us, leave thy halls with boy-hoods days be-hind us. Forth we wend,
Forth we wend. *p* (PIANO) No long-er friend-ed by thy
No long-er friend-ed by thy sheltr-ing care, **SOLO**
sheltr-ing care, No long-er friend-ed by thy sheltr-ing care. Forth we wend, To
Forth we wend, forth we wend, forth we wend,
CHORUS. *pp* 1st Tenor ad lib.
walk the world's uncertain paths un-ried and mys-try veild before us. (PIANO)
SOLO. *Piu mosso.* *rall*
No long-er friend-ed by thy sheltr-ing care, No long-er friend-ed by thy
TENORS.
So old gray pile, fare-well fare-well So old gray pile, fare-
BASSES.

Note.—For accompaniment play upper line an octave lower.

a tempo

shelt'ring care, To walk the world's uncertain paths un-tried and mys-try well! be-fore us.

well! fare-well! So old gray pile, fare-well! fare-well! So old grey pile, fare-well!

mp *cresc.*

Ere we go we turn to-night to thee, Ere we go we turn to-night to thee,

mp *cresc.*

f *dim.* *mp*

Ere we go we turn to-night to thee, to thee, to thee. We look once more up-

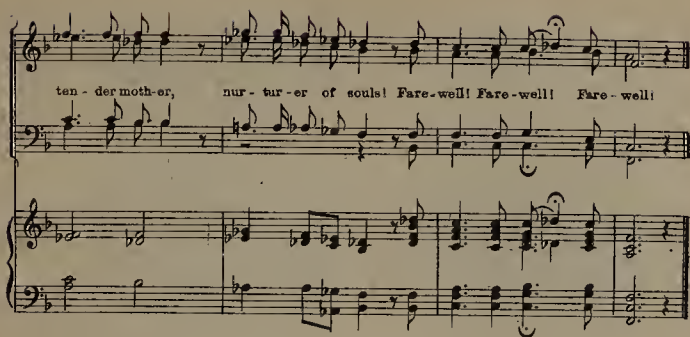
ff *dim.* *mp*

p *rall*

on thy stately tur-rets, And with pain, to youth and you, grey tow'rs, we bid fare-well! O

Con espres. *rall*

ten-der-moth-er, nur-tur-er of souls! Fare-well! fare-well! fare-well! O



SOME OLD FAVORITES

(Words Only)

GOOD LUCK TO THE BOYS OF THE ALLIES.

Words and music by Morris Manley.

1. It's jolly good luck to Johnnie Canuck
And all the allied soldiers,
They're fighting day by day
In trenches far away;
They'll all march back with the Union Jack,
In history they'll gain fame,
Just give them a cheer and banish the tear,
For they'll return again.

Chorus:

Good luck to the boys of the Allies,
Just cheer them on their way;
The Union Jack they're proud of,
While fighting day by day;
When the band plays that tune called Tipperary,
There's joy right in their eyes;
God save our gracious King,
Good luck to the boys of the Allies.

2. They're jolly and brave, but never do rave,
About their pride and bravery;
Right at the front they stay
In thickest of the fray.
They'll win the fight their hearts are right,
You bet they're filled with pluck;
Right on their track, when they come back,
We'll cheer our Johnnie Canuck.

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WE'LL NEVER LET THE OLD FLAG FALL

Lyric by Albert E. MacNutt

Music by M. F. Kelly

Britain's flag has always stood for Justice,
Britain's hope has always been for Peace,
Britain's foes have known that they could trust us
To do our best to make the cannons cease.
Britain's blood will never stand for insult,
Britain's sons will rally at her call,
Britain's pride will never let her exult,
But we'll never let the old flag fall.

Chorus:

We'll never let the old flag fall,
For we love it the best of all,
We don't want to fight to show our might,
But when we start we'll fight, fight fight,
In peace or war you'll tear us sing,
God save the flag, God save the King,
At the ends of the world, the flag's unfurled,
We'll never let the old flag fall.

Britain's sons have always said her Mother,
Britain's sons have always loved her best,
Britain's sons would die to show they love her,
The dear old Flag laid on each man's breast,
Britain's ships have always ruled the ocean,
Britain's sons will serve her one and all,
Britain's sons will show their true devotion,
And we'll never let the old flag fall.

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MARY.

Music by T. Richardson.

1. Kind, kind and gentle is she,
Kind is my Mary;
The tender blossom on the tree
Cannot compare w' Mary.
Her brow is fair as winter's snow,
Her cheeks w' modest roses blow,
And dove-like glances sweetly flow
Frae out the e'en o' Mary.

Chorus:

- Sae kind, kind and gentle is she,
Kind is my Mary;
The tender blossom on the tree
Cannot compare w' Mary.
2. Oh, see you proud and haughty lass,
Her head w' pride and folly toss'd;
Ne'er look on her, but let her pass;
Be sure it is not Mary.
 3. But see ye one o' modest air,
Bedecked w' beauty soft and rare,
That makes your heart feel sweetly sair,
Oh, weel ye ken my Mary.

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SHIP AHOY!

("All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor.")

Words by A. J. MILLS.

Music by BENNETT SCOTT.

1. When the man-o'-war or merchant ship
Comes sailing into port,
The jolly tar with joy
Will sing out "Land ahoy!"
With his pockets full of money,
And a parrot in a cage,
He smiles at all the pretty girls
Upon the landing stage.

Chorus:

- All the nice girls love a sailor,
All the nice girls love a tar;
For there's something about a sailor—
Well, you know what sailors are!
Bright and breezy, free and easy,
He's the ladies' pride and joy;
Falls in love with Kate and Jane,
Then he's off to sea again,
Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!
2. He will spend his money freely,
And he's generous to his pals;
While Jack has got a sou,
There's half of it for you.
And it's just the same in love or war,
He goes through with a smile;
And you can trust a sailor,
He's a white man all the while.

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PUT ON YOUR OLD GREY BONNET.

Words by S. Murphy.

Music by Percy Wenrich.

1. On the old farm house veranda
There sat Silas and Miranda,
Thinking of the days gone by.
Said he, "Dearly, don't be weary,

You were always bright and cheery,
But a tear, dear, dims your eye."
Said she, "They're tears of gladness, Silas,
They're not tears of sadness,
It's fifty years to-day since we were wed."
Then the old man's dim eyes brightened,
And his stern old heart it lightened,
As he turned to her and said:

Chorus:

- "Put on your old grey bonnet
With the blue ribbon on it,
While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay;
And through the fields of clover,
We'll drive up to Dover
On our golden wedding day."
2. It was the same old bonnet,
With the same blue ribbon on it
In the old shay, by his side,
That he drove her up to Dover
Thro' the same old fields of clover
To become his happy bride.
The birds were sweetly singing,
And the same old bells were ringing,
As they passed the quaint old church where they
were wed.
- And that night when stars were gleaming
The old couple lay a-dreaming
Dreaming of the words he said:

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ANNIE LAURIE.

Music by Lady Scott.

1. Maxwellton's braes are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true,
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.
2. Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.
3. Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fall of her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's all the world to me:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

KILLARNEY,

M. W. Balfe.

1. By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Emerald isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells,
Men'try ever fondly stray,
Bounteous nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders everywhere,
Foot-prints leave on many strands,
But her home is surely there.

Chorus:

Angels fold their wings and rest,
In that Eden of the West,
Beauty's home, Killarney!
Ever fair, Killarney!

2. No place else can charm the eye
With such bright and varied tints,
Every rock that you pass by
Verdure broiders or beprints:
Virgin there the green grass grows,
Every morn spring's nasal day;
Bright hued berries daff the snows,
Smiling winter's frown away.

3. Music there for echo'd wells,
Makes each sound a harmony;
Many-voiced the chorus swells,
Till it faints in ecstasy.
With the charming tints below
Seems the heaven above to vie,
All rich colors that we know
Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.

Words by E. E. Rexford.

Music by H. P. Danks.

1. Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day,
Life is fading fast away;
But, my darling, you will be, will he,
Always young and fair to me;
Yes! my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me.

Chorus:

Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow to-day;
Life is fading fast away.

2. When your hair is silver white,
And your cheeks no longer bright
With the roses of the May,
I will kiss your lips and say,
Oh! my darling, mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown,
Yes! my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by J. Howard Payne

Music by Sir H. R. Bishop

1. 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Chorus:

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

2. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again.
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

Words by Sir Walter Scott.

1. To the Lords of Convention 'twas Chaverhouse
spoke;

"Ere the King's crown go down there are crowns
to be broke;

Then each cavalier who loves honor and me,
Let him follow the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."

Chorus:

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses and call out my men;
Unhook the west port and let us gae free,
For it's up wi' the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee.

2. Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are
beat.

But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let
it be.

For the town is weel rid o' that daff o' Dundee."

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'.

The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,
The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,

The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Loch Leven,
The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,

1. Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
I looked down to bonnie Loch Leven,
And heard three bonnie pipers play.

2. The great Argyle, he goes before,
He makes the guns and cannon roar,
Wi' sound of trumpet, pipe and drum,
And banners waving in the sun.

3. The Campbells they are a' in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show;
Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,
The Campbells are comin', O ho! O ho!

TOM BOWLING.

Charles Dibdin.

1. Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broached him to,
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful helow, Tom did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

(Repeat last line).

2. Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true hearted;
His Poi was kind and fair:

And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

3. Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather
When He who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands,
Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life hath doff'd,
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

WE'D BETTER SIDE A WEE.

Clairbairn.

1. The pair auld folk at hame, ye mind,
Are frail and falling sair,
And well I ken they'll mae me, lad,
Gin I gae hame aae mair,
The grist is out, the times are hard,
The kine are only three.

Chorus:

I canna leave the auld folks now,
We'd better bide a wee,
I canna leave the auld folks now,
We'd better bide a wee,

2. When first we told our story, lad,
Their blessing fell ae free,
They gave no thought to self at all,
They did but think of me,
But, laddie, that's a time awa',
And mither's like to dee.

3. I fear me sair, they're falkin' bairn,
For, when I sit apart,
They'll talk o' heaven aae earnestly,
It well hings breaks my heart,
So, laddie, dinna urge me mair,
It surely winna be.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Words by Robert Burns.

Air "The Miller's Daughter."

1. Gin a body meet a body Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body, Need a body cry?

Chorus:

Ilka lassie has her liddle,
Nane, they say, ha'e I:
Yet a' the lads they smile on me,
When comin' thro' the rye.

2. Gin a body meet a body Comin' frae the wall,
Gin a body kiss a body, Need a body tell?

3. Gin a body meet a body Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body, Need a body frown?

4. Among the train there is a swain, I dearly love
myself,
But what's his name, or where's his hame, I dinna
choose to tell.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

F. N. Crouch.

1. Kathleen Mavourneen! the grey dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is
shaking.

Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still!
Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part?

Chorus:

It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

2. Kathleen Mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my
numbers?

Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Words by Thomas Moore.

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone.
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone.
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is left,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.
3. So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts are withered
And fond ones are torn,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

ROBIN ADAIR.

1. What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near;

What was't I wished to see,
What wished to hear?
Where's all the joy and mirth
That made this town a heav'n on earth?
Oh! they're all fled with thee.
Robin Adair.

2. What made the assembly shine?
Robin Adair;
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there.
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh, it was parting with
Robin Adair.

OIXIE.

Dan Emmett, 1859.

1. I wish I was in de land oh cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
(Cho.) Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.

In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin'.
(Cho.) Look away! Look away! Look away!
Dixie Land.

Chorus:

Dén I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie, Away, Away,
Away down South to Dixie, Away, Away, Away,
Away down South in Dixie.

2. Old Missus marry "Will de Weaber,"
William was a gay deceiver;
But when he put his arms around her,
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder.
3. His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver,
But dat did not seem to grab her;
Old Missus acted the foolish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart.
4. Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
An' all de gals dat want to kiss us;
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear die song to-morrow.

I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

1. I cannot sing the old songs
I sang long years ago,
For heart and voice would fail me,
And foolish tears would flow,
For by-gone hours come o'er my heart
With each familiar strain;
I cannot sing the old songs,
Or dream those dreams again.

Chorus:

(Repeat last two lines of each verse).

2. I cannot sing the old songs,
For visions come again,
Of golden dreams departed,
And years of weary pain.
Perhaps when earthly fetters shall
Have set my spirit free,
My voice may know the old songs
For all eternity.

JOHN PEEL.

1. D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day,
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

Chorus:

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of the hounds which he oft-times led;

Peel's view halloo would awaken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

2. Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ruby, too;
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True,
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.
3. Then here's to John Peel, from my heart and soul!
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl,
We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

LONG, LONG AGO.

T. H. BAYLY.

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
(Cho.) Long, long ago, Long, long ago,
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
(Cho.) Long, long ago, long ago,
Now you are come all my grief is removed,
Let us forget that so long you have roved,
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
(Cho.) Long, long ago, long ago.
2. Do you remember the path where we met?
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget,
Than to all others my smile you preferred,
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word;
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard.
3. Though by your kindness my fond hopes were
raised,
You by more eloquent lips have been praised,
But by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side.

SWEET AND LOW.

Words by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

Music by Sir J. Barnby.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the Western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the Western sea:
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sail out of the west,
Under the silver moon,
Sleep, the little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

OF IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Thomas Moore.

1. Of in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me,
The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

Chorus:

Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

2. When I remember all
The friends so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE KING.

Britons once did loyally acclaim
About the way we rul'd the waves;
Ev'ry Briton's song was just the same,
When singing of our soldier brave.
All the world had heard it,
Wonder'd why we sang,
And some have learn'd the reason why.
But we're forgetting it,
And we're letting it
Fade away and gradually die,
Fade away and gradually die,
So when we say that England's master,
Remember who has made her so.

Chorus.

It's the Soldiers of the King, my lads,
Who've been, my lads, Who've seen, my
lads,
In the fight for England's glory, lads,
When we have to show them what we mean,
And when we say we've always won,
And when they ask us how it's done,
We'll proudly point to every one of Eng-
land's soldiers of the King.

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